

REMAINS

OF THE LATE

REV. DANIEL M'ALLUM, M. D.

WITH A MEMOIR.

REVISED AND SLIGHTLY ABRIDGED BY THE EDITORS.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR	7
Juvenile Pieces in Prose	41
Juvenile Pieces in Verse	90
Journal of an Excursion to the Shetland Islands	105
ESSAYS ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.	
Structure of the Human Eye and Ear	134
Nutrition of the Human Body	160
LECTURES ON SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.	
Introductory Lecture	161
Adam in Paradise	178
Lot	190
Joseph, Part I.	198
Joseph, Part II.	208
Joseph, Part III.	218
Moses, Part I.	225
Moses, Part II.	233
Moses, Part III.	246
SERMONS.	
The Loss of the Soul	254
The Redemption of the Soul	266
The Resurrection-body	279
APPENDIX	300

M'Allum.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN justice to the author of the following Remains, it is proper to apprize the reader, that, with the exception of some of the juvenile pieces, the MSS. from which this volume has been compiled were found in a rough and unfinished state, and in a style of writing which has rendered some passages perfectly illegible. This circumstance will account, in part, for any want of elegance and accuracy which may be observable in a few places ; though, at the same time, it is confidently hoped the volume, as a whole, will not be considered as needing this apology.

The Lectures and Sermons, in particular, are given, not as finished compositions, such as the author himself would have prepared for publication, but merely as specimens of his train of thinking, and of the form in which he was accustomed sometimes to write out his preparations for the pulpit.

MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. DANIEL M'ALLUM, M. D.

BY THE
REV. JONATHAN CROWTHER.

THE author of the following remains was the son of the Rev. Duncan M'Allum, an esteemed and venerable minister in the Wesleyan Methodist connection. He was born at Inverness, on Sunday, June 22, 1794, his father being then stationed in that circuit.

According to the testimony of those who were acquainted with him from his infancy, he exhibited in early life tokens of more than ordinary promise, both as to moral qualities and intellectual endowments. His parents regarded him, therefore, with singular affection ; and, by a species of anticipation which is by no means uncommon, and which few would be disposed to blame, fondly imagined to themselves the excellences which were afterward to mark his character, and the solace which he would afford to them when their hearts and flesh should begin to fail. These anticipations were afterward partly fulfilled, and partly frustrated. His excellences were what they expected them to be ; but he was not permitted to be their solace to the extent which they desired. His mother died before he had attained the age of manhood ; and his father, after

having had the satisfaction of witnessing his rise, has had the affliction of seeing his sun go down while it was yet day.

Anxious to improve his natural endowments by as good an education as his circumstances would afford, and sparing no expense that seemed necessary for that purpose, his father sent him, as early as possible, to the best schools within his reach. At the age of ten he went to Kingswood School, where he remained three years; and he subsequently spent a year, with great advantage, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Leach, of North Shields. It is greatly to be regretted that the course of his education should have been broken and delayed by so many interruptions, and especially that it should have been terminated at so early an age as that of fourteen years. To many young persons it may not be very important to extend their school education beyond that period; but such was his capacity for learning, and such his readiness of apprehension, that, had he been favoured with a longer and more systematic course of instruction, he would probably have been as conspicuous for his attainments in science and literature as he was afterward for benevolence and virtue.

When about thirteen years of age his health was very delicate; and it seemed probable that his growth would be considerably stunted. But, by the blessing of God on the tender assiduities of his affectionate parents, the vigour of his constitution was in some degree renewed; though the shock which it had received was one from which he never perfectly recovered. Being intended for the medical profession, he became, on leaving school, a pupil or apprentice to a respectable surgeon in Sunderland; a situation which very strongly recommended itself to his acceptance, not only by the advan-

tages, which it presented for the acquisition of the art to which his future life was at that time designed to be devoted, but also by the opportunity which it afforded him of enjoying the constant society of an elder brother, whom he dearly loved, and who was already a pupil in the same establishment.

In this situation, besides applying himself with a very commendable assiduity to the studies immediately connected with his profession, he manifested a considerable anxiety to enlarge his acquaintance with classical literature, and to improve himself in general knowledge; diligently devoting to these objects all the leisure which his other occupations would allow. During this period he seems to have been the subject of ardent aspirations after literary fame. He had already exercised himself in composition to a considerable extent, in verse as well as prose; and he now made some efforts to attract the public notice as a writer: but, not meeting with the encouragement which he desired, and being too independent to practice those arts of importunity which even writers of sterling merit have sometimes found it necessary to adopt before they could obtain an introduction to the public, he afterward contented himself chiefly with writing for his own intellectual profit and amusement. It was, apparently, with this design, that he wrote, in the year 1813, a series of Essays, entitled "The Observer." He also wrote, about the same time, a considerable number of poetical pieces. Among others, not included in this volume, there is one "To the Rev. William Atherton," whom he gratefully addresses as "the patron of his earliest lays;" but whom, at the same time, he gently rebukes for not having sufficiently corrected his early and excessive longings after fame. The following are a few of his lines upon that subject:—

“ ’Twas he that fann’d within my breast that flame,
Which early panted for an empty name.
Would he had each aspiring thought repress’d,
And taught my soul in lowliness to rest ;
Check’d the bold flights my youthful fancy loved,
And tenderly my thirst of fame reproved !
Then had I ’scaped this restless, fond desire,
Nor e’er essay’d to touch the living lyre ;
Hope disappointed, then, I ne’er had known,
Nor felt the pains which Genius counts her own.”

In accordance with these sentiments, he wrote soon afterward, the “ Farewell to his Harp ;” inserted in page 104 of this volume.

In the midst of all these desires and disappointments with regard to earthly fame, God had better things in store for him than any which his own ardent and aspiring fancy had at first anticipated ; and, as is partly evident from the last of the stanzas in the piece above referred to, was touching his heart with the silent but effectual operation of the Spirit of his grace, and was thus preparing him for that more honourable and more useful employment of his talents to which his life was afterward to be devoted. He has left behind him no written record of the beginnings of his religious experience ; but the brother above alluded to as his associate in apprenticeship, and who was intimately acquainted, during the time that they remained together, with his character and feelings, dates the first serious awakening of his heart and conscience at about the conclusion of that period. He had happily escaped, all along, the grosser follies and vices which are incident to youth ; and was so scrupulously moral as to be, in his outward conduct, absolutely blameless. But although he had, in this respect, the fear of God before his eyes, and was, moreover, remarkably diligent and punctual in his attendance on the means of

grace, he did not, until nearly the close of his apprenticeship, appear to have been made the subject of any very deep or powerful conviction of sin; and, consequently, up to that time, he had not “fled for refuge to lay hold upon the” sinner’s only “hope.” But now, under the discoveries which were made to him of the evil of his heart, and the convictions with which he was impressed respecting the necessity of his obtaining the grace of pardon and regeneration, he became seriously affected; and believing that a formal and practical communion with the church of Christ would greatly assist him in fleeing from the wrath to come, and in working out his salvation, he became a member of the Methodist society. It was not, however, until some considerable time after these convictions first began to operate that he obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. From causes which are not distinctly known, but which it is easy to imagine, the gracious feelings which had been excited in his mind were, in the course of a few months, so far weakened that he seemed to have relapsed into his former state of spiritual coldness and indifference. But, happily, these feelings were again revived, and laid such hold upon him that they allowed him no rest in spirit until he had obtained a clear and satisfactory sense of the divine forgiveness. The following circumstance was often mentioned by him, as having served, in an eminent degree, to excite and encourage him. During his residence in Aberdeen, to which place he went at the close of his apprenticeship, for the purpose of attending the lectures at the college, he was in the habit of meeting a number of young persons early on sabbath mornings, with the view of communicating to them religious instruction, and of uniting with them in social prayer; an engagement

which appears to have proved a great blessing to himself, at the same time that it promoted the spiritual profit of those with whom he was thus accustomed to associate. On one of these occasions, a member of his little flock having obtained, while he was praying for him, a sense of pardon, he became so convinced of the importance, and so persuaded of the possibility, of obtaining the same blessing for himself, that he began, from that time, to seek it with an importunity and diligence to which he had previously been a stranger; and soon after, while on his passage by sea to London, he obtained a clear assurance that his sins were blotted out; and felt that, "being justified by faith," he had "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Having thus been made experimentally a partaker of "the heavenly gift," he was the better prepared to exhort others to "taste and see that the Lord is gracious." He had already, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of his friends, spoken a few times in public, to the satisfaction and edification of those who heard him. He had not, however, yet been permitted to preach, but had merely been employed as an occasional exhorter. This restriction was very properly imposed upon him by his venerable father; who, though now fully persuaded that his son would afterward be employed, partially at least, in the work of the ministry, was anxious that, ere he entered on that work, he should receive that baptism of the Spirit which was needful to qualify him for it, and should himself enjoy the salvation which it would be his business to proclaim to others. Confining himself, therefore, within the limits which had been prescribed to him, he did not, for some time after his arrival in London, venture to do more than deliver occasionally a short exhortation. But having

received the wished-for blessing, and being strongly urged to preach, he then consented, after much hesitation, to make a trial. This was so satisfactory to those who heard him, that he afterward, during his stay in London, preached several times; and, on his return to Scotland, was admitted as a local preacher in the Glasgow circuit, and was appointed, about the same time, to the office of a class-leader.

In the mean time he continued to pursue, with unabated assiduity, the studies connected with the profession for which he was at first intended; and having completed the usual course of attendance at the lectures in Aberdeen, London, and Glasgow, he was admitted at the university of the latter place to the degree of Doctor of Medicine; and immediately commenced practice in that city as a physician. What might have been his success in the profession, had it been the will of God that he should persevere in it, it is useless to conjecture; but during the short time that he remained in Glasgow, after his commencement, his prospects were very fair and promising. In an entry which appears in his diary, under the date of July 26th, 1817, he says, "My temporal wants have been abundantly supplied; and I have been pretty well employed in my business." With those who were acquainted with him, there can be little doubt but that the gracefulness of his address, and the general excellence of his character, to say nothing of his skill in medicine, would have made his way, as a physician, plain and prosperous before him. But although his prospects of temporal comfort, connected with a remembrance of the great expense which had been bestowed on his professional education, presented very powerful reasons to induce him to continue in the course he had begun; yet he was far from

being satisfied to do so, as he found it impossible to divest himself of the conviction, that God was now calling him to a different employment. He was already very regularly and frequently employed as a local preacher; but the service of the sanctuary was laid upon his conscience, as one to which he ought to be entirely devoted. After having made it, therefore, a subject of much meditation and prayer, he became a candidate for admission into the Methodist connection as an itinerant preacher; and having been proposed and examined in the usual form, obtained the unanimous recommendation of the Glasgow quarterly and district meetings; and, at the ensuing conference (1817) was taken out into the work. At that conference it had been agreed, or understood, that, on account of the pecuniary difficulties which at that time embarrassed the connection, no additional preachers should be employed in the home work; but in his case, out of respect to his aged father's long standing in the ministry, and in consideration of his own excellent character and promising talents, an exception was permitted; and he was accordingly appointed with his father to Dunbar and Haddington.

His entrance on this circuit is thus noted in his diary:—

“August 24.—I have now arrived at Haddington, where I must labour for a season. The parting with my friends in Glasgow, and the congregation, when I preached my last discourse to them on, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ I shall not soon forget. Blessed be God for the comfort I enjoyed while among them.”

He then adds, in allusion to some exquisitely painful circumstances, which were eminently honourable to his religious character, but which cannot now be related, “I think the bitterness of death is past. Ah! fond

seducing world, hast thou not still some power over me? I have done with thee. I feel like one who has just taken the vows which can never be recalled."

In this circuit, and especially in the town of Haddington, his public ministry excited a very unusual degree of interest, as will appear from the following testimony by the Rev. Joseph E. Beaumont, who succeeded him in that circuit; and who had, therefore, ample opportunity of gaining information on the subject:—

"Perhaps," says Mr. Beaumont, "no minister in Haddington, of any denomination, in modern times, ever excited so much general interest as Dr. M'Allum; except that very eminent and holy man, the Rev. John Brown, author of many valuable works in divinity; by which, though 'dead, he yet speaketh,' to the edification of thousands. Dr. M'Allum's ministry was attended by persons belonging to many of the first families in the neighbourhood; and was listened to, weekly, by several distinguished members of the Established Church, and of the dissenting congregations in the town; whose attendance, in the majority of instances, was, nevertheless, limited to the sabbath evening and Monday services; at which time the sanctuaries of their own communities were generally closed. For whatever scruples, conscientious or otherwise, were entertained as to the propriety of Presbyterians listening to any other ministry than that of their own order, they were in many instances superseded by the powerful attractions of the doctor's ministry and character; and persons thus situated generally agreed to wink at each other's deviation from ancient sentiment and usage, in the instance of so eminent a preacher. On Monday evenings it was his custom to lecture on the historical parts of the Old Testament, especially on its characters.

This plan, which he pursued during the three successive years of his continuance in Haddington, secured him large congregations. And it was in this part of his public labour that his power of description, and his extensive knowledge of persons and things, had an appropriate and useful scope. It was in this course of lectures that he most interested and engaged, and perhaps benefited, the young and the gay; that he rebuked certain fashionable vices and errors; awakened many a compunctious feeling in the guilty breast; made folly look contemptible, vice loathsome, and virtue lovely; and excited in the bosoms of many, emotions and resolves in favour of the religion of the heart to which they had previously been strangers; and which, it is believed, have not yet subsided. Indeed, I have no hesitation in stating it as my opinion, (and I write under consideration, and with knowledge of this part of my subject,) that, with perhaps one exception, Dr. M'Allum's popularity in Haddington is without a parallel in the experience of any preacher now in our connection, in any place in Britain. And his intercourse in society corresponded with his eminence in the pulpit; for, by his distinguished urbanity and graceful elegance of manners, he had access to the first families in the county town of East Lothian, and was actually on visiting terms in almost every house of name and respectability with which a minister of religion could consistently have fellowship. His company was courted in the best society in the place; in short, his memory there cannot die while the present generation lives."

In the midst of all this popularity he was exposed to no inconsiderable danger of falling into a vain and worldly spirit. But it is pleasing to discover from the diary, in which he seems to have made an unreserved

entry of his feelings, that he still maintained the life and power of godliness; and that he kept steadily in view the great object of his high and holy calling. The following extracts may be taken as satisfactory evidence on this point :—

“October 1, 1817.—I have now had a short trial of my work in the ministry, have preached thirty times, and walked seventy-two miles; besides visiting the society and meeting classes. My private studies have necessarily been proportionate. That God who hath kept and sustained me six weeks, is able and willing to keep and sustain me for sixty years, should I live so long. Meantime, how is it with my bosom foe? To speak plainly, he seemed dead when I was most cast down, and most anxious; but ‘the old man’ is not yet dead. Help me, Lord, to look to thee!

“November 11.—Two souls were converted last sabbath: one in the morning, while I expounded the parable of the labourers in the vineyard; another in the afternoon, when treating on the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope. *Non nobis, Domine.*

“February 1, 1818.—I have discovered that there is some rudeness in my conversation, such as a peremptory contradiction of what I apprehend to be untrue. Lord, save me from this, lest I should disgrace my Christian profession! But what discovery can I make that does not, or should not, humble me in the dust! I have had five tolerably profitable sabbaths, and have been particularly assisted this day. O how wonderful is this? for my mind was grievously tried and exercised last night! Blessed be God for this day. N.B.—1st, I have been too frequently at great men’s tables. 2d, Too seldom and far too short a time in my closet. 3d, I have

been too idle. Last sabbath, in the afternoon, I went in great confidence to the pulpit, having prepared a very laboured discourse; but God left me, in a measure, to myself; and O, how confused and confusing was my discourse! Let this teach me a profitable lesson. Lord, lift upon me the light of thy countenance! A heavenly gale reached me this day when reading of Mr. Fletcher's death.

"April 18.—My personal comfort has been considerable; but has my soul prospered as it might have done? Almost every Sunday since February 20th, I have been engaged in explaining our leading doctrines; the witness of the Spirit, the progress of grace, its harmony with works, and entire sanctification. Some little offence has been taken, but not much. In my lectures I have almost reached the end of Genesis. This is Saturday night, and conveys to my mind the recollection of that time which will terminate our weeks below, and when the balance of our accounts shall be struck.

"May 16.—I have just returned from the district meeting held at Edinburgh. What have I gained by going? 1st, A veneration for the body with which I am connected. Their sacrifices of their own interests are written in heaven. 2d, An increasing opinion of their talents, and a diminished opinion of my own. 3d, I have learned that, if a man would be a worthy Methodist preacher, he must moderate his expectations of temporal recompense. 4th, I have, in a measure, seen that I am only on the threshold of religion. Lord, save me! Heretofore I have laboured too exclusively from a sense of duty. God grant that I may do this henceforward more from a conviction of my privilege!

"July 11.—On looking back for a year, I find occasion of sorrow and thankfulness. 1st, Of sorrow,

because I am far behind almost every Christian I meet with ; so little good has been done by my means—vanity, self, rudeness, jealousy, often distress me—inconsistency of conduct. 2d, Of thankfulness—that I am somewhat more consistent than heretofore—converse more on the things of God with worldly people—less the subject, or the prey, of temptation—some good has been done among the hearers and members. I have written this year one hundred and four sermons.

“November 23.—O that God would revive his work in my soul ! May his glory be my end and aim ! Yesterday was the sacrament with us in Haddington, and I assisted for the first time in the administration. It was a good day. O may I be saved from spiritual idolatry, from pride, trifling, idleness, affectation, and worldly-mindedness ! Amen and amen.

“January 4, 1819.—I discover that I am too much given to idleness. Ten years ago, my reading was very narrow, very trifling, and very desultory. In two or three years it was more various, but equally desultory. After a while it was more select, but too rapid and irregular. During my *curriculum* it was not sufficiently exclusive. This year and a half more steady, but still far more from being sufficiently intense. O that I might be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord !

“March 28.—For a fortnight I have seriously been thinking of the declension of our congregations here : but still, three have sought admittance into the society, and some are beginning to open their mouth in prayer. O my soul ! wouldest thou not rather that souls were benefited than that a multitude were pleased ? Wouldest thou not sacrifice popularity to usefulness ? Wo to that man who would not !

“ June 23.—I have lived twenty-five years in this evil world : but, alas ! to how little purpose ! I have, in some measure, been cast down yesterday and to-day, with a sense of my sinfulness. Nothing can be too severe for me ; but O, in wrath remember mercy !

“ August 15.—My application to the conference (to be relieved from the law which prohibits the marriage of probationers) has been successful, and in a little time I expect to take one of the most solemn steps imaginable. My mind is much and deeply occupied with what lies before me. As it respects temporal things, my desire is, to live honestly in the sight of all men ; and my prayer is, that which Agur offered up. As it regards heavenly things, my wish is expressed in the following lines :—

‘ If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live ;
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive !’

Many trials lie before me to which I am as yet a stranger, sickness, anxiety, apprehension, and death ; but I can never meet with any thing that is not better than my deserts.

“ January 6, 1820.—The God of my life has brought me to the commencement of another year, and I ought to be filled with thankfulness that goodness and mercy have followed me all my way hitherto. I had a season lately of much spiritual joy, followed by one of great temptation ; and now I feel that coldness is too apt to steal over me. I mourn a want of zeal, of humility, meekness, and love.

“ May 7.—Last week I had some touches of the rod. I thank God, myself and my dear partner are both proving what David meant when he said, ‘ Thy rod doth

comfort me.' We wish to set out anew for heaven. To-day I have been wonderfully strengthened to blow the gospel trumpet. Lord, let Israel hear, and come together unto thee !"

From these extracts it will be seen, that while generally honoured and caressed by others he was making it his habitual and diligent endeavour to be jealous over himself with a very godly jealousy ; and that he was thus saved, in a great measure, from falling into the temptation of thinking of himself more highly than he ought. Notwithstanding the outward honour which his hearers put upon his ministry, he was very far from being satisfied, because comparatively few of them appeared to be so affected by his instrumentality as to be thereby converted to God. "If," says Mr. Beaumont, "the breath of popular applause could have satisfied, he might have been satisfied : but he sought to save them that heard him ; and of any results of his labour which left them short of this important object, he made but little account. Travailing in birth for his hearers, that Christ might be formed in them, he had continual sorrow and heaviness of heart when he found that this, the main end of his ministry, was but partially accomplished. In an interview which I had with him in his last illness, during our conversation respecting Haddington, he admitted there was prodigious excitement, deep and wide impression, great expectation, and much lovely blossom. 'But,' he added, with much distressing emotion, 'there were no conversions ; and it nearly broke my heart !' That is, they were so few, compared with the widespread, and apparently deep-struck interest, and rich promise created by his ministry, that he felt as if his labours there had been all but a total failure. Doubtless, however, he was of great use ; and his labours were the

means of much good ; much more than it was possible, or perhaps proper, for him to know ; and certainly far more than his modesty and self-humiliation would have suffered him, had he known it, to acknowledge."

The following is his farewell notice of this his first, and, in many respects, most interesting station :—

" August 19.—After a residence of three years at Haddington, my engagements are now closed. I rejoice to think that the charge of my flock has passed into other hands, who, I hope and trust, will be useful to them. I have laboured for their good ; but neither to the extent, nor with the perseverance, zeal, and love, with which I might have done. To regret the past is in itself an idle task ; and can only be productive of good as it leads to repentance and reformation. God of my mercies, grant me the former, and urge me to the latter of these !"

His next appointment was to Edinburgh ; but, being the third preacher on that station, his residence was in Dalkeith. His labours were, therefore, limited chiefly to the latter place ; as he had to preach in Edinburgh only one Sunday out of three, and on the week-day evenings not at all. He was, besides, very frequently prevented from going to Edinburgh by the situation of his amiable partner, whose increasing illness could not fail to ensure, as it demanded, his tenderest attention ; and who continued gradually to languish until April the 15th, when she died in the faith and hope of the gospel. In consequence of these circumstances, though his ministry in Edinburgh was both popular and useful, he had no opportunity of exciting that general attention which had so remarkably characterized his ministry at Haddington. But in Dalkeith, where he resided, and where he exercised his ministrations regularly every

week, his talents and virtues exerted their appropriate influence, and were instrumental in producing the best effects. Here the same kind of interest was excited, and among the same classes of society as in Haddington; and his labours were made a special blessing to persons belonging to other religious denominations, as well as to the members of our own society. Some instances of this might be specified here, but it is unnecessary. The record of his labour is on high; and part of its fruit has already been gathered into the celestial garner.

The domestic affliction to which allusion has been made was to him a source of continual anxiety, and of the most exquisite mental suffering. The tenderness of his feelings on this subject is very affectingly displayed in the scrupulous minuteness with which he has recorded the general progress, and every apparent turn, of the affliction; and in the beautifully soft and melancholy touches in which he has depicted the sorrows of his heart. The following extracts will afford a specimen of the manner in which his entries on this subject were generally made, and of the anxiety which he felt in the midst of his affliction to keep himself in the knowledge and love of God:—

“September 3, 1820.—This is the day of the Lord. The air is filled with light and heat, and hardly a sound sets it in motion. The fields stand thick with shocks of corn, and the country perspective is exquisitely beautiful. When I look into the street, only an occasional passenger is seen to step silently along, like an individual observed to pass hurriedly and impressed with awe, from within, and again into, the precincts of a court. Blessed are the courts of thy house! I am surrounded with spiritual privileges and temporal blessings; but

there is a worm at the root of every earthly gourd of protection and shade. My Ann is still on a bed of affliction, and her weakness is great. That, to all appearance, it is partially removed, is an occasion of gratitude. Lord, 'if it be possible, let this cup pass from me !'

"November 17.—In a week from this date, four months will have elapsed since it pleased God to lay his hand on the wife of my youth ; and, alas ! how very little have I profited by this long-continued affliction ! Death has been the frequent subject of my thoughts, but that has not (as it should have done) attached me to Christ. I have frequently dwelt upon the prospect that my Ann, the light of my eyes, may be taken from me ; but even that does not always affect me as it ought ; and when it wrings tears of agony from me, does not always lead me to Christ. What a wonder is it, thou hast not, long since, cast me into hell ! How has it been with Ann ? She has not been able to read, and only now and then to hear reading. Yesterday morning, when telling me how her mind had been impressed by the remembrance of an encouraging passage of Scripture, her lip quivered, the tear stood in her eye ; and, with greatly enfeebled powers of utterance she went on to speak of her past unfaithfulness to God. God of mercy ! wilt thou take away —— ?

"March 13, 1821.—I have nothing that is good to record of myself, and not much that is hopeful of my dearer self ; but there is One in whose infinite merits we may both be blessedly interested. Lately, in thinking how unprofitable I had been, both in my ministry to the souls of others, and to my own, I have been in a measure cast down, and have questioned my call to the pastoral office. It is a crying inconsistency, that I

should have made sacrifices to unite myself to what I deem a spiritual priesthood, and, after all, should be so little zealous, and so unwatchful : and it is affecting in these circumstances that I am so little useful. I know these are not reasons for deserting my work ; but for redoubled diligence and prayer in the discharge of it. My dear Ann, in so far as her feeble frame will allow her, waits upon God. O for that prayer of faith by which the sick are raised up !

“ April 2.—My beloved partner is, I think, greatly worse. To human appearance it is impossible she should recover, and unlikely that she should long survive. It would seem that she anticipates her change. But O, what a prospect have I before me ! We have only been united eighteen months ; and during the greater part of that time she has languished on a bed of pain, under hopeless disease ; but I have greatly loved her, and her love has greatly exceeded the ordinary measure of human affection. But we must part, though the life of each was bound up in the life of the other. Sin, what hast thou done ! What a state is mine ! to wait in awful suspense the moment that is to bereave me of my most intimate friend ! If I survive, it will be to new sufferings ; to loneliness, and all the anguish of bereavement. While I write, she is beside me, and speaks with the tone of health. She will soon be removed ; and I shall hear that voice no more, till it is enriched with the accents of angels. But shall I hear her then ? O that I may !”

In the course of a few days, the fears expressed in the preceding paragraph were realized ; and the object of his affection was no more. Under this bereavement his mind was deeply humbled ; but still he was sustained and comforted, though it was long ere he fully

recovered his former tone of cheerfulness. In common with many other eminently wise and holy men, he seems to have entertained a belief in the communion of departed spirits ; and on one occasion he thought it was, in his own case, actually realized. "This afternoon," says he, under the date of May 2, 1821, "while engaged in reading Mrs. Fletcher's Life, page 252, where she is described as having said to her husband in a dream, 'My dear, do you visit me sometimes?' and he answered, 'Many times a day,' I felt a strange but delightful consciousness, that the angel-spirit of my dear, dear Ann, was present with me. My emotions were delightful. Tears of delight flowed down my cheeks ; and, at length, I was enabled to say, 'Thank God for this also ;' and my heart rose in gratitude to him."

For some time after the date above mentioned, excepting some interesting gleanings of circumstances connected with his late wife's affliction and departure, his diary contains comparatively few remarks. Indeed, for some months after that event took place, a part of the time which he had formerly been accustomed to devote to his diary seems to have been given to another book, in which he wrote all that had been in his heart, in reference to his late amiable partner, in a style of peculiar elegance and tenderness ; but to which, in consequence of a restriction imposed by the writer when on his death-bed, nothing more than this general allusion can here be made. This occupation of his leisure moments may be considered by some persons to have been a weakness ; but, if so, it was not an unpardonable one ; nor was it altogether barren of spiritual profit. To use an expression of his own, his mind was often "relieved by discharging its grief and uneasiness on paper ;" and the review which he was led

to take of a portion of his life which had been so deeply interesting to him, was the occasion of his being excited to higher sentiments of gratitude to God; and to a more diligent attention to his own personal salvation, and the important duties of his holy calling.

Toward the close of his second year in the Edinburgh circuit, (that is, in June, 1822,) in obedience to the direction of the preceding conference, he took an excursion to the Shetland Islands, for the purpose of ascertaining, by personal examination and inquiry, whether, or not, a missionary might be usefully and advantageously employed there. Of this excursion he has left a very copious journal, which is inserted in this volume.

Having declined the unanimous and cordial invitation of the Edinburgh quarterly meeting to continue a third year, he was appointed to North Shields. Here his mind seems to have recovered its former tone. Time, and the grace of God, had healed the stroke of his wound, and he sung of mercy as well as of judgment. December 24, 1822, being a few months after his entrance on that circuit, he writes as follows:—

“At the close of the year, it is proper to dwell on the events of it, and to inquire how matters stand between God and my soul. It would argue more ingratitude than humility, if I were not to acknowledge that this last quarter has been one of considerable spiritual profit; and though I am yet far beneath the average of sincere Christians—much farther beneath eminent ones—yet I have had more spiritual mindedness and established peace than has formerly been the case. I have looked into my heart, and I see many marks of inbred corruption yet to be effaced, and many marks of the Saviour’s work yet to be deepened. In me, that is, in my flesh,

dwelleth no good thing ; for my sufficiency to think a right thought is of God. But what cannot God do ? Again and again have I been enabled to say,

‘ I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.’

I must seek for more divine grace, that I be not moved to impatience, or severity of speech : mine ought to be sound speech, such as cannot be blamed. A stream of mercy hath followed me throughout all this year, like the waters from the smitten rock ; ‘ and that rock was Christ.’ I have, as yet, had no return of that indisposition under which I laboured in the spring. Let my lips and my heart praise thee for this thy goodness to thy dust and ashes ! It hath appeared, and more especially since I left the place, that even in Dalkeith my labours were not in vain, as the correspondence of Mr. and Mrs. —, and that of Mrs. —, goes to prove. I trust that in this place and neighbourhood much good will be done. Our places of worship are crowded with attentive audiences. O that many an arrow may be lodged in many a heart !”

In the spring of 1823 he was united in marriage to the eldest daughter of the late Dr. Taft ; a union respecting which the writer of this memoir believes it may be truly said, it was as happy as the former. This renewal of his earthly comforts appears to have been connected with a correspondent increase of spiritual peace and heavenly-mindedness, though his cup was by no means an unmingled one.

August 2, he writes, “ A fortnight or three weeks ago Mary became indisposed, and my mind was severely exercised : the iron entered into my soul. I was enabled to look up to God through Christ ; and I shall not

soon forget the exceeding goodness of my God to me on this occasion. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!' I seemed to have some near glimpses of the state of those who are entirely sanctified. My mind dwelt much on the subject, and on the benefit of sanctified affliction. My discourses were owned of God, and believers were comforted and edified together."

The propriety of the remark at the close of the preceding extract appears from the testimony which is borne by many of those who had the privilege of sitting under his ministry. His entrance on the North Shields circuit had occurred under circumstances peculiarly discouraging, the society in that place being in a state of considerable distraction and disorder. But soon after himself and his colleagues had entered on their work, a brighter day began to dawn, the flock which had been partially divided and scattered abroad was restored to the fold, and peace and unanimity again prevailed. During the whole time of his continuance at this station, the divine blessing manifestly accompanied his ministrations, both in the town of Shields and in the circuit. "Never," says a friend, who was intimately acquainted with him at that time, "was any man more generally acceptable. For, as a minister of Jesus Christ, his talent was of the first order, and he was indefatigable in the discharge of those duties which devolved upon him; while the ingenuousness of his mind, and the dignified and noble frankness which characterized his whole deportment, united to a disposition naturally amiable, and all sanctified by divine grace, conspired to give a living and practical recommendation of that religion of which he was a minister. Anxious to do good in every possible way, he felt the force of that injunction, 'Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in;'

and, acting in the spirit of this injunction, he was successful in rescuing from the world a number of persons whom he formed into a class, and over whom he continued to watch with anxious solicitude. His visits to the sick were eminently interesting and instructive, and, in many cases, were rendered a special blessing."

This statement will sufficiently account for the estimation in which he was generally held, and for the anxiety which was manifested by the friends of Methodism in Shields for his continuance among them. The doctor having been appointed to the circuit as a single man, and having married in the course of his first year, as above stated, the regulations of the conference, and the circumstances of the circuit, (which was under no obligation, by rule of conference, to provide for him as a married man,) required that he should not be appointed to that circuit for a second year. But, in order to ensure his stay, the friends in that circuit generously offered to supply what was needful for the maintenance of an additional family, and thus, for the sake of his labours, undertook a charge which would not otherwise have come upon them until three years afterward. And when the time came for his being invited to remain a third year, there was but one voice, and the most urgent entreaties were employed to induce him to continue; but his affectionate solicitude for his beloved partner, whose health appeared to be suffering from the sea air, induced him to decline in favour of an inland circuit—"A decision," says the friend just referred to, "regretted by all who knew him in this place and in the neighbourhood, and which extorted the common exclamation, 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again!'"

Having, therefore, remained in North Shields only two years, he was appointed, at the conference of 1824,

to the York circuit. This was the last scene of his earthly labour, his next removal being from earth to heaven. During his continuance in this circuit, excepting the circumstances connected with his death, there was little in his history that seems particularly deserving of attention. Only, it may be observed, in general, that his ministry was both popular and useful ; and that wherever he was known he was esteemed ; not only for his talents as a public speaker, but also for the charms of his conversation, and the virtues of his character. There is reason to believe that he continued, at the same time, to grow in personal piety ; and that he was thus becoming more fully meet to be a partaker of the heavenly inheritance. But, during the third year of his continuance in that circuit, his health, which had hitherto been tolerably well maintained, began visibly to decline. It has already been observed, that when about thirteen years of age his constitution received considerable injury, and the effect of this injury was now becoming alarmingly apparent ; especially in the increased feebleness of his digestive powers. Under these circumstances he was no longer adequate even to the regular labour of the circuit ; and still less was he adequate to the toil of those additional engagements which he was called upon to undertake. Very early in the winter of 1826-7, and before there was any serious apprehension in the minds of his friends that he would be under the necessity of desisting from his work, he was heard to remark that he had gone beyond his strength, and that he feared he should be obliged, at the ensuing conference, to solicit the indulgence of an easier circuit. Still, until compelled to do so by absolute necessity, he was unwilling to allow himself any relaxation of his labour.

In January, 1827, in compliance with repeated and

very urgent solicitations, he paid a visit to Nottingham. His friends in York endeavoured to dissuade him from attempting the journey, as the weather was excessively cold, and there was deep snow upon the ground ; but, on the whole, he thought it his duty to go. Unhappily, having engaged to preach at Tadcaster on his return, and having been unable to obtain a place in any of the day-coaches, he travelled, for the purpose of fulfilling that engagement, by one of the night-coaches as an outside passenger. The consequence of this exposure was, that he returned home with a severe cold, and was much enfeebled.

The day on which he returned to York was a very tempestuous one ; and he was therefore very strongly urged by one who saw the weakness of his state not to expose himself to farther injury by going that day to one of the country places in the circuit where he was expected to preach. But though it was engaged that one of his colleagues would supply his place, he could not be persuaded to accept the offer, as he had not preached at the place in question for some time ; and he hoped that he might not, perhaps, sustain much injury by going. The weather, however, was much worse than he had anticipated, and, having to ride several miles through the rain, he very much increased his indisposition. He was afterward repeatedly exposed to some of the severest storms that occurred throughout the winter ; and the result of all was, that on February 4th, after having preached twice with considerable difficulty, he was obliged to desist at once and altogether from his labour.

Of the state of his mind during the long and tedious illness which ensued, the report given by those who constantly attended him, and by others who were his

frequent visitors, is very satisfactory. His general state was one of calmness and peace ; but occasionally he felt in so remarkable a manner the gracious presence of his God that, as he said, he was almost constrained to cry out, " Lord, stay thy hand, lest the clay tabernacle break !" As his bodily strength declined, so did his inward tranquillity more and more abound. Patience had her perfect work. Not a murmur at any time escaped his lips, nor did he seem to harbour a repining thought. The only thing respecting which he was accustomed to express any particular anxiety was, that he should be disabled from attending to his duties as an itinerant preacher. But even to this, as it was the Lord's doing, he was at last cheerfully resigned. His thankfulness for every little attention that was paid him was very remarkable, as well as his cheerful acquiescence in the means employed for his recovery.

In compliance with the suggestion of his medical advisers, he was taken in the latter end of May to Croft, near Darlington. For a few days after he arrived there the change of air seemed to be very beneficial ; but afterward he began to decline with alarming rapidity. After remaining there about a month, no benefit appearing likely to result from his longer continuance, he was removed to the house of his brother at Carville, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The journey having been accomplished with great difficulty, it was evident that he was near his end, and all hope of his recovery was entirely abandoned.

Two or three days before his death, when it was communicated to him that, probably, he had only a few days to live, he appeared for a moment to be startled by this unexpected information ; but very soon recovering himself, he said, " Well, God cannot err. All that he

does is right ; and he has said, ‘ Because I live ye shall live also.’ I shall one day see my Redeemer for myself.”

On the last sabbath of his life, his wife having made some observations respecting that heavenly felicity which was now before him, he exclaimed, with great emphasis and sweetness,—

“ There is my house, and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home !”

He slept during a great part of that day ; but when awake his mind was wonderfully tranquil. To his brother he remarked, that he believed his enjoyment of so great and constant a peace was partly in answer to the many prayers which the people of God were presenting on his behalf. Afterward, to a local preacher, who had been praying with him, he said, “ My labours are done, but I build nothing on them. I build only on the merits of my Saviour. I feel that

‘ I the chief of sinners am ;
But Jesus died for me.’ ”

During the following night he slept remarkably well. About seven in the morning he became much weaker ; and at half past nine his pulse ceased to beat. It may be truly said of him, that “ he fell asleep in Jesus ;” for there was neither struggle nor convulsion ; but all without, like all within, was stillness and peace. This event took place July 2, 1827

The following spirited and eloquent sketch of his character has been kindly furnished by the Rev. Joseph E. Beaumont, who has already been mentioned as having been his colleague in the Edinburgh circuit. “ I was,” says Mr. B., “ honoured with his friendship ; and sometimes my dwelling was distinguished by his visits.

And for agreeableness in private and social life I never met his like ; I never saw his equal. He possessed in a high degree, and in equal proportions, the desire and the art of pleasing. The music of his voice, the smile of his face, the kindness of his heart, and the intelligence and variety of his communications, rendered his society pre-eminently acceptable and delightful. ‘He had a soul for friendship formed, and sweet and grateful was its fellowship.’ The memory of it to me is the mournful reminiscence of joys that are fled. His literary and professional education,—his close observation of, and practical acquaintance with, life and manners, men and things,—his ample fund of instructive and stirring anecdote,—his almost unequalled fluency and graceful elocution,—his entire and constant self-possession,—his uniform and overflowing sweetness and benevolence of disposition,—together with a very gentlemanly and easy address, gave to his companionship a charm which every one that was indulged with it felt and acknowledged. As a preacher he was much admired ; being free from every offensive or disagreeable property or circumstance, habitual or occasional ; and in manner soft, elegant, and impressive. His voice, which was not so remarkable for its power and compass as for its melody and distinctness, fell gratefully upon the ear ; and being mastered with absolute power, and modulated with delicate skill, its intonations never became harsh. He was ‘as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument.’ Indeed, he was one of those few preachers of whom, by a rare combination of the most agreeable qualities, and the most happy proportions of style, and manner, and spirit, it may be said, with almost perfect truth, that they please every body. And yet I do not

conceive that Dr. M'Allum's eloquence was of the first and highest order. His oratory was the sweet, even flow of a beautiful river ; never the swell of the flood, or the bound of the torrent. His preaching was not so profound as it was agreeable ; not so argumentative as it was persuasive. He was more Apollos than Paul ; more Barnabas than Peter ; a son of consolation, rather than a son of thunder. His speech was not the mighty, sweeping rain, but a gentle, soft, insinuating dew. In his public discourse there was often a delightful richness and range of language ; and, when dealing with some subjects, his acquaintance with science and philosophy contributed much to his advantage. On this, as on other accounts, his ministry was singularly acceptable to persons of taste and education, and uncommonly attractive to young and inquiring minds."

A few days after his decease, a notice of his character and talents as a preacher appeared in a letter from an anonymous correspondent, of another religious denomination, addressed to the editor of one of the Berwick-upon-Tweed newspapers. As an incidental, but very striking confirmation, of the character given by Mr. Beaumont, the letter is inserted here. Excepting one or two omissions, it is as follows :—"Notwithstanding the brief record which you have already given of the death of Dr. M'Allum in your last paper, I trust no apology is requisite for again calling to your recollection that melancholy event ; possessing, as he did, such pre-eminent talents and worth, and interesting as every memorial of his character must be to such as enjoyed the gratification of his eloquence and piety, in his occasional visits to this town during the recent ministry of his reverend and venerable father in the Wesleyan Methodist chapel in this place.

“It is only on his character as a preacher and a pulpit-orator, and on those qualities and indications of mind which he evinced in the discharge of his public functions, that I mean at present to remark. Gifted with the possession of an original and talented mind, furnished and embellished with extensive acquisitions of knowledge and learning, possessing a powerful, clear, and impressive mode of pronunciation, and all urged into diligent and continual exertion by the fervent and determined piety of a highly spiritual mind, it was to have been expected that, with whatever denomination of Christians he united, he was destined by Providence to hold a prominent station and commanding influence among them.

“In the pulpit he was distinguished more by the varied assemblage of those qualities which, while they constituted general excellence, gave no marked prominence to any particular quality, but, mixed together, rendered him truly a master in Israel, a workman that needed not to be ashamed. His discourses generally commenced with a calm and methodical arrangement, exhibited much originality of thought as well as logical accuracy, until aroused into a flight of animation by some peculiar and awakening sentiment, on which occasion his eloquence and genius pre-eminently appeared. Such as heard his last sermon while here will not soon forget the impassioned ardour with which he depicted the wild commotion, the jarring conflict, and the rude disruption of the elements of nature ; as he advanced these things in evidence that man in his present state was at enmity with their Author, and at variance with the regulations of his moral government. Occasionally, his sentiments were couched in apophthegms, terse, pungent, and striking. His method as a

preacher was discriminating and decisive. He seemed to aim at producing a specific impression on the minds of his hearers; and his salutary truths were wisely adapted to the wants and circumstances of the two great classes that obtain in every audience, and that will eventually be classed for their eternal destiny.

‘By him the violated law spoke out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels sing, the gospel whisper’d peace.’

“In his devotional exercises his warmth of heart was peculiarly manifest, and seldom failed to catch the sympathy, or breathe intently through the minds of the worshippers. His sentiments and diction, though occasionally tinged with the inaccuracies incident to extemporaneous address, were yet so soothing, elevating, and impressive, as amply to atone for such imperfections. He had not, indeed, the solid excellence and magnificence of Hall, nor the exuberant imagination of Chalmers; but his eloquence was of that pure and effective stamp which warmed while it instructed, and enlightened while it impressed.”

The extent of these remarks leaves but little to be added by the compiler of this memoir. He would only say, that if amidst the numerous excellences that adorned his character, both in public and private, there was any observable blemish, it was, perhaps, that his spirit of independence appeared sometimes to pass into a fault; but still it was a fault from which no one suffered but himself. As to other points, his opinion coincides most fully with the substance of the testimonies above quoted; or, even without referring to these testimonies, it will be sufficiently apparent from the tenor of the preceding memoir; in the composition of

which, he has endeavoured to maintain a constant regard to truth and Christian moderation ; nevertheless, he does not pretend to have executed his task with entire impartiality. He envies not the stoicism of that man's heart who, having been intimately acquainted with such a one as the late Dr. M'Allum, could sit down as his biographer with the scrupulous frigidity of a mere chronicler of dates and circumstances ; and of this he is persuaded, that from the statements he has made respecting his many and estimable excellences, none who were acquainted with him will be disposed to make any very serious abatements.

The interest which was taken in his character, and the regret which was occasioned by his death, in York, and in the neighbourhood, were amply testified by the crowded congregations that attended to hear the sermons which were preached on the occasion ; the numbers being such, although the services were on the evening of a week-day, as to be hardly contained in the two largest Wesleyan Methodist chapels in that city.

His remains were interred in the churchyard of North Shields. The spot is marked by a plain stone, which bears the following inscription :—

Sacred to the memory
Of the late

REV. DANIEL M'ALLUM, M.D.

Directed by his own choice, and by early education,
To the Medical Profession,
He was subsequently called by the great Head of the church
To minister in holy things.

In obedience to this call, he exercised his ministry
As an Itinerant Preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist
Connection,

Until (by one of those mysterious dispensations of
Providence,

The design of which remains to be unfolded in eternity,)
He was removed, in the midst of his years and usefulness,
From his labour on earth to his reward in heaven.

In him the sterner virtues of firmness and truth
Were singularly tempered by the milder
Graces of gentleness and benevolence ;
And in every domestic and social relation
He was eminently faithful.

His mind was a treasury, well stored with knowledge,
Both human and divine ;

To which he was accustomed to give utterance
In language remarkably fluent, perspicuous, and elegant.

He died in peace, at Carville,
July 2, 1827,

Aged thirty-three years.

JUVENILE PIECES.

No. 1.—THE OBSERVER.—Sept. 1, 1813.

“Nihil humanum à me alienum puto.”—TER.
Whatever concerns mankind, interests me.

No species of writing has ever met with more general encouragement than those detached papers upon men and manners which, at various times, and under different titles, have appeared in this kingdom, during the present and the last century. The merit of introducing it belongs unquestionably to Sir Richard Steele, of various memory ; and the honour of first rendering it popular, useful, and entertaining, appertains with equal certainty to Addison, who herein, perhaps more than in any thing else, displayed the fertility of his genius, and endeared himself to every lover of truth that ever has perused, or ever shall peruse, his writings.

The title which may be given to essays of this kind is of little, or rather of no importance. It matters not what name or designation is applied to the work. If it touch the heart, and enliven the fancy ; if it open wider fields for contemplation, and furnish new incentives to virtuous conduct ; if it be conveyed in a style flexible and yet elegant, simple and yet impressive ; if its sentiments be those of a thinking and well-furnished mind, attentive to little incidents, and awake to every thing that is truly conducive to the well-being of man, such a work will not be without readers, and cannot be without utility ; and the name it bears will become respect-

able, though it be as little to the purpose as "The Idler," or "The Rambler."

Whoever opens any of the miscellaneous publications of the English "Augustan age," finds himself (if he have a heart to feel, or a fancy to imagine) transported into other times, and becomes as familiar with the wits and the fops, the assemblies and the customs, the great men and the *belles* of those times, as though he were in habits of daily intimacy with them. They are living pictures of what once was—pictures whose exquisite colouring time has rather enriched than deteriorated—and which are placed in the temple of fame, to be preserved there for ever, as the finest representations of nature unveiled that the fancy of man ever conceived, or his pencil ever drew. Not only are we delighted with the beautiful notices which they contain of incidental occurrences, and with their rich descriptions of natural and artificial objects, but we are also feasted with the luxuriance of fancy, and the elegant exuberance of wit with which their subjects are adorned. "The Spectator," and other publications of the same class, are in reality a gallery of mental portraits, so well delineated that "the mirror is" thereby "held up to nature, vice is shown its deformity, and virtue its own image." They treat of the philosophy of the human heart, and are dissections of the inmost soul. With how vast a variety of subjects is the fancy indulged in the above-mentioned works, not only with those of native growth in our own country, but with *exotics* also, which are there happily introduced and cultivated with success. We are charmed with dreams, and instructed by allegories, amused with the learning of the east, or the traditions of the west, or are carried to the other side of the flood to learn the manners of the antediluvians. In a word, these writers,

as with the wand of a magician, transport us whithersoever they will, and wake up to our wandering vision any scene at pleasure.

When I express my admiration of the first race of periodical essays on the philosophy of the heart, I am not insensible of their noble progeny, worthy their immortal sires ; but the observations applicable to the one are not inapplicable to the other. One circumstance may be remarked of all the writers who have thus distinguished themselves. They were men who were in no common degree attentive to the workings of nature in the human soul, as far as their search could penetrate, or their information could teach them. They tried, like Bruce, to trace the river to its source, through all its meanderings, and changes of name and of appearance.

Such has been the study of my life. Other objects have occasionally and necessarily occupied my time and attention ; this only, the study of the heart, has engrossed my undivided affection. I have, besides, sundry and divers other pretensions to the character of censor morum. I find, upon inquiry, that on the night of my birth a most awful eruption of Mount Hecla took place, and about the same time an island emerged from the Southern Sea. Furthermore, it is said that, in my childhood, instead of patiently learning the names of my ivory letters, I was ever wishing to know how and of what they were made, and where the material came from. And very early I remember to have sat for hours upon a favourite tree, cogitating how this world was created, and what was the reason that this man wore a robe, while that man was a beggar. At school I was placed under a very eminent man, who had "the rudiments" by heart, and had read three thousand volumes,

(containing, on an average, two hundred pages each, and having twenty-eight lines to the page,) concerning the matter of which volumes he kept an exact register. His genius was profound. To him is due the honour of discovering the only word in our language which will form a rhyme to *month*, viz., *millionth*;* for which discovery he obtained an almanac for 1806. Beside all this, he wrote a poem which began in the middle of a line, and had more big words in it than any other five poems in the language, not to mention his great work, on which he particularly valued himself, on ancient Greek acrostics and epithalamy, together with a "Dissertation on Poems, in the shape of eagles with expanded wings." Of this work only two copies were sold—"O judgment, thou art fled to the brute beasts"—of which one serves me for a writing desk, the other is the property of my neighbour, who, being a simple man, and desirous to be useful, bought it under the idea that it was a treatise on ophthalmy, or inflammation of the eyes. By this profound philosopher I was accounted as being little short of an idiot; for he one day discovered that I had spent two hours in watching a spider while weaving its web, and at another time he seized a paper of mine, on which I had written some juvenile reflections on men and manners, instead of composing a double acrostic as he had directed me. My youth and my collegiate years were distinguished by the same attention to the operations of nature, both in the human heart and in the world; and from whatever I read, those passages were selected which struck any chord of feeling in my soul that never had been touched before. My present leisure gives me ample opportunity, (and my

* Unless we except the word *oneth*—"the *hundred and oneth* year of the world."—AM. ED.

inclination leads me to improve it) to observe all the vast varieties of human feeling and disposition as they are exhibited on the wide theatre of the world. And from much observation I have been led to form several opinions almost peculiar to myself, which shall severally and singly be laid before my readers in due time and place.

No. 2.—Sept. 8, 1813.

“Cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago.”—OVID.
All things change, and every thing earthly is created mutable.

NOVELTY has charms peculiar to itself. A new bonnet and a new book will alike find their patrons. But if they be found devoid of intrinsic value when they cease to be new, they will be superseded by others of equal pretensions, which will in turn meet the same fate.

The effect of novelty is in nothing more remarkable than in the changes of dress. That of the men has within fifty years been altered and new-modelled times without number. First the lengthy old-fashioned make was laid aside, and a shorter one received into favour, which was again abandoned, and its predecessor established as the *ton*. With the dress of the ladies I cannot pretend so intimate an acquaintance. I have, however, remarked

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Manners and customs have suffered the like changes. And in all these changes men have supposed that they were approaching toward perfection, while in reality they have only been moving in a circle, and have at

length ended where they first set out. The rudeness of the savage gradually refines into the politeness of the gentleman, and this, in its turn, degenerates by degrees into pristine barbarity. The state of every thing earthly is naturally progressive. It is either emerging from its lowest state, and acquiring that degree of perfection of which it is capable, or it is declining in the opposite excess.

The mind of man is naturally so active that it must continually be exerting its powers in one way or other. This activity operates not less in exciting than promoting this love of change, which is one of the most natural propensities of the human heart. Such is his love of novelty, that he is tired "with uniformity, though it be uniformity of excellence." But the charms of novelty, though they are great in their degree, are short in their duration. Familiarity with any object whatsoever robs it of its *eclat*, and the most elevated situations soon become as unpleasing as the lowest, to a discontented mind. On the contrary, there are some situations which become pleasing only when they have lost their novelty. Such is the state of a young author, who is uncertain what reception his works will meet with. He feels, in a degree, the misery and anxiety of a criminal whose case is dubious, and actually pending in a court of justice.

Having been in a room adjoining my bookseller's shop, I have had the pleasure and mortification of overhearing the remarks of some who had perused my first paper. As it respects certain of these, I shall attribute the acrimony of their wit to the wet weather which has lately prevailed ; for it is acknowledged that the English are affected more than any other nation by the changes of the atmosphere. Among these was Timothy Trip-

pet, a fop of the first order, who had intended a jaunt into the country, but was prevented by the rain, and had come to lounge a little among the books. Having taken up my paper and read it, he observed that he did not doubt but that I had squared the compass of my design by my ability, since I had made no promise at all. And having thus said, and adjusted his stock and collar at a glass, which was by accident in the shop, he re-entered his chariot. I was better pleased with the observation of an elderly gentleman who sat beside me, who said that he believed the Observer would succeed in his undertaking, if he did not, like some others, allow his success to diminish his diligence. It is almost needless to add, that I concurred in his opinion, at the same time that I determined to profit by his advice.

No. 6.—October 5, 1813.

“ In man or woman, but far most in man,
 in my soul I loathe
 All affectation ; 'tis my perfect scorn ;
 Object of my implacable disgust.”—COWPER.

MEN of understanding, and writers of sensibility, though they differ widely in their sentiments concerning many things, yet universally admire that behaviour which is natural and unconstrained, in preference to all the refinements of art and education. They more especially condemn these improvements upon nature (as they are termed) the farther they lead us from genuine simplicity and sincerity of heart ; for such is the effect which these supposed improvements, in their

opinion, commonly have. They go indeed so far as to attribute, in a great measure, to the present mode of education the increasing corruption of modern times.

That artist is most worthy of praise who attempts not to direct nature, but to follow her, and who checks her luxuriance without destroying it, adding where she seems to need assistance, and improving where she is capable of improvement; but in every operation carefully abstaining from any thing that would injure or impair her native beauties. If such a care be admirable in art, how much more commendable is it in education. There are, however, few masters of any branch of literature or science who pay a due regard to the natural abilities of those intrusted to their care. A superficial acquaintance with some of the languages, with dancing, music, and drawing, are the fashion of the day, and it is to these alone that any great and general attention appears to be paid. And hence it is that young persons now-a-days acquire a great deal of affectation, but little that is truly useful.

Indeed, so universal is this affectation of manners, that with the *beau monde* it is no longer ridiculous, though in the eyes of men of sense no conduct can be more contemptible. At present, the very appearance of modesty and simplicity is put out of countenance by the contempt of the man of fashion, and the pity of the man of the world. But, notwithstanding the obloquy of the proud and ignorant, nature has charms which art can never equal, and there is something infinitely more pleasing in an openness and simplicity of conduct than is to be found in all the punctilios of good breeding and politeness. It is a strong presumption, that he

who is guilty of this failing is conscious of some defect, which by this conduct he is endeavouring to hide. Else, why affect a behaviour so unnatural and constrained? At any rate, we may conclude that his understanding is weak, or that he has not resolution to show himself as he really is.

Cleanthes and Aristus are well known to each other, are engaged in the same profession, and reside in the same town. Cleanthes is older than Aristus, and considers himself entitled, therefore, to a greater share of respect than the other. As, however, he is neither so much employed, nor held in so high estimation, he attributes the success of his rival (for such Aristus is to him) to the affected suavity of his manners, from which he takes occasion to declaim against affectation and hypocrisy, and will by no means allow that Aristus possesses any superiority of talent. He then hints at the meanness of his parentage, and the little opportunity which he has had of professional improvement. Aristus, on the other hand, entertains for his rival an equal contempt, but is more diffident of showing it. Though only a young man, he is old and shrewd enough to know, that the boisterous manner of his opponent will never gain him any attention from persons of sense; and he contrives to avert the mischief of his malicious insinuations by a few observations, delivered in so modest and humble a manner that, whether true or false, they carry conviction to the hearts of his hearers. A person unacquainted with their profession can be no judge of their disputes; but, though the public cannot know the merits of the case, they can compare the behaviour of the disputants, and will naturally give the preference to him whose conduct is the more amiable. They will be convinced by the

calm, placid manner of the one, rather than by the noisy and impetuous manner of the other.

Aristus has this advantage ; besides, he is known in the town, while Cleanthes is a stranger. The former has nothing to depend upon but his business, and is, therefore, anxious to secure it by an obliging and humble carriage, while, at the same time, under the appearance of modesty and diffidence, he hides a proud and ambitious spirit. The latter is equally desirous of emolument, but is not dependant upon his profession ; is ridiculously free with his equals, cringing to his superiors, and, to the poor, supercilious and insolent. And thus they are both equally affected, though their conduct is so widely different. Again, when you meet Cleanthes in the street, he speaks so loudly to you that the subject of your conversation is as well known to every passenger as to yourself. He is noisy in his mirth, and disgusting in the officiousness of his politeness. It was but yesterday he beckoned me across the street through the mud to inquire after my health, and to inform me that it was a dirty day. Far different is the manner of Aristus. He speaks so as scarcely to be heard. In company he observes a studious silence, so that the little he does say is the more regarded, and this his reserve is said to be the effect of modesty, though in reality it is the mere result of pride and of a desire to be noticed. This conduct takes with the generality, but the thin disguise is easily penetrated by the more discerning, by whom he is thought to be an ingenious young man—who has his foibles.

Cleanthes has a friend with whom he is well acquainted, and with whom I have often compared him. He has received what is esteemed a polite and classical education, has a genteel person, and an easy

address, but is withal affected in the extreme. His friend, on the contrary, has had little education, has no fortune, an awkward person, and an unpleasing address ; but his honesty and attention to business have gained him that respectability which Cleanthes, though gifted with superior endowments and advantages, has sought in vain.

In a word, affectation can add nothing to the meanest, and will deteriorate the brightest talents. There is something in it so paltry and ungenerous that it is sure, when discovered, to excite disgust, whatever accomplishments may be associated with it. It is a continual constraint upon the conduct, and gives the character of falsehood to every action of the life. Every man of sense will regard such behaviour with contempt, or resent it as an affront. I never knew a man of strong sense to be guilty of it. Such are conscious of their own weakness, and are anxious rather to correct than to conceal them. Or, if these weaknesses are failings rather than faults, they feel little concerned about them, so long as they do not thereby render themselves obnoxious to others. They act on the supposition, that others will see their failings as assuredly as themselves, and know well that an open avowal of a man's defects renders him more respectable than the most artful concealment.

No. 7.—October 12, 1813.

“No man is born for himself alone.”

EUCLID, in the midst of plenty, felt a want. The ease of his circumstances and the strength of his understanding, the cheerfulness of youth and the vivacity of health, could not prevent the occasional risings of discontent. It is true, he sought for happiness, not in idleness or dissipation, but in the pursuits of science; but even here he was continually disappointed. In the abundance of apparent comforts he found a famine of real delight. It often occurred to him that, on finishing any exercise or problem which had long engaged his attention, he had not found his satisfaction equal to the previous toil, and as often was he ready to exclaim, “If such employments be all that man was designed for, to what purpose was he made at all?”

Discontented with himself, with his studies, and with the world, he one day repaired to a neighbouring village in quest of some amusement to free him from the uneasiness of mind with which he was annoyed. As he journeyed along, every pleasing scene that presented itself gave him disgust instead of pleasure. As he descended from a lofty hill, the wide expanse of ocean was seen on one hand, seeming to cover one half of the globe, and at its boundaries to mingle with the skies. Its placid bosom was covered with a multitude of ships, steering their various courses to different harbours. On the other hand, at different distances were several vil-

lages, and the prospect was bounded by a large town obscurely seen in the horizon. Before him was the place whither he was journeying. It was watered by a beautiful river, whose windings were seen along the course of the valley. Here and there it was seen to intersect the meadows, and give a pleasing variety to the landscape. Sometimes its streams were hid by the intervention of a tuft of trees, and at other places it was concealed by the prominence of little hillocks on its banks. The sun shone with the brightness of summer. The birds carolled their sweetest lays, and formed a concert in the recesses of a wood through which he passed, the shrill notes of the thrush harmonizing with the mellow pipe of the sooty black-bird, while the faithful red-breast sung to its mate, and the dove cooed its note of endearment. How pleasing a contrast did these form with the gentle swelling of the ocean's waves, and the murmuring of the trees, under whose shade a little rivulet purled along and at length fell into the sea. A gentle breeze allayed the fervency of the heat, and the expectation of pleasure incited him to hope. Yet still he felt an anxious desire for something, he knew not what, and, while engaged in reflections on the causes of his discontent, he arrived at the end of his journey as the sun was fast declining to the western horizon.

Accident led him to a numerous assemblage of young females, to nearly all of whom he was an utter stranger. He possessed a lively wit, but had not an opportunity of exercising it; he had good sense, but knew not how to use it to his own advantage. He looked around him, and saw every countenance beam with a pleasure which was foreign to his heart. Cheerfulness and ease everywhere prevailed, while jealousy and deceit

(which, as he had read in books, he supposed to be the characteristics of the female sex) seemed to be banished from this happy society; for every individual seemed only solicitous how she might most successfully please her companions. How accomplished soever he might be, his accomplishments were there unknown, and himself entirely disregarded. To any question which was put to him he answered with correctness and propriety, but at the same time with a degree of embarrassment which showed he was more accustomed to the study than the drawing room. He sat for some time absolved in reflection, and indifferent to all that passed, for when, awaking from his revery, he perceived that the evening was already far advanced, and recollecting that he had some miles to travel ere he reached his home, he rose and with some abruptness retired.

"How happy," thought he, "how very happy do these appear, but from what source is it that they derive their happiness? The pursuit of riches and the career of ambition cannot furnish cheerfulness like theirs. They have, therefore, found some nearer, some surer road to happiness. They have, perhaps, discovered that domestic comfort and the intercourse of friendship constitute the utmost of human bliss. If so, why am I deprived of these? I never knew the endearing love of a sister, nor since my infancy have I ever experienced the tender solicitude of a mother's care. To what use is it that the powers of my understanding are enlarged, since those powers contribute not to the happiness of their possessor? To what purpose is it that I learn, since the greater part of what I have already learned is of no use either to myself or others?" While he thus murmured, his guardian angel, who was hovering near, fraught with the spirit of

instruction, impressed the following reflections on his mind :—

“Hath not Providence allotted to every son of Adam some particular station in life with certain duties to perform and offices to fill? Then, and then only, do they act their part, when, in the fulfilment of these offices and duties, they serve the purposes of their creation. The feet should not be dissatisfied with the head, nor the head murmur against the heart, but should endear themselves to each other in the performance of those duties which have been allotted to them. Think not, Euclid, because all the young females whom thou hast seen this evening wore the appearance of joy, that they were all really happy. The cheerfulness of some of them was as artificial as their dress. There was one indeed with whom it was otherwise. Not she, whose dress or whose behaviour was the gayest. It was one whom in the midst of others you seem to have overlooked, whose behaviour was equally removed from sullenness and levity, and whose dress was easy without slovenliness, and genteel though not excessive. She acted from a principle to which her companions were strangers. Animated indeed with a desire to please, but impressed at the same time with a fear of offending Him who alone is the true object of religious adoration, she has learned that true greatness consists in humility, and that to brook the contempt of a thoughtless world is genuine heroism. And will you, whose intellectual powers are so much superior, suffer that she should surpass you in the practice of piety and virtue? For what purpose, Euclid, was it that you were endowed with those talents you possess, but that you might be of use to others as well as to yourself? The mechanics furnish you with all you need, yet you

give them nothing in return ; you have by no means repaid the obligation when you have discharged the debt. Is there none whom you could benefit by your advice, or improve by your instruction ? Are there none who need your assistance, and would be profited by your example ? Learn to live for mankind, and your own happiness will be increased in proportion as you add to that of others."

Such were the suggestions of the hovering spirit. Euclid felt convinced and ashamed of his weakness ; and, as he leisurely pursued his journey, every object which before had created dislike, now gave him pleasure. The moon's silver light gave the ocean a delightful appearance ; the billows which gently undulated on the shore resembled the sweet emotions of his own mind ; a calm composure tranquillized his soul ; and he determined that, with the aid of Omnipotence, the succeeding day should be spent in a manner more becoming and more useful than any of the former.

No. 10.—November 2, 1813.

"Wisdom and learning, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection.
Knowledge a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds :
Knowledge is proud that she has learn'd so much—
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."—COWPER.

It has often been a matter of surprise to observe, that men who can reason justly, should not be found to act wisely ; but a most satisfactory solution is given to this problem in the beautiful lines of my motto. It

is, indeed, lamentable to consider how many men who have been endued with the brightest genius have tainted their character with the basest of vices. This country has had to mourn over many such ; and the name of Dryden, of Crichton, and of Savage, has been delivered to posterity with alternate effusions of admiration and contempt. "It was," says Johnson, "soon discovered that superiority of wealth did not confer on its possessor any real happiness ; but it might have been expected," continues he, "that intellectual greatness should produce better effects : that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit ; and that they who are best able to teach others the way to happiness should, with most certainty, follow it themselves." Thus did the philosopher reason ; but at the same time he confesses the futility of his inference ; which may in this manner be accounted for. When we calmly investigate any truth, reason sits umpire, and determines with accuracy and precision. But when we come to act, so many motives both of hope and fear, hitherto unseen, arise to influence our conduct, that the voice of reason is overpowered by that of passion.

I have often, in reviewing this subject, been struck with a certain truth which it holds forth, namely, that the means of happiness are equally within the attainment of every son of Adam. Riches bring with them disquietude to their possessor ; with mediocrity but few learn to be content ; and from poverty all men flee as from the face of a serpent. Learning serves but to increase the pride of the unwise, and adds but little to true wisdom ; and the man of refined feelings can hope for no other superiority than "to die of aromatic pain." But he who is truly wise is one of the greatest as well

as the best of men ; and to be wise, requires the aid neither of fortune nor of learning. It is a quality to which these may prove accessories, but of which they form no constituent part. They may contribute to its increase, in the same manner as the scaffolding is made subservient to the erection of a building, and, nevertheless, be themselves of no farther use.

To state clearly the difference which I conceive to subsist between wisdom and learning, I would compare the latter to the body, and the former to the soul which animates it. The body, though a machine compounded of exquisite workmanship, and wondrous sensibility, and of itself a most satisfactory demonstration of the wisdom of its Maker, is, nevertheless, nothing more than a covering to the soul, without which man is nowise superior to a brute. And thus learning, whatever excellence it may be said to possess, is not otherwise useful than as being the "materials with which wisdom builds." As the body without the soul is dead, so learning without wisdom is inert : the head may be filled with various learning, while the heart is devoid of every good quality. But as the soul can exist in a state independent of, and separate from the body, so a man may be consummately wise who is altogether unlearned. For in the future state "knowledge shall die," but wisdom shall survive the wreck of worlds.

At the same time, I would by no means be understood to assert that learning is in itself absolutely useless. There are certain things with which every one ought to make himself acquainted, and without which no one can acquit himself with propriety in the common concerns of life. There are, too, some studies which, though superfluous to mankind in general, are nevertheless highly useful to individuals. Nor would I

repudiate such learning as, though it may not be altogether necessary, is yet acknowledged as being highly ornamental. Such acquisitions to true wisdom as these resemble the decorations of a pillar, which, though they do not add to its strength or stability, are yet found greatly to increase its beauty. As too many ornaments deprive a majestic column of its grandeur, so too many accomplishments corrupt instead of refining the heart. A wise man devoid of these is no less wise, though he may be less agreeable for being so; while a moderate share of them tends to make his company equally instructive and delightful.

What studies are really useful I do not intend at present to inquire. A person who is sincerely seeking after wisdom will not, probably, need any direction; and one who is only desirous of knowledge will not attend to any. Reason points out to every discerning eye that wisdom is to be found, not in poring over ample libraries, but in studying the human heart; and he who understands, obeys her.

Learning often begets pride, as wisdom always does humility. The more we know of others, the less are we apt to be acquainted with ourselves, and the more ready, of course, to become vain of our acquirements; but the more we know of ourselves, the more diffident we shall become, and the wiser we shall grow. Learning delights in words, while wisdom seeks for ideas—the object in the former case being mere parade, and in the latter à practical and beneficial application. A speech may be pompous and yet devoid of merit, and poverty of idea is often clothed in grandeur of expression. Affectation has often been the failing of a learned, but never of a wise man. The one is desirous of being considered great, the other wishes only to

be good. The former seeks the applause of men ; the latter, the approbation of his own conscience. The first is ambitious of being admired, but is in no wise solicitous to render himself useful, while the other desires only that he may be esteemed, and useful to his fellow-creatures.

Learning is, in itself, inert and inactive ; but wisdom is the perfection of knowledge, and, as the wisest of men observed, its nature is "to give life to them which have it." The book from which the above quotation is borrowed was the composition of Solomon in the days of his repentance ; and, therefore, displays more true wisdom, and will be of greater utility to mankind, than, it is probable, his more scientific work (in which he treated of all plants, from the tall cedar of Lebanon to the lowly hyssop on the wall) would have been, had it been preserved. The latter work would have amused and entertained, and have displayed the learning of its author, but the other is full of the truest lessons of that wisdom which was taught by experience and by the Holy Spirit. Finally, learning has often been deleterious both to its possessor and to society, but wisdom has ever been of advantage to both.

No. 11.—November 9, 1813.

Nemo fuit repente turpissimus.—JUVENAL.

THE following letter needs neither introduction nor comment ; I shall, therefore, leave my readers to make their own reflections, without offering any of my own.

"TO THE OBSERVER.

" Bridewell.

"SIR,—You will be surprised, but I hope not offended, when you perceive the place from whence this letter is dated. My reluctance in writing is great ; my motives for doing so will be best perceived by the sequel.

"Since my confinement in this place, I have, through the kindness of my keeper, had an opportunity of perusing your papers, and have conceived the design of making an atonement to injured justice by your means ; for I am convinced that a candid confession of my own crimes may be the means of deterring others from their commission, when they shall learn the horrid consequences of unbridled passion, and appetites unrestrained, and particularly when they shall be aware how small are the beginnings of vicious habits, which, nevertheless, when once rooted in the heart, are hardly, if ever, eradicated. I am the only son of a clergyman, whose living is in the north of England. I was the child of his old age, and the beloved of his heart. I cannot think of his indulgent care without feeling the most lively gratitude for having been blessed with such a parent, and the most sincere contrition for having so often neglected his affectionate advice. From my earliest youth I was taught to consider every species of wickedness as being not only sinful but dishonourable ; and not only offensive to God, but also incompatible with really polite behaviour. I viewed it, therefore, with a double abhorrence, and at that period of my life it was my utmost endeavour to avoid every thing that was wicked, and to cultivate all that was amiable. It was with delight that I learned the noble sentiments of the truly great, and, imbibing their spirit, sought to imitate their actions.

“If, sir, you have never known what it is to be a parent, you cannot easily conceive the pleasure which my parent manifested at the sight of my improving virtues. He watched the fair buds, and saw them blossom. But little did he apprehend that they would so soon wither and die, and that the fruit they promised would be destroyed by the contagious blast. Unhappily for me this excellent parent died when I was in my sixteenth year, and left me to the protection of Heaven, for I had no earthly friend. But though I had no guardian to shelter my unpractised youth, I was not altogether destitute of the means of support; for the retired manner in which my father had generally lived had enabled him to leave me a competency, with which I might have lived contentedly, if I had only possessed fortitude enough to overcome temptation, and to follow the resolutions which I then began to form.

“When death had bereaved me of my best friend, the world, I thought, had nothing to offer me that was worthy my acceptance. I looked with distaste on all around me, and shunned the intercourse of those whom I had once esteemed. I retired to lodgings, and lived in a degree secluded from the rest of mankind. I soon found, however, that my youth was ill calculated to endure affliction, and that retirement tended to aggravate, rather than relieve my sufferings. I then became desirous of applying myself to some profession, not so much to acquire a fortune as to find for myself an employment in which I might be useful. Imagining that the medical profession best suited me, I determined to prosecute my studies at one of the universities; but, before I carried my plan into execution, I wrote to a particular acquaintance of my late father's, to ask his opinion and counsel. He encouraged my proposal, but

told me that he conceived a residence of some years with a practising surgeon would be absolutely necessary, as a preparation for attending the medical lectures. I assented freely to his advice, and, after some delay, agreed with a practitioner, of London, to become a domestic pupil for two years. It was not without dread that I entered on the world, nor without reluctance that I left the place of my nativity, and the sepulchre of my father, whose remembrance I cultivated with the greatest fondness. His advice and affectionate kindness rushed fresh into my memory. For the last time I walked over the pleasant grounds where he used to lead me. How many tears of joy and sorrow did I shed as I sat in an arbour which he had planted and cultivated with his own hands. Never shall I forget those sweetly mournful moments. The sun had just set, and the moon was seen struggling with the clouds. There was a pleasing duskiness around me. All was still, and my breast heaved with the tenderest emotions. I rose hastily from the seat, and bade a long adieu to the interesting spot—I returned again, and again I left it. I then went to the field of graves, and spent some time sitting on the cold tomb of my father, and felt as much sorrow in leaving it as if I had been parting with my best friend ; for it contained all that ever I had loved. Indeed, I had some thoughts of declining my engagement, but dreaded lest I should be despised for meanness and irresolution. I left N—— next morning with a heavy heart, for I had a strong presentiment of danger. My reception with Mr. E. was in the highest degree polite, and I thought that, notwithstanding my previous fears, I was about to be comfortably situated. I soon, however, perceived my mistake. What first gave me uneasiness was, to observe the total want of religion, and even of order, in

the family. Mr. E. treated me in the most gentlemanly manner, both because my premium* was considerable, and my appearance, as he was pleased to tell me, was prepossessing. From whatever motive it might be, I had no sooner become settled with him than he expressed a desire to know my sentiments on the subject of religion; and I had no sooner discovered them than he attempted to overturn them. His reasonings were at first without effect; but, having no instructor but myself, and being young, and therefore incapable of abstruser speculations, my ideas began to be confused, and my good resolutions were proportionably staggered. The power of example is such as ever to affect those who are not upon their guard; and as the examples that were constantly before me were of the worst description, it is a matter scarcely to be wondered at that I soon lost all relish and regard for real piety. I found the seriousness of my behaviour, and the studious manner in which I spent my time, instead of recommending me in the circle in which I moved, only rendered me contemptible. I was often struck with the beauty and gayety of the ladies who frequented the house; but, though I observed that they always received attentions from other young men with the utmost civility, yet they always treated mine with contempt. When I made an observation to any of them, instead of returning me an answer, they would ask me, 'What sort of a thing is a Greek particle?' and one gentleman, to show his wit, asked me if I loved my Maker, and kept all the commandments, and could say my catechism. Their ridicule rendered me worse, and, though I spent my nights

* It has long been the custom in England, when placing a boy as an apprentice to any trade, or profession, to give a premium with him.—AM. ED.

in tears, lamenting over the errors of the day, my compunctions became gradually less severe, and the mode of sinning more familiar. I threw aside my dark suit and assumed a gayer habit, and with it a gayer behaviour. In short, my dress became an object of great attention ; and to bow genteelly was more my study than to understand Hippocrates or Cullen."

No. 12.—November 16, 1813.

Nemo fuit repente turpissimus.—JUVENAL.

(Continuation of the Letter.)

"IN consequence of these improvements, I found myself much better received by the fair sex, so much so, that by their persuasion I was engaged to attend a theatre. From thence the transition was very short and easy to every kind of dissipation and amusement. To make the story short, I formed an improper connection with one of them, and this, sir, is the occasion of my ruin. My time was squandered, and my little fortune wasted in idle and vain pursuits. The poor were no longer the objects of my care, as formerly they used to be ; and, grudging them the most paltry contribution, I excused myself on the ground of doubting their veracity.

"When my engagement with Mr. E. was closed, I determined to leave the town, and return to the country. But how could I think of doing it ? I had scarcely a guinea to support me, and yet my desires for pleasure were increased, and the simple gratifications of

a country life could no longer content me. I knew not where to turn, nor whither to go. Those friends upon whom I had lavished my property were the first to desert me, and the young woman with whom I had been intimate told me that such was her condition that I should support her. In this emergency I gave her all I had remaining, and Mr. E. procured me a situation as an assistant to a surgeon, near London. I went away privately, to avoid notice, and determined in this retreat to maintain the strictest integrity of conduct, and, if possible, to recover my peace of mind. For this purpose, I applied with the utmost attention to the duties of my profession, and acquired the good will and affection of my most amiable master, and his not less amiable daughter, who, with one servant and a single apprentice, composed the whole of the family. I was humble, and thought I felt the dawn of peace returning to cheer my mind. I looked upon the past with contrition, and upon the future with hope. I conceived an affection for Miss R., and was so happy as to have it well received. Many were the pleasing hours we spent in social intercourse and domestic felicity ; yet now and then the deepest grief would overcast my mind, the cause of which she frequently inquired, and, in a tone of the truest esteem, would ask me, if there was any thing she could do to serve me. I endeavoured to re-assume my cheerfulness, and to avoid answering the painful question. I was all this time under the greatest apprehension of having my retreat discovered, and on that account never went toward the town, and remained as much as possible in the house. Happy would it have been for me had Providence procured for me this situation instead of Mr. E.'s.

“One day, when sitting beside Miss R. after dinner,

I was surprised to hear the servant come in and say that there was a genteel lady waiting in the next room who wished to see me. I went, and what was my confusion to behold Harriet S., accompanied by a constable. He arrested me on her suit, and before I could speak a word to my master, I was hurried into a post-chaise, and conveyed to London. I was immediately taken before the magistrate who had granted the warrant, and the confusion which my surprise occasioned was considered as an evidence of my guilt. Without farther ceremony, I was taken to bridewell, and confined in one of the cells, from whence I was brought the next morning before a bench of magistrates. Harriet S. appeared, and swore that I had ruined her, accompanying her accusation with the statement of many circumstances which she thought likely to confirm it. She, however, frequently contradicted herself. I defended myself as well as I was able from the imputation of criminality, though I acknowledged my acquaintance with her. I also maintained that, so far from having made any attempt to ruin *her*, it was she who had ruined *me*, as she had expended my little patrimony, and was now attempting to destroy my character, though still, excepting my unhappy acquaintance with her, it was so immaculate that I could procure two most respectable witnesses to vouch for it. I mentioned Mr. E., who was accordingly sent for; but for some reason he did not think proper to attend. The senior magistrate, who had the appearance of great humanity, after hearing my defence, and conferring with his brethren, told me that my appearance was consonant with my assertions, and that he hoped I was innocent, but, under present circumstances, he could not conscientiously dismiss me. He therefore

remanded me to bridewell. I bowed, sat down, and burst into tears. The worthy magistrate appeared affected, and recommended me to the attention of the keeper, to whom I must, in justice, confess my obligations. I begged the magistrate to order my effects to be returned, of which I had been deprived the day before by the constable, but he was not to be found. I was accordingly brought again to bridewell, and lodged in my present abode. When I was at leisure, I began to ruminate in my mind on the several circumstances which had led to my detention here. To Mr. E., and to him alone, I must ever attribute it. He is known to my humane keeper, who has informed me of the baseness of his character, and the meanness of his professional reputation. Of these I was unable to judge before I went to him, and my ignorance of medicine prevented me from fully detecting the latter, even during the time that I was with him, though several of his errors did not escape my observation. I was directed to him partly by an advertisement in one of the public papers, and partly by the advice of the very friend to whom I wrote. What was that gentleman's motive in recommending Mr. E. I know not, nor will I attempt to inquire. I freely forgive him, whatever was his intention. The ladies who frequented Mr. E.'s house I now understand to have been of the very worst character, and only attached to him by the meanest of obligations which can affect women of abandoned character. But why did he seek my ruin? I never had injured him, and will not, even now, expose his name. Let the omnipotent God judge between us! The artifice of Harriet S. must merely have been intended to extort money from me. Every thing I had was taken from me, even my watch, and, what I regretted more

than any thing besides, a miniature portrait of my father, which I wore in a locket. She did not appear against me again, and the worthy Mr. R. appeared in my behalf as soon as he became acquainted with my fate, and so strenuously did he intercede for me, that he procured my enlargement; but the favour came too late. O may the blessing of a dying penitent rest upon him for his labour of love! Soon after my incarceration I caught a severe cold, which was exasperated by my wounded feelings. What must these be?—I who have been educated in the nicest honour, to be confined in a prison, and to reflect that my own imprudence has been the occasion of my punishment. But I shall not survive it, yet will I not struggle against the hand which has afflicted me. I have tasted the cup of life, and found it bitter. I long for death, and dread not its approach. It brings rest to the weary, and happiness to the penitent. Perhaps; had not the affliction occurred to me, I might have become worse and more abandoned. Miss R. has visited me, and we have just now parted, never to see each other again in this world. Lovely and most amiable girl, adieu! May you meet with one more worthy of your friendship, and more fortunate. Ere, sir, you have received this, I shall be in eternity. Farewell!

“CHARLES HARRIS.”

(The last words were scarcely legible.)

No. 13.—November 23, 1813.

“Nor think, though men were none,
That heav’n would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake.”—MILTON.

A CORRESPONDENT of mine informs me that, though he was highly pleased with the sentiments contained in my seventh paper, he is disposed to reprobate the idea of making an angel accessory to our thoughts and feelings. He conceives that such a notion has the worst tendency upon weak minds, and further instances an example of its pernicious effects in the case of his own daughter, whom, the other evening, he could not prevail upon, after she had read that essay, to go out with a message, lest some guardian angel should make his appearance. Notwithstanding this reproof, I find myself still inclined to think as heretofore upon the subject. There is indeed no idea which I conceived in my earliest days that I have so tenaciously retained. “There are some subjects,” Addison observes, “in his opinion concerning which a wise man will stand neuter, such as the appearance of spirits, &c. Such things have occurred, and may again occur.” Though I have the utmost respect for the opinion of so admirable a moralist, I have ever been inclined to think that in the present times no such things have taken place, or probably will take place; not only as there is no well-authenticated account of any modern supernatural appearances, but likewise as the avenues of the soul are open to the impression of spiritual agencies, there is, therefore, no necessity for such appearances.

There are some who pretend to deny that spirits ever have appeared, because the time in which such occurrences are said to have taken place were times supposed to be remarkable for ignorance and superstition. But this, which they conceive to be the greatest objection that can be urged against this opinion, is, I believe, one of the strongest arguments in its favour. When the line of duty is evidently marked out, there must be less need of a divine interposition by supernatural appearances than when "darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people." Such were the times before the Christian era. But the present are far different; for now life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel.

I have, however, always indulged the idea, that the children of men were protected by guardian angels, and that these angels were such of the departed spirits as had, during their lives, been eminent for piety and virtue,—that such were permitted to hover around their friends who yet dwell in tabernacles of clay, and to incite them to virtue by infusing suitable thoughts into their minds. I was encouraged in these ideas by a consideration of the singular escapes from the most imminent danger which many have experienced; and it was thus I endeavoured to explain the origin of those impressions which all have felt, without being able to account for them. The dread of ghosts and hobgoblins has ever been pernicious; and, when acquired by children, is with difficulty erased when they arrive at manhood. It has, probably, in some instances, occasioned a nervous temperament, which has remained through life. This opinion of the superintendence of guardian spirits has, on the contrary, quite a different

effect, and, instead of depressing, serves to exhilarate the soul. For, what can be more pleasing to a person in danger or in safety, in health or in sickness, than to imagine that some dear relative, whom, when living, they sincerely loved, and whose death they deeply regretted, still ministers acts of kindness, though not visibly discovered.

For this supposition we have the authority of the writings of the wisest and best of men, where we may frequently observe the plainest intimations of their belief of such a doctrine. With poets, in particular, the opinion has acquired great credit, of which an appropriate instance appears in the motto of my paper. And still further, we have the concurring testimony of divine revelation. A passage which is explicit on this point I shall take the liberty of transcribing. In the poem of Job, where that illustrious personage is represented as enduring the excess of aggravated calamity, and finds that his friends, instead of comforting, reproach him as having by his sins incurred the calamities which he had suffered, in the course of their expostulations with him, Eliphaz, the Temanite, tells the following dream :—

“In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. The hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes. There was silence; and I heard a voice, saying, ‘Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly. How much less on them that dwell in houses of clay, whose

foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth. They are destroyed from morning to evening ; they perish for ever without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency which is in them go away ? They die, even without wisdom.' ”

This passage, it may be objected, has a reference only to a particular interposition of spirits, and, besides, occurred before the Christian era. But the same topic occurs likewise in one of the epistles in the New Testament, when speaking of a more general care which they have over us, the apostle says, that angels are “ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them which shall be heirs of salvation,” Heb. i, 14.

No. 14.—November 30, 1813.

“Heav’n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, the present state.”—POPE.

MEN have at all times been desirous of knowing what is necessarily hid from them in futurity, either that they may be forewarned of impending danger, or that they may anticipate approaching felicity.

As nothing is more common, so nothing can be more ridiculous than such a desire. Julius Cesar was of opinion that that death was the easiest which was the most sudden and unexpected,—death being in itself a something from which nature shrinks back with horror, and yet a something which all must undergo. It is, therefore, evident that, as no endeavour on our part can ward off the blow, he is the wisest and bravest who will not torment himself with useless anxiety, and he is the happiest who is the soonest relieved from suspense

and misery.* It is equally evident that that happiness which is unexpected creates the sincerest joy; for where the mind has long anticipated any good, (so apt are we to form great hopes of future prospects,) a moderate share of enjoyment would be insufficient to gratify it. As the most vigorous exertions cannot secure felicity, nor avert adversity, and as the wisest plans often owe their accomplishment to some accidental circumstances, we ought to improve the present occasion, and not to be over solicitous concerning the future.

I have now noticed this desire as it respects our own happiness; I shall next consider it as it respects the duty we owe to the Father of the universe.

Were we endued with the foresight of events, I do not see how the world could be governed, or how the creature could be a moral agent. Mankind are incited to action by motives either of hope or fear, and these can only affect them in consequence of their uncertainty concerning what is to befall them. There could not have been a wiser purpose answered by this than that which it ought to have, namely, of keeping us humble. He who is rich should be so, because he knows not but he may soon be levelled with the lowest; and he that is poor has encouragement to hope, for he knows not but he shall soon be respected and honourable. It sometimes, however, happens, notwithstanding the mutability of every thing earthly, that a man continues in affluent circumstances during the course of a long life, and that another is equally depressed through

* This observation can only apply with propriety to a heathen. A Christian, whether truly so or not, can never look upon death with indifference. The one will dread it as terminating the period of his probation, and the other will welcome it as the consummation of his trial. It may, however, with strict propriety, be applied to the evils of life in general.

life; yet each of them may have been happy and humble, and that merely from their ignorance of futurity; for had the one been assured of the continuance of his wealth, that assurance might have disposed him to a wanton arrogance, and made him unhappy in wishes for greater affluence, while in those circumstances he would know that his desires could not be answered. The poor man would be miserable in the consciousness that he must ever continue so, and that no endeavours on his part could ameliorate his condition, and this single consideration would add more to his misery than all the other evils he endured.

These observations have greater weight when applied to our eternal state. We are well assured by the sacred writings that the virtuous shall in a future state be made happy, and the vicious rendered miserable; were it then possible that we could be acquainted with our final destiny, how greatly would it affect our conduct. He who was at length to be happy, in the hope of such a state, would use no endeavours to attain it, and by his presumption would forfeit his title to the privilege; while he who expected misery as his ultimate and eternal condition, would despair, and impressed with the horrors of perdition, would be wretched in the gloomy anticipation. If such were our knowledge, and if our destiny were thus known, who is there that could either fear or love his Maker, since his fate would be irrecoverable? since (as was the supposition of the ancient mythologists) not Jove himself could save whom the fates had determined to destroy.

As such a knowledge would make us miserable or presumptuous, and as to wish for it is absurd, so also it is a knowledge which it is impossible for us to have. It is acknowledged that there is a Being who fills the

immensity of space; and, although we are less than nothing in his sight, yet he notices whatsoever we do, and he will regulate his conduct toward us by our obedience to his commands. Therefore, although he foresees what shall happen to each of us, yet nevertheless it is our own conduct, and not his determination, which superinduces our fate. One action leads to another, and we act either right or wrong, as we yield on the one hand to the impression of our conscience, or on the other to the suggestions of Satan. We are not then inevitably constrained to do either good or evil, but as the impulse of our will directs. As it respects a man's personal conduct, were it possible that he could foresee a long train of actions which the eternal Mind knows he will perform, if he does them, that pleasure of action will be destroyed, and his apprehensions awakened; if he does them not, his foresight is false, and his actions are constrained. As to relative concerns, how would it torture a man to know that some dear connection would in a few days be torn from him, while a happy ignorance enables him to enjoy the present. Such would be our misery, unless at the same time that we foresaw our fate, we could see the reasons for it, which (except in a general point of view) is a degree of knowledge with which it hath not pleased the Almighty to endue us, for reasons the wisest, and reasons, too, which he alone can fully know.

There is no character more admired, or indeed more admirable, than that of a truly brave man, but such are rarely to be found. A thoughtless intrepidity, which enables a man to rush into battle with as much indifference as is manifested by the unthinking horse, is far from being the characteristic of true bravery. The

truly brave man is one who, though surrounded with dangers, and conscious of his difficulties, maintains an unshaken confidence, and gathers courage from the thickening storm.

Such, then, is the conduct we ought to maintain in our journey through life. While we are aware of the mutability of every thing earthly, and of the dangers and diseases to which our constitution and circumstances expose us, we should calmly pursue that line of conduct which we know to be our duty. The way of duty is the path of safety, and although we know not the particulars of our future life, we may be assured in general that a virtuous life will be attended with the happiest consequences, and that a different course of conduct will terminate in opposite results. We are, then, ourselves the framers of our own destiny, we are "able to stand, yet free to fall," and, whenever we are so weak as to be unable to help ourselves, we have one to succour us "who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

No. 16.—December 14, 1813.

THERE is nothing more beautiful in nature, or more engaging in any character, than an humble and modest behaviour. It renders youth more beautiful, and age more agreeable; it adds a lustre to riches, and a grace to poverty; a learned man possessed of this is more esteemed, and an ignorant one is less despised. These sister virtues have been the admiration of the best of men in all ages of the world, and in every

civilized country. But from whatever cause it may be, (probably from a misapprehension of their real nature,) there have arisen many enemies to these virtues. The young man thinks that they render him ridiculous, and the aged that they are hereby contemptible; the rich are proud, and the poor are immodest; the learned are haughty, and the ignorant are confident. In a word, the greater part of mankind seem to have taken a resolution to banish these graces from society. In behalf of injured virtue I have undertaken the cause of defending these, and in so doing, I shall attempt to remove some mistakes which have long been entertained upon these subjects.

It has been a common supposition, that bashfulness was the result of modesty, and meanness the result of humility; but the east is not more removed from the west than these are from each other. Bashfulness I consider as a constitutional affection, arising from the glow of health, and fulness of the purple stream: some there are who blush by habit and insensibly, and there are others who have their blushes as well as their tears at command, and can use them as occasion serves. A bashful man may be modest, and he may be quite the reverse: but his blushes are no proof of his being so: for I have frequently known those who before company were remarkable for their diffidence and bashfulness, to have been equally remarkable for the most immodest practices when unconfined by any restraint. Modesty is a principle of the soul, which exhibits itself in every action we perform, and is in every case the result of an amiable humility.

As I conceive bashfulness to be a weakness, and chiefly predominant in young persons, I would advise every one to rid himself of it; it is this which renders

the man of business ridiculous, and the professional man disagreeable ; it always proves an inconvenience, and, if not timely remedied, will acquire the force of habit, and be a source of the greatest distress. Time and conversation with the world generally remove this frailty, and, as opportunity is afforded, almost every one acquires a degree of firmness proportionate to his necessities.

There is this difference between meanness and humility, that, though they may have an apparent similarity, they arise from very different motives ; the one is the result of a sordid self-interest, the other is consequent on the consciousness of our own defects. He who is truly humble will feel no reluctance to engage in the most servile employment, should his necessities demand it of him ; and, provided it be honest, will have more pleasure in it than in the most lucrative one, to purchase which he must sacrifice his independence. As a man may be too arrogant in confidence of his abilities, so it is possible he may entertain too mean an opinion of them. He whom Providence has endued with any peculiar qualifications of mind, must, as soon as his powers are so far matured as to be able to conceive ideas and to draw inferences, be conscious of them. He, therefore, is truly humble who is not too tenacious of his own opinions, and who does not too tamely acquiesce in those of others ; who is respectful to his superiors, but on no occasion servile, and behaves to his inferiors either in fortune or understanding with the most amiable civility, and never manifests, either in word or look, an overbearing spirit.

Modesty and humility are by no means incompatible with the greatest independence of soul that ever actuated any man. On the contrary, there can be none

really independent who does not possess these virtues. Learned men have frequently complained, that, notwithstanding the superiority of their understanding, from which they presume a right to popular favour, they have been overlooked in consequence of their extreme diffidence, and not a few instances are on record of the neglect incurred by the studious for an exuberance of this virtue. I cannot, however, believe that the literati are either more modest or humble than other classes of men, and am inclined to think that what they have called modesty has been in reality nothing else but bashful diffidence, which he who has been bred among books and is unacquainted with the world must ever feel at his first introduction into society. I would recommend these virtues to the patronage of the learned, because they will confer more honour upon them than all their other acquirements ; to the ignorant, because they will make them more cautious of displaying their inabilities, and, if these be detected, will save them from the contumely of the proud ; (for who can despise an unassuming soul, his conduct disarms resentment ;) to the ambitious, as the surest means of acquiring universal admiration ; and to the poor, as the best blessing that can befall them ; in a word, there is no situation in life to which these virtues will not add a grace ; nor is there a man in the world who is not more or less happy, as he possesses these in a greater or less degree. On the contrary, no qualities, however brilliant, can ever compensate for the want of them ; the beauty is despised, and the learned are neglected, as soon as they manifest an intolerant consciousness of their own merits ; while the humble day-labourer is esteemed in his place, the haughty emperor is detested in his dignity.

In ancient times, before the vices of mankind had constrained Astræa to leave the earth, she presided over the world, and everywhere diffused her benign influences. During the same period, the graces and the virtues maintained a cordial intercourse, though it was occasionally interrupted by means of a spirit unfriendly to the interests of mankind, called superstition. There were of the graces two, particularly distinguished from the rest, and named humility and modesty. They were not the most admired, but they were the most beloved of all the graces : as they grew up they contracted a peculiar friendship for each other, which has ever since subsisted between them ; and so great has been their affection that they have never been separated from each other. When Astræa left the earth, the ancient mythology informs us they either preceded or accompanied her flight, but this is a mistake. They still remained behind, though they were seldom to be seen. Their abode is not now to be discovered, but there is reason to suspect their most beloved haunts are in the deepest recesses of the thick groves, or in the retired abodes of the good and the brave, for in general they are observed to shun the bustle and noise of crowded cities, and the dwellings of the great.

No. 19.—January 4, 1814.

A PERSON like myself enjoys a particular faculty of looking impartially on the concerns of mankind, from the circumstance of being in a great measure exempt

from a participation of them. A man endowed with a thinking mind, who is not indifferent to the welfare of his fellow-creatures, and who has no personal motives of prejudice or partiality, and who further is not in a capacity to be swayed by any sinister interest, is one whom *à priori* we should pronounce to be most useful in the communication of his opinions. The justice of this remark does not depend so much upon the individual's capability of imparting new ideas upon any subject, as on the probability of his having just conceptions. Thus, in our own country, the decision of the most important cases is daily committed to men of the plainest understanding, with this proviso, that the persons so intrusted shall have no interest in the case, and shall be of unblameable character, that is, of good sense and integrity.

Whatever may have been insinuated to the contrary, to the no small prejudice of Mr. Observer, he is one to whom the welfare of mankind is dear, and who would in particular feel it not only an honour, but a privilege, to be of use to the fairer part of the creation of God. Most of my former papers have an equal reference to either sex; this is chiefly addressed to that which I have been accused of neglecting, and is presented with the wish of the elegant and enlightened Addison, "that their minds may ever be as lovely as their persons."

Love would seem to be the first and grand concern of womankind. To excite that passion in others, and to cultivate it in themselves, is their first and often their only object. The manner in which this object is pursued is with most women the cause of the happiness or misery of their lives. But as I wish my readers to judge for themselves, I shall give the following story,

and leave them to form the proper conclusions, as their good sense shall teach them.

In my youthful days I was intimately acquainted with an ancient and honourable family, who, with their titles and estates possessed the true greatness and generosity which had gained those distinctions. There were two daughters born to his lordship, with whose character and dispositions, as I was their tutor, I was very familiar. To use a common expression, nature had been profuse in her bounty to the eldest. With a portly form she possessed the richest beauty and symmetry of features, and, what is more uncommon, she knew with exquisite taste how to vary and adjust her dress to her countenance and figure. A piercing and living eye gave expression to her vivacity and wit. She seemed formed to please, but not to think. In a word, had there been truth in the paradise of Mohammed, she would have been the first selected bride of the prophet. No effort or ingenuity on my part was ever successful in procuring half an hour's application of this bewitching fair one, and I cannot boast of having been of any real advantage to her. The younger, on the contrary, was more diminutive in size, and less attractive in appearance. She had neither wit nor the affectation of it, but was generous enough to enjoy the admiration bestowed upon her sister, without emulation or envy. This lovely pupil of mine was meekness itself. Her's was the figure and aspect a painter would have chosen for representing that virtue. Her mental endowments were inferior to those of her sister, but her industry, considering her age and sex, was indefatigable. Nor was it exercised merely in the acquisition of mental riches. While she was not unacquainted with *belles lettres*, she had acquired that useful knowledge which

fits a female for the duties of a wife and mother. Unlike her sister, she was one who was sure to improve in your opinion, although her first appearance rarely excited any unusual impression.

Lymnira, the elder, had a multitude of admirers, and a number of suitors. For some time, indeed, it was the fashion to follow in her train, and to report her speeches. Her company was constantly solicited to one party or another; her picture appeared in the "Ladies' Magazine;" and her figure found its way to the "Belle Assemblée." Some, undoubtedly, were allured by her beauty, and others were won by her wit. Her honourable birth was a bait to some, and her fortune to others. In short, the shrine of this mortal goddess was so crowded that the multiplicity of her engagements and pleasures was a toil, and, hurrying on from one gayety to another, she lost all taste for rational amusement, and her mind received no stimulus but from the indulgence of her vanity, and no delight but from novelty or trifles. As she was far from being devoid of vanity, she used in every public place to roll her fine eyes around till she had received the tacit homage of every one in her immediate circle. A look of neglect, or even of indifference, gave her as much pain as a real misfortune would have occasioned to another. She carried her coquetry still farther, and even wished, like ancient victors, to triumph with a crowd of following captives, whom she had no sooner won than she affected to despise. Her satiric humour and fund of raillery drove from her several titled fools who were her professed devotees. At length, the wit of a travelling baronet, whose powers of song all the critics of Grosvenor Square acknowledge, won the regards of Lymnira; and, as he was impatient to be

possessed of so much cheerfulness and beauty, and hoped to transfer to himself the admiration so long bestowed on her, he urged the match, was accepted, and the ceremony took place. In the mean time, Segeia was almost unnoticed, and hundreds of her sister's acquaintance were ignorant of their connection. Nobody valued her smiles, for they procured no distinction, and none, of course, regarded her frowns. Instead of being deified, she was regarded as a mere woman. But here I must ask my reader's pardon; for, as there are now no women upon earth, (since it would be considered as a gross affront for any one but a clergyman to designate a female by that appellation,) I should rather have said, a mere mortal. She was of age before a burning kiss had been breathed upon her hand, and this attack upon the outworks of her heart was made by a man of the plainest appearance and understanding, and by profession a lawyer. This gentleman is one of much shrewdness, and of great acquaintance with the subjects of his own studies and avocations. He was unaffected, and even neglectful of trite ceremonies, for he accepted an invitation and undertook a cause with a look and manner which expressed an acknowledgment of a civility rather than of a favour. To make a long story short, he pleaded his own cause in this matter with the same ability, and with equal success, as had attended his pleadings on former occasions on behalf of others. For, although there was at first a demur, and he was vigorously opposed by Lymnira, yet, nevertheless, by a suitable perseverance in answers and rejoinders, he at length gained the plea.

Lymnira knew not how to sink down into a sober wife, (here again is a vulgarism,) the pleasures of

domestic life were insipid to her, and disgusting to her husband. Accustomed as she had been to almost unlimited attention, the slightest neglect, though unintentional, was construed into an insult; and finding to her mortification that her altar no longer blazed with the fragrant incense of unmeaning flattery, she grew languid and unhappy; and proportionally lost the attention even of him who had vowed perpetual attachment to her, but who had never expected to find in her any thing less than Elysium. With a profusion, therefore, as though they expected to survive only a few months, they both launched into every excess of fashionable expense. The natural consequence soon followed. The baronet became insolvent, and, with a cowardice equalled by his thoughtlessness, terminated his mortal existence by an act of suicide.

Segeia was an excellent wife, in all the latitude of that expression. She knew so well how to endear his house to him, that all her husband's happiness was confined to the circle of his family. There were no commands on one hand, and therefore no remonstrances on the other. They had never been extravagant in their professions of regard, and now each sought silently the other's happiness, and enjoyed the sweet satisfaction of mutual esteem and confidence. Both she and her sister are now no more, but the counsellor, who still lives, is now my particular friend. Almost every other night we spend an hour or two together in his chamber, conversing of little matters which interest no one but ourselves, and it was only last night that he told me he entertained serious thoughts of writing a paper for the Observer, with as few unnecessary words as possible.

No. 21.—January 18, 1814.

Memoria præteritorum laborum dulcis est.

How painful soever they may have been in the execution, yet the recollection of past labours conveys the most pleasing sensations to the mind, more especially if, during the course of such labours, it has been our care to act in a conscientious and honourable manner. Such is the sentiment of the soldier when he tells you of his wounds, of the sailor when he recounts the storms he has endured, and of the traveller when he repeats the story of his woes. And such is my sentiment at the present moment.

How little soever we may have esteemed an acquaintance during the time of his abode with us, yet to part with him, perhaps never to behold him again, must excite a degree of regret in every mind that is awake to the feelings of humanity. At such a time we forget his failings, and magnify his virtues, regret our own neglect toward him, and are ever anxious to part in peace. Some of those feelings will perhaps be excited in the breast of my readers, when I inform them that this is my last essay. It is usual, I know, in the concluding paper of a periodical work, to give an account of the assistance which has been received, and of the success which it has met with, and on some occasions to answer objections which have been raised against it.

As to the first of these particulars I can boast of very little. These lucubrations have been executed solely by my own exertions, nor am I conscious, in any case, of having borrowed either the language or the ideas of any writer, living or dead, without making a suitable

acknowledgment. On occasions when I had no other employment, I considered some subject in all its bearings and in its various relations, and selected from my observations such as I conceived to be most original, or most happily expressed. If I have not clearly illustrated those subjects on which I have treated, I have at least used my utmost endeavours so to do. How far I have been successful, I leave to the determination of others. If my ideas were familiar to my readers, they were at least new to myself. I have, on several occasions, advanced opinions perhaps somewhat peculiar to myself, but these I have delivered without arrogating to myself the right of decision, and have left others equally at liberty to use their own judgment. Several of these papers are written in a manner somewhat unconnected, but, according to the import of the title, my intention was to offer an assemblage of observations upon different subjects rather than a regular treatise. For the former I conceived myself qualified, but not so competent for the latter.

No author, ancient or modern, has had less encouragement than myself. Before the commencement of these essays I had made three attempts upon the public notice. The first was upon a great man, who requested my company. I waited upon his levee, and had one audience, but, not finding me so supple as he expected, he never again condescended to any other than a general notice of me; notwithstanding the trouble which he knew I had been at on his account. On inquiry, I found neglect had generally been the reward of ability when it was depressed by poverty, and yet asserted its independence. Although I did not flatter myself with false hopes, I was not as yet discouraged. My circumstances would not permit me to appear in

print, at my own expense, and accordingly I was under the necessity of contributing to some periodical work, as the only way by which I could introduce myself to the public notice. I attempted this, but my communication was altogether neglected. I became humbler, but again tried what success I should have with a newspaper editor; but this provincial great man, for some cause or other, took no notice of my *essai*. The present effort has not been more successful than the preceding. It has never procured me the notice of any, nor has a single copy ever been disposed of, and for a very evident reason, because none have ever been printed.

To those who have no property of their own, and no means of acquiring it, there is still one mode of enjoyment left. If they cannot become rich in reality, they can at least be so in imagination. Besides, to a philanthropic mind, whatever it enjoys is its own, whoever may be the real possessor, and this imaginary owner has, besides, this advantage over the real one, that he does not experience those painful anxieties which large possessions bring along with them. I have endeavoured to apply these thoughts to myself. If I cannot appear in print, I can at least make a figure in manuscript; and, if the value of a work be estimated by its rarity, what a celebrity shall I not attain, since in all the world there is but one single copy of my essays. This mode of writing has, besides, many advantages. It begets no enemies, as it procures no praise. Success does not intoxicate, and failure does not depress. But, was there no latent wish for fame, no secret longings for notice, that prompted me to the undertaking? I have asked my heart, and it tells me there was none. Hail, ye unsullied sheets! ye unoffending essays! the

labours of a thoughtful mind given to contemplation. No eye hath ever seen you, no ear hath ever heard of you. You have gained the applause of no panegyrist, nor incurred the censure of any critic. Never shall it be known that ye ever were composed. Ye shall bloom and die like a rose of the wilderness, unnoticed and unknown.

But these essays have not been without their use, at least to myself—

For many an hour have they beguiled,
And cheated many a pain.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A DREAM.

A MUSE, the meanest of the minstrel throng,
To whom no arts of elegance belong,
Now first attempts Parnassus' tow'ring height,
And trembles at the greatness of her flight.
To Atherton she dedicates her lays,
And seeks his censure, as she courts his praise :
To him, in whom opposing virtues blend,
The rigid critic and the faithful friend.

O thou, my patron, who art richly fraught
With strength of judgment, as with depth of thought,
Now kindly listen to my maiden verse, (1)
While I the subject of my dreams rehearse. (2)

Awake, my soul, the cheerful morn appears,
And bid adieu to visions and to fears.
The fleeting midnight forms now haste away,
And leave me at the dawn of rising day.
Ere shines as yet the sun's effulgent light,
I'll ponder o'er the visions of the night.

Sure they are wrong, who much too rashly deem
 That bodiless and vain is all we dream.
 In midnight's silent hour it oft has been
 That spirits of the friends we loved were seen,
 Not with an idle message, to relate
 Of hidden mines, or mysteries of fate ;
 But with far nobler aim do they appear,
 Perhaps the drooping child of dust to cheer,
 To check presumption, or t' incite desire,
 And pure and heavenly ardour to inspire.
 In midnight shades, with sacred tidings fraught,
 They find the secret channels of our thought,
 And, when the body is entranced in sleep,
 Inform the mind, in dreams and visions deep.
 As happen'd to the Temanite of old,*
 For thus 'tis in the sacred volume told.
 E'en now I feel a transport fire my veins,
 And still th' impression of my trance remains.

Methought I wander'd in a desert way, (3)
 And midnight gloom obscured the light of day ;
 A tenfold darkness on my spirit hung
 While with a falt'ring step I stole along.
 Huge, massy rocks, impended o'er my head,
 And on the ground lay bodies of the dead.
 Re-echoing groans I hear, and deepest sighs,
 And frightful spectres flit before my eyes,
 Enclosed in shrouds and with a ghastly face,
 While sheets of flame disclose the awful place.
 I strove to fly, but strove, alas ! in vain,
 Some ties unknown my struggling feet detain.
 I wish'd to weep, but tears refused to flow—
 I stood in all the agony of wo ;
 When suddenly before my wond'ring eyes
 A bright angelic form I saw arise.
 A heavenly radiance all his features bore,
 And more than mortal was the form he wore ;
 And yet though shining with celestial grace,
 Still in the shade a brother's form I trace.
 His placid smile my palsied tongue unbound,
 And now my words a ready utt'rance found.

* Job.

"Whoe'er thou art, O more than earthly fair,
Receive a helpless wand'rer to thy care ;
O lead me, lead me from these shades away,
And take me to the blissful realms of day."

He smiled, (and painful dread my mind forsook,)
And thus, in music's softest accents spoke :
"Poor child of dust ! be calm ! let heavenly peace
Fill all thy mind, and let thy terrors cease.
My brother, 'tis thy Lucius who appears,
The gay companion of thy tender years.
Still undiminish'd are my former loves,
And once thy brother, now thy guardian proves.
By God commission'd I thy steps attend,
In trouble aid thee, and in grief befriend,
Inspire new vigour, quell each fond alarm,
And guard my Junius from impending harm.
But late, near Scotia's wild and stormy shore,
Thee from the tempest and from death I bore ;
Upheld and kept thee in th' o'erwhelming wave,
And rescued thus from an untimely grave.
O, whence arise these murm'rings in thy breast,
Why is thy soul with gloomy care oppress ?—
Thy heavenly Father why shouldst thou mistrust,
Too wise to err, too good to be unjust."

Thus while the angel spoke, straight disappear'd
The horrid forms which fancy first had rear'd.
He led me on. As we our way pursued,
A scene beauteous beyond all thought I view'd :
Brightness illumed it, though no sun was there, (4)
And beams of light fill'd all the ambient air.
No words my curious feelings can explain ;
For equal terms the mind inquires in vain.
Methought it bore the semblance of a plain,
With gentle swellings here and there around,
While lofty hills th' extended prospect bound.
A purling rivulet the plain divides,
And tufts of poplar grew upon its sides.
And now whatever clogs the soul, was gone,
And of myself my mind remain'd alone.
Methought I felt myself supremely blest,
And not one care disturb'd my tranquil breast.

My every faculty seem'd form'd anew,
 And like my bright conductor straight I grew ;
 Fair forms around o'er all the valley glide,
 While some, reposing by a fountain's side,
 Converse, relating each what once they were,
 Ere yet they ceased to breathe the vital air,
 The various trials they had undergone,
 And the deliverances they had known.
 When lo ! the loveliest of the angelic throng
 Propose to chant an eucharistic song :
 Listening, my soul in mute attention hung,
 And thus, methought, the happy spirits sung :

“ Sing to the Lord, angelic choirs,
 Praise ye the Lord, celestial fires,
 The God who o'er all worlds presides,
 Who rules the planet, and the comet guides.

“ Children of dust, his praise proclaim,
 In him ye are, from him ye came :
 For worms of earth his bounty share,
 He calms their sorrow, and he soothes their care.

“ Rejoice, ye saints, in his regard,
 He gives his angels for your guard ;
 Lo, e'en to you his love is given,
 His smile congratulates the heirs of heaven.”

Note 1, p. 90.

“ my maiden verse.”

This was the first poetical production I ever attempted. I began it in my sixteenth year.

Note 2, p. 90.

“ While I the subject of my dream rehearse.”

The idea that dreams are inspired is very ancient : as a proof of which I may mention that well-known passage in Homer,

καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἐστίν

and the two following passages in Virgil, viz :—

“Nox erat et terris animalia somnus habebat.
Effigies sacræ Divum,” &c.—ÆNEID III.

“Nox erat,
Quum pater in ripa, gelidique sub ætheris axe
Æneas, tristi turbatus,” &c.—ÆNEID VIII.

Note 3, p. 91.

“Methought I wander'd in a desert way.”

The sensations here described are such as usually accompany what is called the “night-mare.” This is supposed to arise from the impeded velocity of the circulating fluid. The uneasiness thereby occasioned is easily relieved by changing the position of the body. Hence it is that we may frequently remark a sudden transition in the subject of our dream from awful to agreeable images, and from images which are pleasing to those which are terrifying and awful.

Note 4, p. 92.

“Brightness illumed it, but no sun was there,” &c.

These confused ideas are intended to describe a pleasing impression that leaves no distinct recollection of what has been seen or felt.

THE RIVER DON.*

YE spirits of the tuneful dead,
Whose memory lives in song,
Inspire my fancy while I tread
These fairy scenes along :
The lofty bank and lowly dell,
Where fancy and the muses dwell,
Where poets dream
Beside the stream,
And, mid their waking slumbers,
Conceive bold thoughts in magic numbers.

* A river of Scotland.—Ed.

Had I the sweet Orphean lyre,
 Which, when attuned of old,
 Fill'd even stones with sacred fire ;
 And taught the mind,
 In strains refined,
 Whate'er in souls was great or bold ;
 Then would I sing this awful height,
 But my eyes fail me at the sight.

Deep, deep below
 The waters flow,
 Clusters of rocks impend,
 And on the precipice' extremest end
 Two verdant bushes grow,
 To which no foot did e'er descend,
 What lies around to know.

How pleasing does the contrast seem,
 Beside the gothic arch to stray,
 Which joins the banks of the dull stream,
 And smooths the trav'ler's devious way ;
 How bold and strong the arch appears,
 And bears no symptom of decay,
 Though 'tis the work of former years.

Hail, Don, thou sombre, lonely river,
 I'll bid a long, a long adieu !
 And lest again I see thee never,
 I'll take at last a lingering view.
 And oft, when pensive and alone,
 My mind to melancholy prone,
 I think of those who wander'd here,
 "I'll wet thy mem'ry with a tear."

THE ROCKS OF THE COVE.

SPIRIT of heavenly inspiration, come,
 And let me with a poet's fire describe
 This scene, which memory shall long retain.

'Tis found in Caledonia's eastern shore,
And near the limit of the Grampian hills.
Now had the rigour of the frost declined,
And spring had waked the vegetable growth,
And call'd the latent vigour forth of plants,
Pent up by winter's unrelenting cold,
A pleasing dulness all the air pervades,
Sweetly according with the rugged scene ;
For, save a dreary waste of marsh and moor,
No object rose to meet the aching sight,
But what rude rocks and stormy seas afford.
What head so steady, and what eye so keen,
Could bear to pierce the deep abyss below,
Full many a fathom down, nor shudder, struck
Stupid and giddy with the fearful sight.
Methinks I envy not the soul of him
Who can unheeding pass o'er such a scene,
Nor would adventure down these steepy rocks,
To gain the rapture of an upward gaze.
There seem'd a path only by nature form'd,
Whose downward passage was the least abrupt,
'Twas this we chose, and safely gain'd the foot.
An amphitheatre of rocks appear'd,
Whose points stretch'd far into the stormy sea,
And all the conflict of its waves endured.
This part we reach'd, and thence with awe beheld
A yawning fissure in the solid rock—
Perhaps it was the entrance to some cave,
Where, in the elder superstitious times,
Dwelt some misanthrope, from the world retired,
Whose groans responded to the ocean's roar.
Or there perhaps it was the incursive Dane
Found a safe covert, when, on conquest bent,
He sought to reach the Caledonian shore
Across the deep, when heaven with all its wrath
Gave the rude tempest sway, and wreck'd his sail.
Yes, there he found, unseen, a safe retreat
From the sea's fury, and his foe's revenge.
But rocks abrupt, and crags close imminent,
Make it no longer thus accessible.
Perhaps some earthquake, or tremendous storm
Has rent an opening in the solid mass.
For a deep gulley close adjoins these rocks,

Remote and indistinct its avenues.
 Th' adventurer must go with careful step,
 For, ever and anon, new dangers rise,
 But the wild scene more than repays the toil.
 Above, at height immense, the rocks approach,
 And meeting, hide him from the face of heaven.
 Below are slipp'ry stones, around vast piles
 Of rocks stupendous, each on other piled.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MRS. ELIZABETH M'ALLUM, THE AUTHOR'S
 MOTHER.

COME now, my soul, and with thyself commune,
 And hold high converse with thy sacred source.
 Each wandering thought, each low desire depart:
 Hail! sacred solitude! how sweet to me
 Art thou, and contemplation, heavenly maid,
 With thee I love continual to abide;
 Thou dost the soul attune to heavenly thought,
 To thought, the privilege of immortal man.
 Why, in this sweet seclusion, is my soul
 So sad? such grief it is not wont to feel.
 The calm composure of th' untroubled mind
 No more is mine.

I mourn Eliza's death.
 O thou most honour'd, much-lamented shade,
 How shall I tell thy worth, or how express
 The love I bore thee?—But these tears can tell.
 My griefs, so long detain'd within my breast,
 Find utterance; the rain is not more grateful
 To the dry glebe, than are these tears to me.
 Thou guide and guardian of my youthful years,
 And shall I never, never see thee more?
 O, hadst thou lived to know my filial love,
 To know th' affection which for thee I feel!
 Till now I knew not half my love for thee.
 'Twas thou, kind mother, who with tender care,
 Didst soothe th' afflictions of my earliest days,
 And with indulgent and maternal love,

The wants of helpless infancy supply.
'Twas thou, kind mother, who with equal care
Didst watch the openings of my vacant mind,
And press instructive precepts on my heart.

Her virtues were retired. Like tender plants
That shun the touch, she coveted the shade,
And with each softer grace she was endued,
A child, a wife, a mother—and in all
These dear relations of domestic life,
Her virtues shone pre-eminently bright.

Is there a friend, to whom the saint was known,
Who loved her converse, and regrets her loss,
Anxious to learn, if through the vale of death
Her path was easy, if her soul beheld
Unmoved her last great enemy's approach ?
Know, her last end was peace. No fears assail'd
Her ransom'd spirit, but sweet confidence
And firm assurance of a better state
(A state of blessedness transcending far
Our thoughts the most refined) her soul upheld.
Death had no terrors, and the grave was sweet.
She did not wish to live, nor fear to die.
Calmly she bade adieu, nor grieved to part
With aught this world contain'd save that *dear friend*,
Her soul's betroth'd, the soother of her care.

When saints approach the mortal goal, their souls
Become enlarged, grow conscious of their powers,
And see the secrets of eternity ;
Futurity's dark page to them's unclosed.
'Twas thus with thee, Eliza, thou foresaw'st,
When sadly parting from thy dearer self,
Soon ye should meet again, to part no more,
In happier regions and congenial climes.
'Twas whisper'd by some hov'ring angel too,
That, when thy spirit should be disembodied,
'Twould guard thy friend. Hence didst thou cease to grieve;
Didst soul and body patiently resign
To their Creator, God, and calmly sleep,
Encircled by the mighty arms of Him
Who never sleeps.

TO A CHILD.

SWEET, lovely babe, whose tender frame
 Demands a mither's care;
 Whose little wants attention claim,
 And find attention there.

Sweet, bonny wean, and dost thou smile,
 And is that smile for me?
 And dost thou too wi' infant wile
 Invite thy mou to prie.

And haud my finger wi' thy haun,
 And leuk me in the face,
 And move thy lips, as ye were gawn
 To mak an unco frais.

Sweet be thy rest, and rising hour,
 May angels guard thy bed!
 And may thy God his blessings shower
 On thy defenceless head!

Ah! who so innocent as thee,
 Stranger to guilt and shame?
 O, may'st thou live frae vice as free,
 And grace thy father's name.

Still dost thou smile to hear me speak,
 Yet ken'st no what I say?
 The grace of God aye may'st thou seek,
 And prosper ilka day!

THE CHRISTIAN ORATOR.

O FOR that harp which erewhile Cowper tuned,
 With which he taught the living notes to speak
 In accents such as chain'd the list'ning ear,
 And won an entrance to the feeling heart.

A Christian orator shall be thy theme,
One such as Paul had heard, and Cowper praised.
As when of old the Saviour dwelt with men,
And heavenly lessons from his lips there flow'd,
And each man wonder'd that in his discourse
All his own heart and secret thoughts were known;
Hypocrisy unveil'd was seen to blush,
And ruthless villany hung down its head:
The breadth and spirit of the law of God
In varied metaphor he boldly taught,
Nor wonder was it many were displeased.
So have I seen this champion for the truth,
I' th' face of Pharisee and Sadducee,
The humbling doctrines of the word of life
With holy boldness and with zeal declare.
He would not seek to suit their carnal taste,
But, furnish'd from the treasury of God,
With richest store of weapons, such as truth
Prevails with, would he dare the field of contest,
Through nature's varied kingdoms roam, and cull
Whate'er, of vast or beautiful, may prove
His God to man, or may adorn his theme.
His eloquence resistless roll'd along,
Like a swoll'n torrent over hill and dale,
Or like the thunder-cloud in eastern climes,
Which sweeps the air, and, as it flies, proclaims,
In accents such as shake the inmost soul,
The power, the presence, and the truth of God.
His manner simple, natural, and just,
His words fit vehicles of thoughts profound.
Like two-edged swords, wielded by skilful hands,
E'en to the inmost soul they urge their way.
Yet 'twas his constant aim, like John's, to cry
"Behold the Lamb, who bears our sins away."

*Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I
flee from thy presence, &c., Psa. cxxxix.*

If to the heights of heaven I rise,
Or seek the depths of hell,
Thy presence, Lord, illumines those skies,
These depths thy justice tell.

If, on the morning's wings upborne,
To farthest shores I fly,
'Tis thou who speed'st the wings of morn,
Who can escape thine eye?

The universe is full of thee,
No veil excludes thy sight,
Whose eyes the hills' foundation see,
Darkness to thee is light.

How wondrous was the power display'd
Of a creating God,
When in the womb this frame he made,
And wrought "th' unfeeling clod."

When at this grand machine I gaze,
My spirit's dark abode,
Thy work, O Lord, transcends my praise,
I see the hand of God.

The entrances of light and sound,
Those avenues of thought;
The purple life-stream's mazy round,
To every organ brought;—

The nervous chords, that mystic chain
Which soul to body bind,
And thrill the sense of joy and pain
To the directing mind;

Nutrition's process in the frame,
Its growth and its decay,
How in this clod subsists the flame
Through life's unequal day ;

All these engage my wonder, Lord ;
I tremble and adore ;
O, shouldst thou fail thy help t' afford,
I sink to rise no more.

EVENING.—A FRAGMENT.

FAST falls the snow, with stilly silence falls,
And nature has her virgin robe put on.
Here, from the casement of this gothic pile,
'Tis sweet to gaze on the descending cloud.
Yonder the woodman with his shoulder'd axe,
Clothed in a purer robe than monarchs wear,
Hastes him to his warm cot across the moor,
Where his loved partner waits his wish'd return.
And now she trims her fire, then gazes out
Upon the storm, fearful, with moisten'd eye.
The fisherman no longer dares the main,
But tows his boat toward the sandy shore.
The night sets in, and fiercer blows the storm ;
No sound is heard, save of the sweeping blast,
And deepest darkness veils the face of heaven.

THE FIRESIDE.

Now, when the clouds of night o'erhang the sky,
Fierce blows the wind, and loud the tempest howls.
Here warmly seated by the slumb'ring fire,
I sit, and solitary love to muse.

How soothing sounds the murm'ring of the storm,
 The whistling wind, and the quick pelting rain,
 Still ever and anon beating the lattice,
 While every other noise is hush'd in night.
 Now rise the latent energies of thought,
 Mem'ry recounts her most engaging scenes,
 And fancy paints her sweet delusive dreams.
 O, ye blest hours, with golden prospects bright,
 Days of my youth!—and will ye ne'er return,
 To cheer this heart with pleasurable thought?—
 Now wiser grown, the mind disdains to reap
 Delight from scenes which erewhile gave it joy.

HAS
 MEMORIÆ DOMINÆ BEAL,
 SACRAS VOLUIT AUCTOR.

HEAVEN has resumed its loan, and raised from earth,
 To its bright treas'ry in the skies, a soul,
 That in this mortal life long time sustain'd
 A wife's, a mother's, and a Christian's part.
 Till solid, silent worth shall be despised,
 Till each kind homely virtue be o'erlook'd,
 Till piety shall cease from men, her name,
 Whene'er pronounced by such as knew her worth,
 Shall long be heard and utter'd with a sigh.

When at the banks of Jordan she arrived,
 There not alone she stood, nor unprepared.
 The true Elijah's spotless robe she bore,
 And cast it on the dark, cold stream of death,
 And through the parted wave its bed appear'd.
 And dry-shod, (for the ark of God was there,)
 The farther shore she reach'd.

Thus some tall ship
 Long stems the wave which would impede its course,
 Midst "stormy winds and tempest," till she gains
 The harbour of repose, when straight the crew
 Leave their close prison with exulting joy.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

“The wild romance of life is done,
The real hist'ry is begun.”—LOGAN.

Yes, I've essay'd to strike the lyre,
And wake the ecstasies of thought;
To kindle with the poet's fire,
And long the minstrel's laurels sought.

Yes, I have tried, with fruitless aim,
To bend Ulysses' mighty bow;
And thirsted for an empty name,
And thought I felt my fancy glow.

The bard who soars on steady wing,
Afar can cast his searching eye;
Of the wide scene can boldly sing—
The land, the ocean, and the sky.

Far, like the aeronaut, he eyes
A vast extent of scene below;
And, gazing downward from the skies,
His pen describes the painted show.

Though round the clouds and tempests roll,
Majestic Milton sails along;
Maintains the while an equal soul,
And calmly chants his noble song.

But at Parnassus' rocky base
A herd of pseudo poets crowd;
Each in the temple thinks a place
Should for his labours be allow'd.

But vain their dreams, their wishes vain,
For who the steep ascent shall dare?
Oppress'd by dulness' massy chain,
They cannot reach the upper air.

Farewell, my harp ! again no more
I'll seek to wake thy varied note,
Nor e'er again attempt to soar
Beyond the reach of sober thought.

Full oft transporting thoughts have glow'd
Within this ardent soul of mine ;
Such as from nobler bards have flow'd,
And charm'd the soul in strains divine.

But in the birth my fancies die,
My raptured dreams dissolve in air,
And, like the meteors of the sky,
They gleam—and sink I know not where.

Yet will I joy, for hastes the time,
Though now no minstrelsy be given,
When I shall breathe a happier clime,
And join the harmony of heaven.

“My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep,” Job xxx, 31.

JOURNAL

OF AN

EXCURSION TO THE SHETLAND ISLES.

ON Thursday, June 20, 1822, it was finally arranged at the meeting in which the president of the conference was present in Glasgow, that I should, without delay, set out on the expedition directed by the last conference, to ascertain if a missionary could be successfully employed in the Shetland Isles. On Monday evening, at five P. M., I set sail in the Lerwick packet, Captain Simpson. Wind favourable, but very light. My reflections were sufficiently painful and anxious. I

was a stranger to every one on board, wholly unacquainted with the land whither I went, and had the greatest loathing of a sea voyage ; at least not less than that of Dr. Johnson, who describes the situation of a seaman as that of one confined in a prison, with the additional risk of being drowned.

There were thirteen passengers on board, and only eight beds in which to accommodate them ; and what added to my uneasiness was, that the berth I had taken was denied me. A great deal of whispering took place, and once and again a glance was bestowed, and the word "stranger" was employed. Things turned out beyond expectation ; for, as no complaint was offered to the captain, he showed every disposition to oblige, and even gave up his own bed to my use.

Tuesday morning.—Wind very light. Off Fifeness, about ten A. M., began to blow a fine but gentle breeze S. W., verging by and by more southerly, the best we could have desired. The coast was within sight. Saw the Bell Rock opposite to the entrance of the Frith of Tay, and, along the coast, Arbroath, Montrose, and Girderness were distinctly visible. Late in the evening we were between Aberdeen and Peterhead, and about midnight launched, with the wind very favourable, into the great deep, and soon lost sight of land.

Wednesday morning the wind fell, but sea heavy—was very sick—there was to me something awful in the thought "*undique maria, undique cœlum*," but I thought with a measure of delight, *undique Deus*. After leaving Peterhead we had to sail one hundred and twenty miles out of sight of land. At noon this day an observation was taken, and it appeared we were fifty-six miles N. E. of Peterhead. The wind freshened in the evening from the N. W., and we made considerable way in a heavy

sea, and anxiously did we count on how long it might be ere we should see land.

Thursday morning, at three A. M., Fair Isle was in sight. We tried to make it in a tremendous sea, in order to land one of the passengers. The island is a most magnificent object. It rises boldly out of the ocean, as it were on the pedestals of the pillars of heaven. One portion of it is called the Sheep Rock. Its upper surface is flat, or a gently inclined plane. The sheep which feed upon it are drawn up a precipice, which no one can ascend with safety for the first time. The sea has worn deep fissures through the pediment of the rock, so that daylight may be easily seen through it. Short and passing was our view of this islet of the sea, for no boat could venture off to take our passenger, who was, if not the proprietor, at least the tenant of the *whole* island, though it is five miles in extent one direction, and I know not how many in the other. We bore away two points more to the east, and were twenty-six miles from the next point of the Shetland Isles. At length, about nine A. M., we bore up toward Sumburgh-head, and saw the light-house, Fitful-head, and, I imagine, Quendal Bay. A signal was hoisted, and a boat came off for the gentleman who had been disappointed of getting on shore. The boats are very slender fabrics, and in the canoe shape. "Poor beings," said one of the passengers, "these people hardly ever see the face of a Christian." "What must I give you?" said he to them. "You shall give us nothing, for we are going out to yon Dutch buss." This morning seven men were lost in the tremendous sea, through which a kind Providence conducted us in safety. I was told that the poor men, having their whole dependance on fishing, risk their lives with the utmost desperation, rather than

lose their nets or lines ; for, whoever loses them has no prospect but the most miserable and chilling. From Sumburgh-head to Lerwick is twenty-four miles ; in infinite mercy we reached smooth water, and dropped anchor about half-past one P. M., our voyage having been, by the will of God, so prosperous, as that we completed it in about sixty-seven hours. Went on shore and made for the inn, but next day got a private lodging.

On the day of my landing was accosted in the street by a member of the Methodist society from Leith, who had come hither to be married. Drank tea with him and his spouse. That evening the annual meeting of the Shetland Bible Society took place. The Rev. Mr. T., of T——, preached from Psalm xix, 4. The sermon was in a devotional strain, but seemed to me like a sword of true steel, which wanted a point and an edge. There was little if any thing of close application to the conscience. Preaching being concluded, a report was read and a speech delivered by the Rev. Mr. M., incumbent of the parish.—Annual income £50. Mr. M. is a man of an excellent character as a Christian, a pastor, and a preacher. Hope to hear him on the sabbath. This day I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. R., independent pastor in Lerwick, and by him was engaged to preach to-morrow evening in his chapel.

Friday, June 28.—Dined with Mr. O., but obtained little information, except that Yell was the most destitute district of Shetland. Mr. O. has been exceedingly polite and attentive, and nothing can exceed the urbanity of his lady. Drank tea with Miss C.; from her I learned that the *aurora borealis* is accompanied in these regions with a noise like the fanners of a mill, which sound is distinctly audible in still weather. She gave me an account of a short journey in the winter to a place at no

great distance from this town. What with crossing friths, or "*voes*," as they are here termed, wading through snow in a country where roads are unknown, &c., &c., she had undergone no small degree of hardship and fatigue. To itinerate in the winter half-year is a thing, it seems, entirely out of the question. Went to the chapel, and sick, faint, and cold, attempted to speak from Ephesians v, 14, and never had a more attentive congregation, nor one, all things considered, more numerous. It was a cold evening, an easterly wind, a chilling and incessant rain, but the placè was nearly full, and is capable of holding five hundred persons. I ought to make mention of the psalmody. Both in church and chapel it is singularly beautiful, and has an air of wildness in it that will not soon be forgotten by any one who has a taste for music. The congregation joined with great exactness and feeling. It was a season of comfort to me, and in heart I thanked God for this opportunity of inviting the inhabitants of the rock to sing. The first hymn was the 23d paraphrase from the 11th verse—a composition of great beauty, and apparently appropriate to the occasion.

“Lo former scenes predicted once
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Sing to the Lord in joyful strains,
Let earth his praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around!

O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song,
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accents rude rejoice.

Till midst the streams of distant lands
The islands sound his praise ;
And all, combined with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise."

This day I despatched a special messenger to Mr. N., who lives across a pathless waste at the distance of twenty-two miles. But, let me not forget that the number of miles is no very accurate measure of distance ; for what the exact length of a Shetland mile is cannot easily be determined.

Had some conversation with Mr. R. after preaching, and learned he had been sixteen years a gospel labourer in these islands, and from very small beginnings, and only after surmounting great discouragements, he has succeeded in collecting about one hundred members, and a congregation of considerable size. His chapel cost about £400. Some of his members are scattered up and down through the islands, and I trust they are as salt to season others. His health was broken, and irreparably injured by lying in damp beds, and neglecting to change his clothes when he arrived wet and weary at a hut. A missionary should at any event carry with him dry linen and clothes ; and, although the poor inhabitants have in many places but one apartment, he should beg to be alone for a few minutes after his arrival, and immediately change the whole of his dress. Nothing less than this can save his life. And let him sit by the fire all night, but let him on no account lie on a damp bed, or on one respecting which he is not satisfied that it is perfectly dry. These cautions are the more

necessary, as the climate is very wet, and the rain generally accompanied with cold wind. Returning to my lodgings, I was agreeably surprised to find that my only fellow-lodger was Captain T., of Glasgow. He came hither on business, and I flatter myself that we may return together.

Lerwick is remarkable for having a street covered with flag-stones, but in no place fit for a cart to pass. There are one or two vehicles of that name, but I never saw one.

Saturday 29.—Received a note from Mr. N. He is very poorly, but purposes to be with me to-day, or Monday. I think my cough is no worse, and my sea sickness and dizziness have nearly vanished. Yesterday saw a man who knew Mr. N., and mentioned some cases of his usefulness. The narrator seemed to be a gracious man, and had been benefited by his instrumentality. He said “Mr. N. found *preaching good for his cough*, it helped to bring up the *de-fluxion*.” Who has not heard that a cough has been exasperated by speaking? But this is something new.

To-day have glanced over Dr. Edmonston's work on the Zetland Islands, but found little that was edifying or interesting. The mass of the population lies, 1. In a parenthesis, including Lerwick and Scallaway, extending about six miles: 2. In the south of the mainland, where there is a Baptist chapel, and a pious deacon of that persuasion: 3. In the Isle of Yell, which is, I think, sixteen miles in length, and which, from a variety of causes, is in a state of peculiar moral destitution. The principal islands are three, viz., Mainland, Unst, and Yell, besides which, there are thirteen on the east side of the mainland, and nineteen or twenty on the west, and lastly eight in the Sound of Yell.

The population of Shetland is estimated at about 25,000. All the islands are divided into (perhaps) thirty parishes; but these are again classed into "*ministries*," each comprehending two or more parishes, and thus one clergyman has the spiritual care of several districts. His duty then is, at all times, one very difficult of accomplishment, and the Shetland minister has need of "a frame of adamant, and a soul of fire," if he would give to each a portion of meat "in due season." The minister of Dunrossness has not only the cure of that parish, and the adjoining ones of Sandwick and Conningsburgh, but the Fair Isle, at a distance of twenty-four miles from the mainland, is part of his charge. And this isle is only to be reached by crossing the dangerous "roost" of Sumburgh, in a boat of the slightest fabric. The minister of Bressa has one parish in an isle on the east side of the main, another in a second island on the west side, and a third, forming part of the main. The minister of Tingwall has three parishes under his care, viz., Tingwall, White-ness, and Westdale. What renders the scanty provision that is made for the spiritual instruction of the people the less efficacious is, that in a country where there are no roads, and which is everywhere intersected with voes or bays, it is with great difficulty that the people, thinly scattered over a wide surface, can attend the sermon, which once in two or three weeks is preached in their church. The house of the minister is at a great distance from the far greater part of his flock, and they can have little intercourse with him, and must be strangers to his pastoral care and superintendence. Sure I am that no one with a heart alive to the best interests of man can visit this land, and not think of Him, who, when he saw the multitude scat-

tered and faint, like sheep without a shepherd, instructed his disciples to pray that labourers might be sent forth into the harvest.

Sabbath, June 30.—This forenoon heard Mr. M. lecture from the 67th Psalm. It was a devotional exercise. The church was very well attended. In the afternoon heard Mr. R., the Independent pastor, preach from Galatians vi, 9, a plain, serious discourse—somewhat discursive. In the evening I attempted to lecture in his chapel on the parable of the prodigal son. It was a season of comfort. The congregation was crowded and deeply serious. Mr. R. has two of his deacons in the country district of the mainland; one, Mr. T., who is himself a pastor, and was educated at Mr. Haldane's institution for educating preachers, lives about the centre of the island, at a place called Buxti; and another in the western part of the island, who each and both speak and labour in their circle. Besides these, there is a Baptist deacon in Dunrossness, who has a little chapel and a little flock, and is said to be equally zealous and useful in his labours of love.

The people throughout the islands, the lower class at least, are exceedingly poor. Mr. R. declares, many a householder may be found without a shilling in his pocket. They could give a meal, but have not a fraction to spare. Mr. T. tells me the rents have not been reduced since war times; that leases are not granted, that farms are generally only three or four acres in size, and that their prospects are, if possible, more gloomy than existing difficulties. In each parish it is said there exists a parochial school, and in nearly every one, one or more supported by the Edinburgh Society. Almost every individual can read—vast numbers can write and cast accounts, and many understand navigation. School-

ing is two shillings per quarter. Superstition is prevalent, but it is happily dying away. The superstitious practice of dropping melted lead into cold water, and learning the secrets of futurity from the shape and figure which the metal assumed on cooling, as well as the practice of wearing it in the bosom, were so common in no very remote times, that sheet-lead was a common article of importation from Scotland. A lady now living declares she remembers in her youth that her father regularly got a supply for his tenants.

July 1.—I have met with several circumstances of an encouraging nature, but am somewhat exercised at present by obstacles which present themselves to my itinerancy. The weather seems to be broken, and shower succeeds shower, a thing not a little discouraging in a country where there is neither road nor track, and where the eye cannot help you on the way, in consequence of volumes of mist which roll down the mountains, and often separate a guide from the man whom he conducts. Add to this, my cough begins to discourage me, and, to increase my uneasiness, this evening I could not obtain a horse for hire, a more profitable and most ridiculous way of using horses being preferred to the letting of them. What grieves me most is the thought that, while I am away from my accustomed post, I should do so little for the cause on which I am commissioned.

July 2.—Every thing gave way to the persevering kindness of Mr. O. but the weather and my cold. This morning he got me the sheriff's horse, and we set out together, with the intention of keeping company as far as Whiteness voe, whence I was to proceed to Sandsting. For two hours' ride, (for it is useless to measure distance in these islands by any other scale

than time,) the way was a beaten path. We crossed one gully, and, on descending from the next mountain cliff, we entered on a valley that was partially cultivated. A voe entered from the east, and gave variety and beauty to the prospect, as it opened on some distant islets of the sea. Here first I was instructed in the dimensions of a Shetland farm. It is generally three or four merks in size. This measure is about as uncertain as a nominal mile. It even varies in different parishes, but may be conceived to be one and a half Scotch acres, rent 3 or £4. The wheat looked pretty well, but the ground was not well gleaned, and some of the best of it was most carelessly managed. The farmer, besides his four merks, claims for his rent a common-right of pasturage on the neighbouring hill, and, if I mistake not, a right to drive peats. Miserable indeed is his scanty lot. A porter's in Scotland is one, comparatively, of ease and luxury. A rivulet flowed at the bottom of the vale, and was the first fresh-water spring I had seen in the island. Our road was the only one in the country, but never did I ride up such precipitous rude heights, or ever descend such deep and almost overhanging declivities. However, on we went in safety, and not altogether without entertainment. By and by we left *the* road, and, after crossing a plain in Tingwall parish, ascended the hill of Wormadale, (sic dictum,) and then came to Stapagrind. Being driven into a house on the further side, we saw the inside of a Shetland hut. It had two apartments. That into which we were introduced had a fire on a floor, but no chimney, and the smoke eddied near the opening in the roof, as if reluctant to sally forth. The bedsteads were wooden recesses at the further end of the apartments, where all sleep together, the household

and the stranger. On this subject it is to be observed, that it is nowhere the practice to have only one couch. There is one bed for the parents, another for the females, a third for the males. When pressed for room by the visitation of a stranger, if a man, one or two of the men retire with him, and sleep in the barn ; if a female, one or two of the girls do the same thing. Little or no furniture is to be found in their habitations. Small as their rent is, they can hardly raise it, even by the assistance of all that can be made by the fishing during the summer. Fish is falling in price—cattle cannot be disposed of—their prospects are increasingly dark and gloomy—and, even if their rent were annihilated, ruin could hardly be prevented.

To return to the journey—though we set out at half-past nine A. M., it was about three P. M. ere we could cross Whiteness voe, where we got a kind reception, and a dinner of mutton ham from Mr. R., the resident heritor. Here I was told that Mr. N. had passed us on the road, when we took shelter on the hill, and was on his way to Lerwick. It was, therefore, useless for me to proceed. I sent back my guide, and agreed to go up the voe with Mr. O., and return with him. Nothing can be grander than the mountains on the further side of the Frith. Their elevation was stupendous, and almost perpendicular. I was struck with the remark of the boatman. Pointing to the declivity of an overhanging cliff, he said “the sun had set there ;” he meant, it would not shine on that spot again during the day, however bright it might be all around, in consequence of the vast projecting rock which intercepted the light, and threw a gloom and solemn shadow around. Eagles are not uncommon in this country, and such a spot is a very likely retreat

for them. Mr. T. told me of a daring youth, who approached very near one of their nests, which was built upon Sumburgh-head. He threw a stone into the nest, and immediately out sallied the royal birds, and any one may picture the situation of the youth. He was standing on a small projection of rock, which overhung the sea at an immeasurable depth below. The least touch might have disturbed his balance, or actually have thrown him off the platform, in which case he must have died in mid air before his body could be mangled on the rocks, or whelmed in the sea. He had a stick in his hand, and, as his presence of mind did not forsake him, he contrived to ward off the attack of the birds, and, as soon as possible, quitted his awful situation. Mr. O. settled some disputes between his farmers—they seem everlastingly to be engaged in disputes one with another, both there and in every part of the island—and then we returned to the mouth of the voe, drank tea with Mr. R., and recrossed the water. In a very short time found Mr. N. waiting my arrival, and he agreed to set out to Lerwick, for the time was too short to go round to Yell by land as far as Mossbank. Driven by the wind, and pelted by the rain, we urged on our way till we reached Captain C.'s house, where we in the first place took possession, for the master was from home, and where, in a little while, when he did arrive, we were welcomed to a warm and comfortable retreat.

July 3.—This morning I visited some sick people, and, by solicitation, preached in one of the Edinburgh Society's school-rooms, to a congregation as large as could reasonably have been expected, from "Behold I stand at the door and knock." After preaching, set out, and in about an hour we found ourselves, by a

different route from that in which we came, safe in Mr. T.'s manse* at Tingwall. Our reception was passing kind, and some little prejudice, conceived in consequence of unkind reflections thrown upon him, speedily died away. He showed his garden and his agricultural improvements. His glebe is the only valuable approach to an English farm I have seen in these islands. He told me the design of adding to the number of ministers and teachers in Shetland was understood to be abandoned. He has three society schools in his parish, and in an island separated from the main he has one supported at his own expense. He lamented the moral destitution of some parts of the isles; and thought the design of spending the sabbath in Yell was the best I could have entertained. He made me an offer of his church, and I have promised, if I have a sabbath, to go out to be his curate. In the afternoon returned in peace to my temporary abode at Lerwick.

July 4.—After much and careful inquiry, I find that no prejudice exists in the islands, at least among the great bulk of the inhabitants, against our doctrines or our discipline. The natives, who are originally of Norwegian descent, are of a temper more open, and of feelings much more lively than their neighbours in Scotland. Wherever class-meetings have been proposed, the proposal has been eagerly embraced, and the only difficulty in the way of their establishment would be, in the first instance, a deficiency of persons qualified to act as leaders. As a proof of their warmth of feeling, it may be mentioned that they do not scruple to weep aloud under the preaching of the word. And it will be long ere I can forget the seasons

* A parsonage.

of hallowed felicity and tenderness of heart before the Lord which I enjoyed with this interesting people. A prepossession has, in fact, been created in our favour by the Christian conduct of several of our members, who belong to the Greenland ships, which visit Lerwick on their going out, and on their return. These ships are accustomed to take on board a number of Shetlanders, and to land them on their way home. The natives thus brought into contact with some of our friends, if they have not been won, have at least been sensibly affected, by their conversation and piety. It seems right to mention that particular commendation was bestowed upon the sailors belonging to Whitby—and long may they continue to deserve it!

About twenty persons give signs of a renewed heart, and they desire to be under our pastoral care; others are awakened; and others again are attentive hearers. Remarkable as the intelligence of the people is, but few know any thing of the life of God in the heart, but they are teachable, and cannot withhold their hearts from one who shows a disposition to do them good. The islanders are our near neighbours, and, being strangers to the prejudice and prepossession against us which reign in Scotland, do surely deserve that the experiment should be tried of sending an itinerant missionary among them. Several expressed an earnest wish that this object might be accomplished. The poverty of the people is beyond all comparison and all conception. Support to a missionary is hopeless, beyond a welcome reception, and all the little hospitality that can be afforded. If it were in their power, no people would be more generous, but what can be done in a case where the produce of the farm cannot pay the rent, and where, but for the scanty produce of fishing, they would

actually die of want. Their shoes are of untanned bull-hides fastened with thongs. Those of the coarsest kind they have, and the most common garments that can be worn. There is something sacred in Shetland in the name of "a stranger." To-day, on walking through Fort Charlotte, which commands the town and harbour, several of us were entering a house, and I of course gave place to Mr. M., who immediately replied, "Sir, you are a stranger."

July 5.—Last night preached a third time in Mr. R.'s chapel, from the words of Joshua, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Had a measure of liberty and comfort. On that occasion, as well as on the sabbath, many of the poor Dutch sailors were present, and seemed to be deeply attentive. The poor people here have a curious manner of testifying their respect. One man caught my hand and pressed it to his bosom; another did so, and then kissed it in a manner that was truly affecting. I have heard one or two instances of the generosity of this poor people. A collection was lately made for —, and the mites amounted to nearly £4. The people of Northmain, and the inhabitants of Yell have sought to obtain his presence among them, and offered to subscribe one shilling apiece every year, and the young females said it should go hard with them but they would work an additional pair of stockings, which should go to the support of the missionary. The fine Shetland stockings are wrought with a world of trouble. The wool is picked, and cleaned, and carded. It is spun three-fold, then it undergoes another process, and then it is knit by a tedious kind of working, then the article is cleaned. The knitting alone occupies two months, and, if the stockings sell for a guinea, (\$4.66,) the

labourer has very little for her hire. The wool itself, being selected from the finest samples, is known sometimes to cost five shillings sterling.

There frequently occurs in these islands a very singular phenomenon. Fresh-water lochs (lakes) occur in the near vicinity of salt-water voes. Often, as for instance near Lerwick, there are only a few feet of separation, and in other places, as by Whiteness school, there is a communication, and during the ebb the fresh water pours out into the voe, while during the flow the salt water runs into the loch.

Again and again have I been disappointed in my expectation of journeying. I expected to have sailed yesterday by the Lerwick to Yell. She was to leave at six A. M. to-day—it is now eleven A. M., and I am still in my chamber.

It is possible to despair too soon; about twelve went on board and found my worthy friend and patron, Mr. O., there before me. He had gone thither to hurry the ship out of the harbour. This afternoon, as we sailed toward Whalsey, some interesting conversation took place. From Mr. O. I learned that nothing can exceed the fearless daring of young persons in Foula and elsewhere, when they go in pursuit of sea-gulls and bird's eggs. A gentleman in that island saw a youth, with a rope in his hand, which had an eye on one end of it, and which he threw on small projections of rock, and then swung himself from one crag to another with a rapidity almost inconceivable, and altogether terrifying—a single slip of the rope, and the boy would have fallen into the abyss, or on the rocks beneath. “Here was the spot,” said the youth, “where my grandfather fell and brak, (was killed,) and we carried him home in a poke,” (bag.) This was uttered not only with uncon-

cern, but also with pride. And in fact it is a ground of boasting—"Your father," will one boy say to another, "died at the fire-side like a dog, but *my* father went *before*." This fearless contempt of life, which is often sacrificed to one of the most trifling pursuits, is a lamentable proof of ignorance, and an affecting argument of a talent that might, by grace, if this intrepidity were devoted to the cause of truth, be improved into excellence.

This evening we did no more than reach Whalsey Sound, about twelve or sixteen miles from Lerwick. Was surprised to see a boat of fishermen, in which was one individual seventy-three years of age, and one or two others not much younger. Theirs is a life of uncommon toil. In the spring they prepare their few acres of ground ; from the beginning of summer their manner is to set out early every Monday morning, and to continue at the haäf till Saturday evening, during which interval, if on shore at all, it is on the Skerries, rocky islets of the sea, on the northern extremity of Whalsey, or on some such remote and unfriendly place of refuge. Yet all their toil can hardly procure for them the bare necessities of life. At sea their only food is oat bread and water ; and, when chilled with the cold, their only resource, to work at the oar till they become heated by the exercise. In a squall their light vessels are often upset, and the unfortunate boatmen perish. Such a catastrophe is often the effect of carelessness. Some time ago, at Sumburgh-head, a man at the helm let go the rudder for a moment, till he should take a pinch of snuff, and in the act a heavy sea capsized the canoe, and he and two of his comrades perished. The men seem to be healthy, and to have a natural flow of spirits, a blessing of great value, and which ought to be esteemed above all riches.

In Whalsey Sound we dropped anchor at six P. M., resolving to wait the early morning's tide. There we saw the commencement of a building large enough to ruin the country ; it is to cost £10,000 sterling.

July 6.—About three A. M. had the pleasure of seeing the rising sun. It was a sweet summer's morning, and hardly any night had preceded it. Our fellow-traveller, Mr. O., left us in a boat on his way to Moss Bank. We, too, were to get one, as the ship was becalmed, but by her delay she lost the opportunity, for a light breeze sprung up, and we got under weigh about five A. M. Our sail along Sunasting across Yell Sound, and on to Mid-Yell, in sight of Unst, Fetlar, and the utmost Skerries, was truly delightful. Then, as on other occasions, I felt an idle wish for my brother's presence to share the scenes with me. We were now at nearly the verge of "*Ultima Thule*," "where," says Tacitus, "the sea never rises into storms, the ocean is so vast as to be immoveable by the wind, and where," he adds, "the sun never sets, as the hills are so low as never to obstruct his rays, however near the horizon he may be."* So much for the philosopher and the historian. But much could I wish to treasure up some faint remembrance of the headlands, illuminated to their highest peak by the brightness of the sun—of the distant rocks which rose abruptly from the bosom of the deep—of the whales sporting fearless and unscared in the vast expanse of

* The following is the passage in Tacitus referred to :—"Mare pigrum et grave remigantibus perhibent ; ne ventis quidem proinde attolli : credo quod rariores terræ montesque, causa ac materia tempestatum, et profunda moles continui maris, tardius impellitur. Quod si nubes non officiant, aspici per noctem Solis fulgorem, nec occidere et exurgere, sed transire affirmant : scilicet extrema et plana terrarum humili umbra non erigunt tenebras, infraque cœlum et sidera non cadit."—*Jul. Agric. Vita.*

ocean—and all this rendered more sublime by the thought that no land was beyond that which we saw till the polar regions are approached.

At length about nine A. M. we reached the voe we wished to enter, and by the help of two boats got some furniture, some work people, and ourselves, safe on shore, and took a second breakfast with great relish and good will.

Sea-field, Mr. O.'s residence in Mid-Yell, is on the north side of a voe, which doubles a promontory on its entrance, and thus shuts out the sight of the sea, so that a stranger coming from the land side might mistake it for a loch. The ground here has a deeper soil, and is, I believe, more productive. The house is a very comfortable one, and that must have been a wretched residence which unwearied kindness did not render endurable. We had hardly arrived ere a crowd of retainers and well-wishers filled the court before the door to welcome their laird, to ask a thousand questions about the market for Shetland produce, fish, kelp, and cattle, and to urge a request, with or without a return, for whiskey and meal. In the midst of the levee arrived, by a boat across the voe, a youth "in the garb of old Gaul." His manners were quite simple, and very interesting. He was a relation of Mr. O.'s, and had come to ask us to take up our abode at his aunt's on the farther side. We declined the invitation, but promised to drink tea with the family.

* * * * *

A curious fact came out in conversation this day. An old Norwegian custom prevails in this country which explains rather an odd reply given to me the other day. I had hired a man to carry my portmanteau, and, missing him, asked for Nisbit. "Do you mean

Gilbert ?” said the respondent. “What, is not Nisbit his name ?” “It was his father’s name,” was the reply. It turns out that the son takes his father’s Christian-name for his sir-name. The father’s name was Gilbert Nisbit ; the son’s name is William Gilbertson ; and the grandson’s Thomas Williamson. It would puzzle the lord advocate to make out an indictment without a flaw in it against a Zetlander. This manner of changing names accounts for the fact of so few Norwegian names existing in the country. Mr. O. says this custom only prevails among the lower orders. * * * Tea time arrived, and young S. piloted us over the voe, and brought Dr. B. along with him. The kind, amiable doctor undertook my cure, being troubled with a cough and headache, and gave me some medicine much stronger than what I had used, and which proved of considerable service to me. The conversation turned on the state of the parish, or rather the ministry, as it is called, which is extensive and populous for a Zetland district. It is furnished with a single parochial school, which till lately had no teacher. The school is in the most inconvenient situation, cannot be attended, and promises, even when rendered effective, to be of little comparative use. No society school exists in this neighbourhood.

* * * * *

We then began to speak about the prevailing superstitions of the country. Fairies are currently believed in, and that too by a class of persons of whom better things might have been expected—whose intelligence, and morality, and religious profession, would, to a stranger, have raised them above all suspicion of such abject and degrading folly. But so it is, the force of early prejudice imbibed at the first opening of reason is

so powerful, that all the information and experience of riper years can hardly overcome and extinguish it, though it may weaken it ; and this is the more likely to be the case when the means of information and communication are necessarily limited and imperfect. It is not easy to specify in what particular their superstition consists—they are generally Necessitarians, and talked of a certain person as having been “*laid*” for them, a thing they said that was sore to think upon. This necessity is with them an excuse for every thing, whether bad or indifferent, and, like nervous disorders, is a retreat in every case of difficulty, a plausible means of explaining whatever is unintelligible. Beads hung in strings, and coins thus preserved, are a kind of amulets. If a person wastes away in sickness, it is thought the fairies have caught him away to the hills, and that this is only his semblance decaying before their eyes. When humanity prompts them to save life, it is at the expense of a painful apprehension that the individual whom they save from a watery grave will prove their foe. A wreck is called, and believed to be, a “God-send.”

A winter in these regions is sufficiently gloomy and sad. For days it is difficult, on occasion, to leave the hut ; darkness and storm reign without, smoke and seclusion prevail within. As nearly all can read, and few are without a Bible, it may be read ; but the mind asks amusement and relaxation ; and what can be obtained but the tales of old Norwegian times, with which the aged of course are the best furnished ? The tale goes around, and traditional lore is thus transmitted, to be treasured in new depositories, and to bewitch and enslave the minds of youthful hearers, whose fancy becomes degraded and fettered, never to be released,

unless religion bring "liberty to the captive, eye-sight to the blind, and the opening of the prison-doors to such as are bound."

We returned to Sea-field in peace, and having closed the day with prayer, retired to rest. The evident interest which my landlord took in the exercise greatly raised him in my esteem. * * * Swearing is so common, that persons do not generally know when they are guilty of it. Captain S. mentioned a remarkable instance of daring and profanity in a cabin-boy of his. The little fellow had gone aloft to adjust a sail, and, by the heaving of the vessel, was jerked from the yard. To the terror of every spectator, he was seen to swing by a rope of which he had hold far off over the sea. "Keep hold," said the captain. The boy was breathless for an instant, but his first words were, "D—l a fear's in me." Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him? A phrase obtains in this country, "Ye must either flit us or feed us," and is used by beggars when they enter a house near a sound which they want to cross, and have not money to pay the ferriage. Mr. O. used it on board, when we were not likely to get on shore by a boat.

July 7.—My thoughts were somewhat of a melancholy cast, but perhaps my cold affrighted me more than it should have done, more especially as the medicine, as soon as taken, brought relief and subdued it. About one A. M., midst wind and rain, a dreadful noise was heard at the door, forcible attempts were made to burst it open, and a person said aloud, "Why now te door is fastened on te inside!"—as if this were a matter of surprise. I knew not what to think; roars and screams and knocks succeeded one another, but not an inmate moved. Who could tell if this were a Zet-

land serenade, not unlike the Abyssinian one described by Bruce—it might be fire or robbers,

“Or more of terrible and awfu’,
Which e’en to name would be unlawfu’.”

At last Mr. O. rose, as it seemed to my ear, to scold and scare them. It turned out that the Coldstream had sent into the *voe* a boat with a number of articles to Mr. O. Matters were arranged, and the good old gentleman got safe to rest again, with only a bite from a wild cat, which had intruded itself into his bed.

It was a Zetland morning, chill, raw, and damp. We crossed between eleven and twelve, and went to church. Unfavourable as was the morning, it was well attended—but such a place of worship! The floor was earth, the roof exhibited its naked rafters, the windows were broken, the door was off its hinges, the gallery was bolstered up with rude and naked beams, and, as for the pulpit, I was glad when it gave no symptoms of sinking beneath its slender incumbent. The singing was certainly not in the style of Handel. The lecture was on the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians: the sermon on justification by faith, Romans v. 10. It was a season of comfort; and, when I saw their deep attention and tearful eyes, when their half-suppressed sobs broke forth, it was moving; and I thought of Him who was touched with compassion, because the people were as sheep without a shepherd. Lord, send forth labourers into the field, for the harvest of souls is plentiful, but the labourers are few. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of such as I spoke to, on the subject of a preacher’s coming to reside and itinerate among them. They said it was little, very little, they could do, but O, how glad should they be to receive instruction from

any one who would give it! The church is nearly deserted. A deacon of Mr. R.'s lives here, and speaks on the sabbath, but few can attend to hear him. * * * Mr. O. contrives that I shall taste every Zetland rarity. He had before given me different kinds of fish, tuck, ling, turbot, &c.; to-day we had beef, a rarity at this season, and a dish made of fish-liver. These are little things; but kindness deals in retail, and meets you at every turn. In the afternoon went to visit deacon P.'s father. Since 1809 he had laboured under a disease of the liver; but while his mortal part decayed, his soul was growing in comfort, and in joy and peace. At first he was reluctant to speak on this latter subject. "Stranger though you are," said he, "I may venture to say I have peace—I have hope—God is gracious to me." And in many such words, with joyful tears and trembling lip, he spoke of the glory of his Redeemer. We prayed together; his whole family were in tears; but they were not of unmingled bitterness; and it was worth while to have come four hundred miles to have been present. In the evening had some pleasant conversation with Mr. O. and Dr. B., who came to drink tea with us, and the hours slid swiftly and insensibly away. I did all I could to give a spiritual direction to the conversation, and in part succeeded.

July 8.—At seven A. M., by Dr. B.'s kindness, had his boat manned, and having received a despatch to say that the Coldstream sails to-morrow at twelve, set out for Lerwick, thirty-five miles of sea, in an open boat—a canoe. Parted with these two excellent gentlemen, both of whom urged me to repeat the visit, and hailed the idea of a missionary coming to the parish. Our passage was accomplished in six hours and a half, and

was very pleasant upon the whole ; though, in crossing Yell Sound, it was just as rough as could have been wished. I spoke to the men, and left them contented, as I hope, with their hire.

By solicitation was prevailed upon to preach in Mr. R.'s chapel in the evening. Spoke on poverty of spirit. It was a season which demands grateful acknowledgment and remembrance. A poor woman called upon me afterward, and said very touchingly, "We sorrow most of all because we shall see your face no more." *The blessing of God be upon this people.*

July 9.—The vessel is not to sail, this day at least. This forenoon, in company with Mr. P and Miss C., crossed the sound to Bressa, walked across that island in sight of Ward's-noup, a wild and broken way for about four miles, when we reached a narrow sound between Bressa and Noss. Leaving Mr. C.'s after a short stay, set out with the young gentleman and Mr. P. toward the Cradle and Noup. A gentle ascent of about a mile and a half, in a north-easterly direction, brought us to the verge of the island, and a scene of wonders. Arrived at the precipitous verge of the island, the Holm presents itself. It is a portion of about thirty yards square, separated from the land by a fissure three hundred feet in depth, which the sea enters and thus form an islet altogether unique. The precipitous sides of the land and the Holm are formed through all their perpendicular descent of ledges of rock which incline toward the sea and rise as they retire from it. At the southern extremity of the Holm is Troil Hoiler, the cave of fairies, as the terms mean in the Scandinavian language. The cave is a vast excavation in the solid rock, whose upper surface is supported by such

pillars as human hands have never reared. Between the pillars the sea is to be seen lifting its impotent and angry waves. Young C. discharged a musket into the gloomy caverns of the deep. The echoes were awfully loud, and sounded as though a mine had been sprung, strong enough to tear the whole mass of rocks into fragments.

The cradle is a wooden machine so constructed as, by means of ropes passing through eyes, to be drawn from the island to the Holm, on which a few sheep are fed. The hardy adventurer who risks a passage has need of a composed brain and a tranquil spirit, for he must hang suspended over a depth so profound as that above-mentioned. At the northern extremity of the Holm thousands of sea-gulls are seen to rest upon the rock, which we were cruel enough to disturb by a blank shot, but every thing else was forgotten when we drew near to the Noup of Noss, literally, the hill of that isle. Fancy an elevation of rock, rising perpendicularly from the bosom of the deep to the height of at least six hundred feet. The face of the rock is whitened by the dung of sea-gulls, or a peculiar species of fowl called the mountain-gull. The waves rose and dashed far, far below. There was a narrow margin of white foam, and every thing at the vast distance seemed to be a miniature representation of what in truth they were. Our youth discharged his piece a third time, and whole myriads of gulls floated out from the rock, as if its vast surface had been shivered into atoms. Some of the gulls have their nests on the mountain brow, and, if a dog or even a man approach, they are bold enough to attack the one or the other.

After dinner, on our return to the afflicted old man, whose distresses are numerous and heavy; we had a

little congregation, and I spoke on that saying, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We returned by the way we came, and observed nothing new, except it were that a woman undertook to row us over Bressa Sound, about half a mile in breadth. With our assistance she accomplished her task; but it is no uncommon thing to see a female seize the oar. A year ago, or more, several whales entered Yell voe, and every boat was put in requisition for the chase, to drive the creatures ashore. All was eagerness and bustle. "Yonder," said —, "is actually a boat *manned with women*." The sea monarchs escaped to the mortification of all expectants, and made good their retreat.

July 10.—This forenoon, having bid farewell to my kind friends at Lerwick, got on board the Coldstream packet at twelve or one o'clock, and were immediately under weigh. The swell on the exit from the sound was exceedingly heavy, and we all, or nearly all, began immediately to be sick. That evening we lost sight of Sumburgh, and neared the Fair Isle, which next morning was lost behind us, and I presume I shall never see the sea-cliffs and rocky isles of Shetland more. Captain T. was my fellow-passenger, as was also one of the ministers from the isles, and other individuals of a serious character, and so far we were exceedingly happy in each other's society.

July 11.—Our course was through the trackless sea, out of sight of land. Sickness and qualmishness nearly all this day unfitted me for every thing. It was (so to speak) existence and not life; but late in the evening the reviving news was told us by the captain that the loom of land was perceptible.

July 12.—At five A. M. this morning we were off Peterhead, and in two hours we had run twenty-two miles, and were opposite to Aberdeen. At two in the afternoon we were little more than a mile from the Bell Rock, and in the course of the evening slipped up the Frith ; at eight were opposite Leith, and between nine and ten found myself safe on shore. Thus my outward-bound passage was less than three days' continuance, and we were little more than two at sea on my return.

Praise the Lord, O my soul ! and, all that is within me, bless his holy name. He hath saved thee in great waters, and hath opened thy way before thee when at his command thou wentest forth, not knowing the land whither thou shouldst go. Praise ye the Lord.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

STRUCTURE

OF THE

HUMAN EYE AND EAR.

“ He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?” Psa. xciv, 9.

“ THE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.” Atheism is at the root of all immorality of life; inasmuch as no man would venture to live in open rebellion against a being of almighty power and infinite wisdom, if he believed himself accountable to such a being, and obnoxious to his wrath. In the sin of every hour there is such a forgetfulness of God as at least amounts to practical infidelity, to a denial, by implication, of his providence, and of his declared purpose to punish the transgressors of his law. The psalmist in the ode before us complains, as his manner is, of the cruelty and triumph of the wicked; and having expatiated on their sin and fearfulness of consequences, on their pride and the apparent impunity of their sin, he turns round to admonish them; there is an eye that sees their sin, and an ear that hears their blasphemy, from which nothing can be hid; for it was God who endued man with a capacity to see and to hear.

It will be profitable for us to follow out this appeal to the power, the wisdom, and the providence of God;

and, if science have enlarged its boundaries since the days of the royal poet, its discoveries tend only to confirm the argument, to enlarge the field of contemplation, and to magnify the character of God. We all allow that prophecy, that portion of it especially which terminated in the coming and death of Christ, is more fully understood by us upon whom the ends of the world have come, than it was by the holy men themselves "who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

We do not object to details drawn from prophecy, which go far beyond what these holy men themselves imagined their predictions to contain. And we cannot be blamed, if, availing ourselves of whatever science has established, we go into details upon this subject, and attempt, with all humility, to magnify our God, by dwelling on the discoveries of later ages, which establish and illustrate the sentiments of the psalmist.

In the following essay I attempt to describe, in familiar and popular language, the anatomy and physiology of the organs of vision and hearing, and then to draw out those views of the character of God which the subject suggests.

Though Paley has already pursued the same line of remark, with a richness of phrase and a perspicuity of style almost unequalled, still the writer thinks that something may be added to his descriptions, which that great man, either from want of practical knowledge in anatomy, or from regarding more copious illustration as unimportant to his argument, did not adduce. My argument is one of a somewhat different structure and bearing. The argument of Paley, as every one knows, is to prove the existence of God, and to infer the charac-

ter of the Divine Being from the appearance of design observable in all his works ; but without reference to revelation as sustaining his proofs. The remarks I am to offer have no such lofty aim ; but, assuming the unquestionable certainty of revealed truth, assuming, especially, the existence, the supremacy, and other perfections of the Godhead, I am to take the structure of the organs of sight and hearing as two admirable illustrations of what the great Creator is, in so far as his character may be inferred from his works, mutilated and reft of original excellence, as by the fall they acknowledgedly are.

THE ANATOMY OF THE EYE.

The most interesting facts are, the position, the means of protection and conservation, the instruments of motion, and the formation of this exquisite organ ; an organ which we would almost venture, though with feelings of reverence and humility, to call the chief of all the material works of God.

The position of the eye. To render it subservient to its uses, it must be defended with care, and yet be in a conspicuous situation ; it must be prominent, and yet be protected ; to have the sensibility required, it must be of a delicate construction ; and to command the range of visible objects, it must be elevated as much as may be above the ground ; and, if thus delicate and thus exposed, much provision must be made for its defence. Accordingly we find this to be the case. It is placed immediately below the forehead, (the roof of the skull stretching to the upper margin of its window,) and as nearly as possible to the brain ; possibly, that not a moment may be lost in the communication between

the organ and the intellect, the agent and the principal, the part which receives the impression of visible objects and the soul, which, in some mysterious way, is informed by such impressions of what is going on without. The rapidity with which the communication is made baffles all calculation. In reading, for instance, perhaps every letter of every word is separately conveyed in the form of its image to the eye; at all events every word is thus distinctly communicated; for it is manifest, our whole attention is consecutively turned to every word. In reading privately, what a multitude of words are received by the mind in the course of a single minute! Such despatch in bringing and carrying is far beyond what could have been anticipated, if we had first been promised an organ of sight with a general understanding of what such an organ could do for us, and then had received the boon.

Fancy never could imagine, with satisfaction to itself, another position for the eye; and it is blasphemy to suppose it could find a better. Even in this matter, we perceive the divine wisdom; and it is exhibited in characters so large and so legible that he who runneth may read.

Look next at the provisions made for the defence of the eye. It is lodged in a funnel-shaped cavern of bone, called the orbit. The funnel is composed of portions of seven different bones; three of them belong to the skull, and four belong to the face. The bones of the skull are those of the forehead, constituting the upper margin of the orbit; another bone which is found within the skull, and stretches across, like a shelf, from one temple to the other,—and whose shape has been compared, with some propriety, to a bat with expanded wings,—this bone in its course constitutes a segment of

the orbit : then there is a contribution to the orbit from a square-shaped bone lying at the root of the nose. The upper jaw-bone yields a tributary portion, the cheek-bone on its upper surface constitutes a part, the palate-bone furnishes a contingent, and what is wanting to the completion of the orbit is supplied by a small bone which separates the nostril from the orbit, but which has not yet received a popular name. The orbit derives great advantage from this its peculiar construction. It is more firm and more dense than otherwise it could be. Every bone is another stone in the arch, supporting and being supported ; and an injury done to one part less easily extends to another. The bones, besides effecting the protection of this exquisitely sensible organ, give, as we shall see, a fixed attachment to the muscles.

But if so delicate an organ were allowed to rub on its unyielding shell, it must be irritated and injured. To guard against this there is a cushion of fat, which, in the living subject, is fluid, and confined in cellular membranes, and this lies at the bottom, and for some distance sheathes the sides of the orbit. During their inactivity the muscles themselves contribute to the ease of the eye-ball. We come next to inquire how the eye is protected from without. There are the eaves of hair called the eye-brows, growing in an almost semi-circular ridge at the verge of the forehead. Perhaps the figure of the ridge is only the segment of a semi-circle, and we observe that it inclines downward as it approaches toward the temple. By means of the eaves the drops of perspiration, as they trickle down, are thrown off before they reach the eye, and for this purpose each separate hair bends outward and downward. The perspiration is thus conducted to the top of the cheek, and away from the spot where it might occasion pain

or inconvenience. The eye-brows serve also to moderate the light, as we perceive by our involuntary contraction of them on a hot summer's day ; and their corrugation, in which the arch of the brow is broken and thrown into disorder, is expressive of displeasure, and the unbroken and uniform contraction of the ridge is a mark of deep and labouring thought. The eye-brows moderate the light, but the ball needs a covering by which to shut out at pleasure the impression of visible objects altogether, otherwise it were unsafe, if not impossible, to go to sleep. To furnish a means of excluding the light the eye-lids were granted. These are window-shutters of an admirable construction. They are not formed of bone or of horn ; for however proper these might be for defence, they would be incapable of the rapid motion that is required, and the friction of their motion would have been distressful to the organ. They are not mere expansions of the skin ; for these would be too lax, and would be blinds or curtains without the ready means of being drawn up ; and before the eye could be adjusted for contemplating any object, the object might pass away ; the most manifest danger and inconvenience would be the inevitable consequence of such a construction. They are formed of a substance neither so hard as bone, nor so lax as skin : it may be called semi-cartilaginous. It consists of semi-circular rings, extending from one angle of the eye to the other, having an integument or skin without, like a window-curtain drawn over Venetian blinds ; and it is covered with a smooth impalpable skin on the inside, which immediately slides over the surface of the eye.

To prevent the eye-lids from sticking either to each other or to the ball, they are furnished with minute glands that exude a fine oil which answers this purpose.

Then again, for farther protection, we have the eye-lashes on the margin of the eye-lids. These serve directly the purposes of shading the light, of entangling an insect, and incidentally of ornamenting the window of the soul with a beautiful and appropriate fringe.

These are not all the matters to be contemplated and admired. The transparency of the organ is necessary for its uses, and how shall this be maintained amid all the floating particles of dust around us, some of them too minute for observation or avoidance? For this important end there is an organ at the external angle of the eye called the lachrymal or tear-producing gland; every moment it throws out a small quantity of water, which the action of the eye-lids gently presses over the whole surface of the ball, and thus every instant accidental pollution is carefully removed, and whatever could soil the pure transparency of the ball is washed away. Now comes the question, How shall this fluid be conveyed away when it has answered its purposes? The provision of the God of nature for this end is truly admirable. At the inner angle of the eye there is a small opening, leading to a grooved channel through the lachrymal bone, which channel opens at its farther extremity into the nostril; this opening at the inner angle is lower than the gland at the outer angle, and hence the tears flow toward it, and they are directed into it by a few hairs which shoot out from beside the aperture. The tears are exhaled from the inner surface of the nostril in the form of vapour. Look in passing at this farther provision for the transparency of the eye-ball. It must be nourished with blood for the sustenance of its animal substance, but red blood would disfigure and discolour the ball; accordingly the vessels are of so minute a calibre as that in a healthy state the red par-

ticles are denied admission, and it is only in disease that they are admitted. Inflammation, intolerance of light, and pain, are the consequence. Only one farther particular remains to be mentioned, and that is, the provision that is made to guard against an insect, or other extraneous body insinuating itself within the eye-lids, and to the back of the orbit, where its intrusion might be fatal to vision. The inner covering of the eye-lid proceeds backward to the margin of the anterior hemisphere of the ball, and thence is reflected, being perfectly transparent in its duplicature, over the ball whose outward covering it is, and thus at the edge of the lid there is within a doubling of the membrane, and thus nothing short of the violence that would rupture this coat of the eye could force any substance beyond that line. We have contemplated the eye as a ball securely lodged, and next proceed to state by what mechanism its manifold and delicate motions are effected. :

It has six muscles, four of which are called the straight ones, and two the oblique. They are fixed at one of their extremities into the bony orbit, at the other into the ball: that which is fixed in the upper part of it is called the muscle of pride, from an idea that its action expresses that sentiment; the muscles whose attachments are to the lower part of the globe and orbit express humility. There is a muscle at each side for moving the ball laterally. The outer oblique muscle is of considerable length, and doubles by its tendon through a pulley, and is inserted in the middle of the eye-ball: the short oblique muscle is directly opposite in situation and action, and is a very short one. The combined action of the straight muscles is to fix the eye, the successive action to roll it. The action of the oblique muscles is, as their name imports, to give a slanting direction

to the ball, and the mixed actions of the different muscles give all the variety of movement required. The straight muscles compress the ball, when acting collectively, and render it more convex ; their relaxation renders it less so. The globe is thus endued with a vast power of adapting itself to any direction, and to any distance, within a certain range in which visibles can be contemplated. The bodies of all the muscles are behind the ball. Thus long we have dwelt on the outworks of this wondrous mechanism, and now advance to the inner chambers of the eye. Its walls are composed of three coats ; the first is that doubling of that inner skin of the eye-lid whose place, transparency, and use we have touched upon. The next is a thick, tough membrane, (suppose it to be like the layer of an onion,) which is composed of the tendons of the six muscles just spoken of. This coat is altogether opaque, and admits no ray of light except in the front of the ball, where it is completely transparent, in what may be called the open part of the circular window, and which is the coloured portion of the eye. In the back part nearest to the brain is an opening for the admission of a fine silk-like cord, called the nerve of sight, which is the immediate organ of vision. This organ proceeds from the brain into the eye-ball through the bottom of the bony funnel. Within the coat last mentioned is another, which commences from the entrance of the nerve, and spreads itself on the inner surface of the former, all the way forward till you come to that part which is transparent. Arrived thither, it breaks off and hangs down, a little circular curtain, endued with the singular properties of contraction and dilatation, without alteration of its circular form. It is this curtain which forms the colour of the eye, black, or gray, or blue. The opening

in the centre of the curtain is what is vulgarly called the star of the eye, and is in reality not a substance but a vacuity.

Now this coloured curtain floats in a small collection of water, called the aqueous humour of the eye. This humour it divides into two chambers, the posterior and anterior. The curtain has a very peculiar faculty, as just hinted; it can draw itself up, and thus enlarge the opening into the back of the eye, or it can fall down, and thus narrow the aperture into a point. The great benefit resulting from this faculty is to adapt the admission of light to the quantity of it: in a strong light we almost close this inner eye-lid, and yet receive a sufficient number of rays to complete the image of visibles. When we go into a faint light, as, for instance, when we go out of doors on a moonless winter's night, at first we can hardly see at all, and for this reason, the curtain is not yet drawn up. By and by we see every thing more distinctly, and, to quote a remark from the unpublished lectures of Professor Jeffray, (a man eminently accomplished in physiology,) if we get a fright, the curtain is so enlarged, that every thing seems larger in its dimensions than it really is; and the man who tells us he met a ruffian eight feet high, may be understood fairly to represent the matter as it really appeared to him. By what mechanism all this is effected, science hath never yet discovered; it is not even known whether the strings of the curtain are composed of muscles, of blood-vessels, or of nerves.

Although the eye has all the coats we have mentioned, it is, after all, a globe scooped, so to speak, to contain, among other things, the iris or curtain, and the watery humour in which it floats. Behind these is a transparent substance, the segment of two different

circles, of which the outer is the smaller one. This substance may be compared to a polished diamond and is that part of the eye where the cataract forms which is well known for giving the organ a white and "lack-lustre" appearance. It is called the crystalline lens. Behind this, and filling all the remaining part of the globe, is another humour, contained in hexagonal cells of the purest transparency, the humour itself being perfectly colourless. This is called the vitreous or glassy humour. And the use of these humours, as we shall see, is, each in its proportion, to bend the rays of light so that they may fall on the nerve at the back of the eye, where a complete and miniature image is formed of every thing we see. This image is upside down, and it is probably only by habit that we see things erect ; for if we look sideways, or if we stoop down with our head on the ground, the object retains its apparent position. The late ingenious Mr. Copland thought it was by habit also, that, having two eyes, we saw objects single. Here then is an organ most admirably adapted for receiving the images of visibles, provided with every thing for its comfort and use ; but still two most important questions remain to be answered : how is it that light forms an image ? and, how is it that the image conveys the idea ?

The first of these questions will require us to make a short digression into the science of optics. Before the days of Newton, (who may justly be called the father of the science,) it was the prevailing opinion, that light was a fluid which filled the whole atmosphere—and that vision was the light in motion, just as sound is known to be air in motion. Newton discovered that light is a body shot out in straight lines, originally from the sun, and, by reflection, from all visible bodies ; that

vision is effected by the reception, on the part of the eye, of rays of light from every part of the object that we look upon ; and that vision is more or less complete as we receive more or fewer rays from the body into the eye. By his prism he analyzed the rays of the sun's light, and separated them into the seven different colours, from the red to the violet ; the first being the most powerful, and the last being the feeblest colour. The rainbow itself he proved to be a watery prism which suggested its beauties to the eye from the situation in which it lay to the sun and to the eye. Black he proved to be the absence, and white to be the mixture, in certain proportions, of all the colours ; and that the colour of bodies generally is to be traced to their position in relation to the spectator, or to some quality in them by which they absorb every other portion of the ray, and only reflect that by which we are accustomed to characterize them.

Newton further discovered, that though light passes of itself in straight lines, it may be bent out of its direction by certain media through which it passes. The atmosphere or body of air (which is the region of tempest and of cloud) is a liquid, and it bends the light more or less in the proportion of its density. Water bends a ray of light more than air does—crystal more than either—and the shape of a medium affects the flexure and direction of the ray. Thus a spectacle that bends outward from the ring, converges or bends inward the ray of light ; a glass which is concave or hollow toward the centre bends the ray outward.

Now the bearing of these remarks will at once appear, when I come to state that the eye itself is an optical instrument. The ray of light falls on the transparent part of the ball, and passes into the watery

humour ; if it fall exactly upon the centre of this part of the eye, it passes straight forward, if it fall on the edge—or on any portion of the arc of the circle—it is bent in its passage through the door-way of the curtain ; it is further bent in its passage through the crystalline, at least in a small degree, but the peculiar faculty of this humour is to bring the object nearer ; and lastly, it is still further bent as it travels through the glassy humour, till it is so converged as to assist in forming a little and distinct image on the nerve—so small and so distinct as that the starry heavens are painted on a space hardly so large as the point of one's little finger. Secondly, How does this image suggest the idea to the mind ? This question does not at first appear to be one of greater difficulty than the former, but it is one upon which Solomon could not have satisfied the queen of Sheba ; and in point of fact, the research of whole ages has not advanced us one step in the inquiry. Nor should this be a matter of wonder : for who by searching can find out the Almighty ?—his ways are high as heaven.

Whatever belongs to the connection between matter and mind is beyond our attainment and conception ; and perhaps all that is certainly known on the subject under discussion may be comprehended in the two following remarks :—The image on the back of the eye is in some way indispensable to vision ; for, if the organ lose its transparency, or any of the humours become opaque, so as to intercept the light in its passage to that spot, blindness is the consequence. But supposing the image to be completely formed, and the eye in all those portions of it just mentioned to be perfectly sound and unobstructed ; if it become diseased itself—if disease form in the shape of the black drop or gutta

serena, so as to press, without and behind the ball upon the silken cord, all correspondence between the soul and the world by means of the eye is suspended or destroyed. It is very evident that even when the eye has the most complete soundness, it is still nothing more than an organ or an instrument. When a man is lost in thought, rays of light from many objects in his neighbourhood may fall upon his eye, and form the appropriate images, and yet the mind may have no consciousness of them. A friend may enter the room or retire from it; he may have stood before us, and yet we may not be at all conscious of his presence or his departure. And there is such a thing as merely bodily vision—a man walking on a road is so taken up with some subject of reflection as to be unconscious of his progress or his fatigue, and yet may be so far alive and awake to the world about him as to step aside from a stone in his path. Science can tell us nothing more, and perhaps it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give a satisfactory reason why we do not see with the tip of the finger, with the nostril, or with the tongue. No image, it is true, is or can be formed on these by the rays of light; but we cannot form a conjecture how the immaterial mind is benefited or assisted in its apprehension of visibles by means of the images.

THE ANATOMY OF THE EAR.

We propose to follow a different course in this part of our subject from that which we adopted in the former. We shall preface a few remarks on the construction of this organ, by touching on the theory of hearing, and thus shall clear our way to the great argument of our theme. Sound is nothing more than air in motion; and in order to conceive aright on the

subject, we must call to mind that we are moving in an ocean of fluid matter, whose tides are the winds, and whose waves are the media of all oral communication. The manner in which the air is proved to be the medium of sound is as follows: A bell which rings by clock-work is put into the glass receiver of an air-pump, and just as the air is withdrawn, (although the stroke of the tongue or clapper be observably given with equal force,) the sound decays till it dies away upon the ear. It may be proper to mention here the properties of a wave, or, as it is called, a pulse, of air:—

1. It is spherical. A wave upon the water (as a stone thrown into a lake will show) is of a circular shape; on the contrary, a wave of air is of a spherical form, like the longitudinal section of an egg: hence a place of worship should always have its longest diameter from the pulpit to the front wall: and hence the most remote seats in the side galleries of a chapel that is nearly square are altogether unfit for hearing with ease and distinctness.

2. The pulses of air decrease in condensation, and enlarge in volume, as they proceed from the vibrating body; and hence they are less and less distinct; i. e., as they retire from the spot whence they originate, the waves become shallower. This will be perfectly understood by calling to recollection what we have observed in the waves enlarging from the centre on a sheet of water.

3. They have all equal velocity, whether strong or faint; and the reason is, that the velocity depends upon the elasticity of the air, which cannot be altered by the character of the vibration, whether powerful or weak; that is, the wave rolls on with the same speed whether it be deep or shallow.

4. All the pulses of the same sonorous body are equal in breadth, and given in equal times.

5. Sounds may be propagated from several different bodies, and be all of them distinctly heard; the one not interrupting the other: thus, for example, a concert of music is a compound of many sounds, blended and yet distinct. Concords in music occur when two waves of different volume strike the ear together; discords, when two or more waves strike irregularly. A grave sound, called a flat in music, is a broad wave with an intermission of equal breadth; an acute sound, or sharp, is a narrow wave, with a narrow interstice.

6. Pulses of air, like waves of water, are capable of reverberation, or of being floated back from the obstruction that they first meet; whence the mystery of echo is explainable. Sound travels at the rate of 1142 feet in a second; and by counting with care the interval between the report and echo of a pistol, you may calculate the breadth of a river; if the man who discharges it be on one side, and there be a wall or rocky bank on the other. Divide the number of seconds by two, and multiply the result by 1142. Woodstock Park has an echo of such compass as that a whole line of poetry may be reverberated.

It is by conventional use and habit that sound is the medium of distinct communication, and the vehicle of thought. The eye receives images of the objects contemplated; but the sounds received by the ear have no natural or necessary connection with the idea, or otherwise all languages would be alike.

Proceed we now to the organ of hearing.

It is seated at each side of the head; and thus there is a double organ; probably for the reason that there were two consuls at Rome, namely, that if one died, or

became otherwise incapable, the other should sustain the duties of the office. The situation of the external ear is one which man, had the choice been left to him, might not have selected ; and yet it is one, now that the matter has been determined by the highest wisdom, which appears the best, and the only one.

The shape and material of the outer ear are matters worthy of attention. The figure is that of a sphere, in this respect corresponding to the form of the pulses of air. The inner part of the sphere has scooped cavities, which doubtless, in a way not well understood, tend to condense the air, and to deepen the sound. The outer ear is composed of cartilage,—a substance half way between bone and skin, and of all others the most elastic : were it of skin, it would hang down, and thus greatly weaken the faculty of hearing ; were it of bone, it would not only be liable to accident, and especially to fracture ; but would also yield less, if at all, to the pulses of air : and thus more delicate sounds would entirely be lost to us, and one high source of gratification would have been altogether forfeited. The outer ear is capable, from its material, of light tremulous motion from the air ; too minute to be seen, and yet very important for the use of the organ. Some have imagined that we should have had as much power by the muscles to move the ear as brutes are possessed of, were it not for the foolish custom of bandaging the heads of children ; but this is idle conjecture ; for we have not, in consequence of our erect posture, and greater facilities for turning the head, and of moving round the body, the same occasion for a ready faculty of turning the ear which brutes have.

The more difficult task now comes to be attempted, that of describing the inner ear.

Across the bottom of the canal, leading inward from the outer ear, (and into which we can introduce the finger,) lies a fine membrane, called, very appropriately, "the head of the drum;" for such it is in fact. Within this membrane there is a cavity,—supposed to be about half the size of the last joint of the little finger,—the air floating up against the drum-head sets it into a tremulous motion,—stronger or weaker, quicker or slower, just as the case may be. On the inside of the drum-head are four small bones, so small that you can only see them distinctly when they are taken out, and placed upon coloured paper. One of these, fancifully called the hammer, is fastened at the handle to the drum-head; its motion bends down the hammer upon the pellicle of bone, called the anvil; the anvil communicates the shock to the minute globe, and that transmits it to the stirrup. The edge of the stirrup stretches out of the body of the drum into a little arched cavity farther into the bone: (namely, the temporal bone, in which the whole apparatus of hearing is lodged, and which in order to serve that purpose, is, perhaps, the hardest in the whole body :) in this inner cavity there is a small quantity of water spread over the thread-like nerve of hearing: the nerve receives its impression from the motion communicated to the water; and to amplify and diversify the impression, as it would seem, the drum, the bones, the two cavities already mentioned, and another of a spiral form, are all designed. In some way, which human wisdom hath never discovered, this impression made on the nerve is carried along its course into the brain; the soul there hears the tidings from its messenger, and meditates in its inner council-chamber on the things of which it is advised by its servants without.

It is obviously much more difficult, in the absence of plates, to describe the inner ear, than it is to describe the eye; and therefore we have very slightly, and with many omissions, just touched upon the subject, and only now add, that as a drum cannot sound unless there be a hole into the body of it, that the air within may communicate with the air without; so we find the internal ear has an admission for air through the medium of a channel communicating from the back of the mouth; and hence it is that if both ears be closed, we may still hear the ticking of a watch by placing it between our teeth, or in the mouth; and thus when we hear indistinctly, we involuntarily open the mouth. After all, how exceedingly little is known on the subject! The nerves of hearing, of smelling, and sight, have no difference of structure, discernible to the eye of the most experienced anatomist. We know not how one of them conveys its sensations, or how one of its impressions is understood, or how the recollection of any impression is effected; and no wonder, for "who by searching can find out the Almighty?"

THE ARGUMENT.

1. He that formed the eye and planted the ear must be a Being of infinite power. Power is that which overcomes difficulty; and the highest degree of it is that which accomplishes things impossible to created beings, and whatever does not involve contradiction. God made the world out of chaos, and chaos he made out of nothing. He made the materials of all his works, as well as the works themselves. A human artist, however ingenious, can do nothing without the materials of his workmanship: these must be furnished to his hand; and when fur-

nished, he can do little or nothing without a design, or an original which he may copy. Spectacles and all optical instruments are, after all, only clumsy imitations of the eye; and the wonder is, that thousands of years should have passed away, before it was imagined to take a copy of an original, so near and so convenient for imitation. And when the discovery was made, it was by the merest accident. 'It is said a boy took up two glasses, one concave and the other convex; and trying to look through them both at once, he found to his surprise the church steeple was brought close to his eye. The matter was told to Gallileo, who improved on the hint. The power of God appears not only in making the materials of the human eye and ear out of nothing, but also in adapting the light and the air to these organs. Without such media of communication, the two large and valuable faculties of sight and hearing had been lost to man. But God said, "Let there be light; and there was light;" and in the moment that this first-born of his works appeared, it was fitted for its every purpose, and its every purpose had been foreseen by the eternal mind. Lastly, it was provided by infinite power that light and sound should not only have each an appropriate organ for their communications; but that the organ should, in a way that laughs at human wisdom to discover, be the channel of conveyance to the mind: and thus the spirit of man, which is wholly immaterial, holds intercourse with the things that are seen and heard. How this is done we may not ask; for who can follow the Creator into his inner sanctuary where he hideth himself behind the elements which he hath formed?

2. We next argue the wisdom of God from the construction of the eye and ear.

We have entirely failed in our object, if, in the course of describing these organs, we have not led the reader to admire the provisions of infinite wisdom, one by one, as we advanced in the inquiry; and if in the spot where Science blushed that she could tell no more, we did not leave the reader acknowledging that "His ways are a great deep." "Dark with excessive bright his skirts appear."

We shall only in this place invite attention to a single remark. There is only one original, and therefore only one who can originate. The eye itself, we have said, suggested the construction of lenses to assist its weakness, and its accidental defects. If human contrivance had originated such lenses without a reference to the eye, the wonder had been that God should have given such an understanding to his creature; but as matters are, man has only shown an imitative faculty; faculties of comparison and inference. The ear is of much more mysterious structure than the eye; it is but little understood; and what is remarkable in this case is, that while we have abundance of help for assisting vision, we have few and very inadequate aids for surmounting defects of hearing.

The idea of the organs of sight and hearing, of their media and their uses, is one which, before all creation of matter in union with mind, not even an angel could have entertained. When man makes an instrument he works with nature's tools, on nature's materials, and after nature's models. But God spake into being what never could have been anticipated or preconceived. The wisdom of man consists in combining and exhibiting images, "enveloping ordinary thought with an atmosphere of imagination," as in poetry; or in following out inferences, as in argument; in tracing the

operations of nature, as in science ; or in acquiring and studying the forms and meaning of utterances, as in literature. The most brilliant conception of man fills us with wonder that we never thought of it ourselves. But the wisdom of God is too high for us ; we cannot attain unto it. His works are such as we never could have imagined, and cannot even now understand : and his words are revelation ; for we never could have discovered his truths.

3. The Creator is a being of infinite goodness. I shall introduce what may occur on this subject with a quotation from Paley, which he himself thought so excellent, as to introduce it, with great propriety, into both his *Moral Philosophy* and *Natural Theology*. “When God created the human species, either he wished their happiness, or he wished their misery, or he was indifferent and unconcerned about either. If he had wished our misery, he might have made sure of his purpose by forming our senses to be so many sores and pains to us, as they are now instruments of gratification and enjoyment : or by placing us amidst objects so ill suited to our perceptions as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. He might have made, for example, every thing we tasted bitter : every thing we saw loathsome ; every thing we touched a sting ; every smell a stench ; and every sound a discord. If he had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, we must impute to our good fortune (as all design by this supposition is excluded) both the capacity of our senses to receive pleasure, and the supply of external objects to produce it. But either of these, and still more both of them, being too much to be attributed to accident, nothing remains but the first supposition, that God, when he created the human species, wished

their happiness, and made for them the provision which he has made with that view, and for that purpose."

The quotation with equal elegance of expression and cogency of argument establishes the conclusion, that the pleasure which belongs to the sensations of sight and hearing is an argument of the goodness of God. But the same conclusion may moreover be founded on the fact, that independent of the useful information we continually derive from light and sound, they are the means of very considerable gratification. Light has a peculiar effect upon the animal spirits, as is evidently the fact in children, who invariably turn their eyes toward a candle or the window. "Light is pleasant to the eyes, and it is a goodly thing to see the sun." Cloudy weather throws a gloom upon all created objects; our spirits become languid, and, unless fully and actively employed, we are ready to contemplate every subject and every object in its most unfavourable aspect. When a clear sky and a bright sun succeed to a continuance of such weather, a glow of animation appears in every countenance, our hopes and our joys have experienced a resurrection from death to life. With what pleasure do we watch the lengthening out of the days! What a constant theme of conversation is this fact! Every one tells another what every one knows already,—the days are longer than they were. The party does not affect to convey information, but to invite his friend to join him in his expressions of joy and hope. Scripture itself hath taught us to associate the very idea of happiness with light: it tells us of the inheritance of saints, that it is "in light;" and of God himself, that he "dwelleth in light to which no man can approach," and which is full of glory. Then again the material and the organ, the direction and the measure, of the faculty

of hearing, furnish proofs of the divine goodness. Sound proceeds in every direction, light only in straight lines : had the rule been reversed, we could have done nothing in concealment, unless ~~it~~ we were in entire darkness ; and we could have heard nothing unless the sonorous body were in a parallel line with our ear. The faculty is graciously limited to a narrow range, as we may infer from the distress which deranged persons endure in consequence of preternatural quickness of hearing. Even thunder is heard only at small distances, and the same is true of the waves of the ocean. The eye, it is said, can be aided to see a space of a few square miles on the moon ; it can see a fixed star at an immeasurable distance ; but the music of the star is exploded even from poetry. How remarkable, meanwhile, is the fact, that in a sound state of the organ we can always tell the direction in which the sound proceeds from the body to us ! If we heard from farther distances, distraction must have been the consequence : if we could not discern the direction of the sound, half the use of the faculty were lost.

Who can be ignorant of the pleasure we derive even from inarticulate sounds ? The very motions of the storm, when we are not exposed to it ourselves, and have lost sight of those who are, have something awfully pleasing in them. The gentle flow of waves in a summer's calm, the playful breezes which rustle and float into the glade of the forest, the hum of the bee, the song of the bird, the sound of waterfalls, and the distant murmur from the voice of busy men, are all pleasing in their kind. The human voice and musical instruments have a peculiar charm, a charm so high and exquisite, that few pursuits are more dangerous for those who have a talent for acquiring the art of using either.

Lastly, we remark, the goodness of God may be demonstrated from the gift of two such organs to man, who but for them would have been a poor wretched prisoner of a cell that was part of himself, through whose walls he could neither see nor hear ; but within which he must pine for a season till his body sunk into the deeper gloom of the grave.

4. The incomprehensibility of the Deity may be confidently argued from the works of his hands.

“He dwelleth in thick darkness,” and what eye hath ever looked into “the secret place of his pavilion ?” We are filled with amazement when we try to think of him :

“Lost in the Godhead’s deepest sea,
O’erwhelm’d with his immensity.”

By the window of the eye the soul looks forth on the external world, and informs itself of whatever is important to be known : by the doorway of the ear the spirit holds communion with the spirits of other men ; and, in fact, with whatever hath sound. But Solomon, in all the glory of his wisdom, could never have told me how little pictures formed on the back of the inner coat of the eye-ball should inform the immaterial man, the spiritual intelligence, of the colour, the size, the figure, and the position of things innumerable in heaven above, and in earth beneath. Newton may tell me that colour is not an absolute but an imaginary quality of bodies : that it mainly depends upon the angle of incidence and reflection with which the ray that visits our eye fell on the body we contemplate : the metaphysical Reid may tell me that the position of bodies is apprehended simply by habit, and that it is rather the act of the mind than of the organ of vision : but to what do all these explanations amount ? They only explain

some of the circumstances which belong to the formation of the image ; what I want to know is, how that image is apprehended by the soul ? by what sort of untold magic sign it is that the spirit is in momentary converse with the body ? And this is a question which the wisdom of ages hath never resolved. Who is there that can tell me how the ideas of all spoken discourse are conveyed by the media of certain sounds which the ear takes in, and which sounds, strange to tell, though nothing more than imbodied air, communicate in some mysterious way with the intellect ? and though no matter however curiously wrought, or exquisitely formed, can make any approach to spirit, God hath joined these together, and who may search out his wisdom ? If the connection between images and ideas is remote, that between waves of air and thoughts is still more so. And there is no probability that the enigma shall ever be resolved in time. The Roman moralist somewhere says, "The hour shall arrive when the use and the periods of comets shall be fully understood, and we shall be familiar with their course." Ages have passed away and we are nearly as ignorant on the subject as our forefathers were.

These observations might be made to bear with effect on the folly of incredulity in man, when the incomprehensibility of truth is the pretence for rejecting it : the mysteries of nature are as profound as the mysteries of revelation.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,"
———"Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works : yet these declare
Thy goodness, beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,

Angels: for ye behold him, and with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
HIM first, HIM last, HIM midst, HIM without end !”

ON THE
NUTRITION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

“I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made,”
Psalm cxxxix, 14.

THIS is one of the most beautiful of all the collection of poems commonly called the book of Psalms. Every word is full of meaning, and every verse, of beauty. There is a tone of solemnity peculiarly affecting throughout the whole composition; and the deep and tender feeling of devotion which it displays becomes more and more vivid. The writer begins with the reflection that God is acquainted with all our ways; being present every moment of our existence, he is privy to every working of our heart, and every wandering of our imagination; from his presence no one can retire, though he should escape to the remotest parts of the universe. Nor is this, continues the poet, a matter of wonder, for he is my Creator; he it was that formed me in the womb; and then he breaks forth into expressions of wonder and of praise,—“I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.”

It would occupy a large volume to go into the whole of this subject; some portions of which are unfit for public and popular discourse, and might and would

lead to intricate and long digressions. Enough to call forth our praise may be had by the consideration of the nourishment our bodies receive from food.

Few subjects are so curious, or, upon reflection, waken more wonder and awe than this is fitted to create. First, as to the matter of our nourishment, it is as various as can be conceived, comprehending the flesh of four-footed animals, fish, fowl, succulent and farinaceous vegetables. Of all these matters, each, before it can nourish our bodies, is deprived of animal or vegetable life; for all of it once lowed in the meadow, or bleated in the fold; flitted in the air, or swam in the stream; grew in the field, or was plucked from the tree: of all man partakes, and by them all he is sustained.

Among the civilized tribes of men this food must not only be deprived of life, but, with the exception of a few succulent vegetables, must be subjected to various processes of preparation for the table. In many cases this is a matter of taste, of habit, and of luxury: in others, mastication and digestion are greatly assisted by subjecting food to heat. There are guardians to examine the fitness of the food, there is the finger to touch, the eye to scrutinize, the nose to smell, and the palate to taste.

The food being prepared, a small portion, not too large for the mouth, is introduced into it; and when we consider how admirably the mouth is fitted for its peculiar offices we cannot but be lost in wonder. It is furnished with a doorway and gates, which may be thrown open or closed with pleasure, to admit the food and prevent its falling out: then at the circumference of the cavern, at the front in a semicircle, and all around it on each side are projections and elevations of bone, rising out of the jaws, and each fixed therein as a nail in a

board ; each of these projections is sheathed with enamel, a smooth, dense, glossy substance, altogether insensible, and capable of resisting ordinary violence.

Let us look more narrowly at the teeth, and we shall find they differ from each other in their figure and use : those of the semicircle in the front of the mouth terminate in sharp ridges of bone, and operate like knives to cut substances subjected to their action. At the extremity of these we have, on each side, above and below a tooth with one powerful point, more resembling a screw, or an awl, than a knife ; the remaining teeth are furnished each with several points on their upper surface, and as the jaws are not immediately nor immovably opposite each other, the lower jaw only is capable of motion, and the upper being immoveable, we perceive the action of the teeth to be that of the grinder of a mill : the mouthful of bread, for instance, is cut by the first teeth ; the crust is pierced by the second description of teeth ; and the whole is reduced to a uniform mass, of the smallest particles, by the remaining teeth. But how comes it to pass that, when thus triturated we are not choked by the small particles escaping into the windpipe ? To prevent this, and to assist us to swallow the morsel, Providence has furnished the mouth with reservoirs of saliva. Each cheek has a gland whose office it is to secrete the liquor ; and there is a large gland of the same description under the tongue. Now it does so happen that the very same action of the muscles which brings the jaws into play and grinds the food compresses these glands, and forces thence a regular and adequate supply of saliva. This action of the muscles is necessary to the production of this effect : the channel communicating between the gland and the mouth is an oblique or slanting one ; and hence it is

that we are not troubled with saliva except when we have occasion for it. The saliva mixes fully with the pounded mass, and the whole is now ready to be thrown into the throat ; but still there are many difficulties in the way, and many dangers to be provided against.

How is it possible to urge the morsel forward step by step till it shall arrive at the stomach ? and how is its passage effected, so as to escape the orifice of the windpipe, through which the momentary supplies of air are alone to be obtained ? To answer the latter of these questions first :

In the passage of the morsel into the gullet, if it fell by accident into the windpipe, the most serious consequences, even death, might ensue ; for if that were blocked up the result is obvious. It is wisely provided that the outlet of the windpipe is furnished with a valve, which opens backward on the mouth ; the morsel of food by the raising of the tongue is urged into the throat, and on its way presses down this valve or lid, which opens not till the danger has past. It has now arrived in the gullet, a tube composed of circular and longitudinal muscular fibres, which, like all muscles, have the power of contracting : the fibres which run lengthways shorten the gullet, and those which surround it contract it, and the contents fall down, just as when we thrust any substance into a sack by lifting it up and contracting it.

The morsel arrives at its receptacle, the stomach, and unless when appetite is wanting, it begins immediately to be acted upon. Appetite is probably created by a liquid, shed by the coats of the stomach on its inner surface, which is called the gastric juice. So powerful is its action that hardly any thing can resist dissolution ; as has been proved by the experiments made upon the

living bodies of different animals. This is peculiarly the case in some birds, and in beasts of prey. An ingenious physician of Italy found that even iron was dissolved in the stomach of a bird ; and gold itself cannot altogether escape solution. It is impossible to institute experiments out of the body, for not to mention that it ceases to be effused upon the death of the animal, it is always diluted and mixed with the pancreatic juice—a something resembling saliva, furnished by a gland lying in contact with the stomach. Though the gastric juice ceases with life, yet in the case of sudden death and especially in children, it has been known that it has eaten holes in the stomach ; and these corrosions are distinguished from the effect of inflammation by the absence of all turgescence in the vessels, by the previous history of the case,—as well as by their always occurring in that part of the stomach which happens to have been lowermost in consequence of the position of the deceased. By the heat and the action of the stomach the food is changed into a substance called chyme, of a pulpy consistence. Reduced to this state, it is urged onward, by a motion peculiar to the stomach and the whole intestinal canal, called the peristaltic motion. This is a worm-like undulation of the whole tube, which slowly urges the chyme into the duodenum, the first portion of the intestine ; there it is mixed with the pancreatic juice, and with the bile, the whole of the former and the thinner part of the latter mixing thoroughly with it, and now it is changed into a white fluid and called chyle. It flows onward with a very slow and languid current, and now mark the wonder-working hand of God ; there are innumerable vessels whose mouths open on the inner surface of the intestine, and these imbibe this precious stream ; they unite

together into one vessel which lies defended by the column of bone which sustains the body—the back bone—and instantly the vessel begins to ascend upward. The motion of its contents is assisted by the serpent-like twistings of the course of the vessel. Rising in a zigzag curve, and defended by its remote situation from the front of the body, and sheltered by the vertebræ behind, it proceeds upward and upward till it arrives at the neck, it there bends horizontally and empties itself into the jugular vein of the left side, as that vessel is carrying back its blood to the heart.*

The veins are those vessels which convey the blood back from all parts of the body to the heart. The arteries are vessels which contain a brighter kind of blood, and which convey it from the heart to all parts of the body. The vein, which has received the milk-like fluid, carries it to the right side of the heart, where it and the blood enter at once: from the opening which receives them they are urged forward by a sudden contraction of the heart, which is in fact a forcing pump, into the inner cavity. This sudden contraction gives way in an instant, a new gush of blood flows in and is urged out, and this is called the beating of the heart, which all the arteries in every part of the body have in a less or greater degree, and which in them is called the pulse. From the inner cavity of the right side of the heart a large artery goes out, which carries in succession all the blood of the body into the lungs. The lungs are a large quantity of air-cells, and may be

* The following part of this essay was left in an unfinished state by its lamented author.

compared to a honeycomb. But how does the air enter the lungs?—Through the windpipe from the nostril.

The artery of the lungs branches into a thousand minute vessels—and the windpipe, conveying the air, branches into almost an equal number; the blood in the small vessels is only separated from the air by their thin covering like net-work or silk; the air passes through into the blood, and the corrupted air is pressed out of the blood into the windpipe, and by it is conveyed out of the body. Great changes are effected in the blood by means of this apparatus :

1st. The colour is altered from what it was before. It came back to the heart dark-coloured and corrupted, deprived in a measure of its vital principle. It becomes in the lungs of a bright red colour; it is a pure stream, and ready to be sent again in its purified state into all parts of the body.

2. The milk-like fluid, or chyle, supplies the waste which the mass of the blood had sustained; pure air or oxygen is received from the windpipe, or air-cells proceeding from it, and it no longer retains its white colour or separate character, but is intimately and inseparably mixed with the rest of the blood, and constitutes one mass with it. Smaller vessels unite into larger, and the whole of the purple life-stream, now purified, is brought back from the steam engine to the forcing pump—the heart; or, as Solomon calls it, “the fountain” and “wheel at the cistern.” The blood enters the left side, and from the receptacle which receives it, it is urged into the inner part of the left side of the heart. A curious mechanism is to be found in the heart, to prevent the blood from flowing in any but its right direction. This consists of valves of flesh, which only open

in one direction ; and the instant a gush of blood has forced them open they fall down and enclose it in the chamber. From this inner apartment, the blood is powerfully thrust out into the large blood vessel, called the aorta, which dividing into innumerable branches as it proceeds, nourishes the whole of the body. Along all the limbs large arteries flow which divide and subdivide as they flow along, and every part of the body, however minute, is furnished with many little arteries ; for if a pin, or a sharp instrument be thrust into any part of the body, blood follows ; a proof that some small vessel has been wounded, its side has been pierced, and its contents effused. It is altogether an error to suppose that blood is anywhere to be found, except in these vessels ; but they are so minute and numerous as abundantly to supply every part. The important organs of sense are largely supplied.

But if the blood flows altogether in vessels, the question remains to be answered, how is the body nourished by it ? How does the body grow in size, whether as it respects height or breadth ? The arteries divide like a tree ; there is the great trunk, or stem, then there are large branches spreading on all sides ; these give off twigs, and they are multiplied and divided again and again. The extremities of these little arteries have open mouths, which, man knows not how, deposite a particle of muscle here and bone there, of fatty substance in a third place, and of skin in a fourth,—always in the right place. The renewal of the skin where a piece is rubbed off is a beautiful example of this ; you by and by observe a little jelly-like substance upon the wound : this comes from the artery of the skin ; soon this hardens, it becomes glossy, and it is a new skin. If a part be bruised, it looks blue for a few days, and

then recovers its colour: this is again another process by which another kind of vessels, the lymphatics, carry away the effused blood of the injured part. The blood furnishes all the secretions of the body, as the tears to the eyes, and every other.

The Author of being has told us (Gen. ix, 4) that "the blood is the life;" but it is not the soul; the mind is not material. How is the connection maintained between the soul and the body, the material and immaterial part of man? We answer, By means of the golden bowl and the silver cord, Eccles. xii, 4. By the former of these expressions commentators generally understand a delicate membrane, of a globular shape, which everywhere surrounds the brain; by the latter, the spinal marrow, from which and the brain beautiful white threads are sent all over the body, and are called nerves. By these we feel; by them the mind conveys its orders to the senses and the limbs, and receives again their reports—these are the messengers from the chambers of the soul. Do you ask where does it dwell? How does it convey its impulse? No man knoweth. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

"Our life is fed by thousand springs,
We die if one be gone,
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

But this after all is only the casket which contains the jewel; it is only the shell which surrounds the kernel, the covering of immaterial man: "I call it mine, not me; distinct as the swimmer from the flood." "I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well."

We have a soul capable of knowledge residing in this body, "majestic though in ruins." That soul can examine, can reason, and arrive at conclusions more or less certain. It can compare one subject with another. It can draw inferences. The mines of science and the riches of art are the produce of its labours. It can soar to that which is high, it can wing its flight to that which is afar off; it can penetrate a great deep; valleys are exalted, mountains are brought low before its painful tread. Nay more, the soul can communicate its knowledge: it makes sound the vehicle of sense; and one man, without impoverishing himself, imparts to thousands the riches he has accumulated.

The soul is capable of treasuring up what it has acquired; it has the faculty of memory, the power of recollection: many things are distinctly and almost constantly present to the memory, many more it can recall at pleasure.

The soul can not only examine the world of things which do appear, but it can call up a new world. It has the power of imagination, which travels beyond the visible diurnal sphere. By this we follow the traveller through all his journeys whithersoever he goes.

The soul has a power of choosing and rejecting, approving and disapproving. But alas! it is perverted from youth up. It has, above all, the power of affection, love and hatred. Bodily gratification gives some pleasure, that of the understanding more, but that of the affections most of all.

But why were all these powers given? why was man made in body and in mind the most glorious of the works of God—his body the temple of the Holy Ghost, the shrine of Deity? 1 Cor. vi, 19.

His understanding was given that he might know God ; his memory, that he might keep in remembrance all the words of that law which was given him : for in paradise man had no other use for this faculty. His imagination, that when he thought of God, he might lift up his head to the star-paved sky, to the place where he unveils his glory, where he is seen face to face : that when he heard the songs of birds or attempted the praise of his Maker, or caught the sound of celestial music from the angels who watched over him, he might imagine the incense evermore offered to the throne of God. His will was given, that he might evermore offer a willing, cheerful obedience to his Maker ; and his affections, that he might love him perfectly and serve him acceptably. Man has received a greater proof of divine love than even angels. To save fallen man he sent his Son Jesus Christ our Lord to die for him, to atone for him ; to exhibit a spotless example, and to obtain all spiritual gifts for man. In the formation of man and in his redemption, “marvellous are thy works, O Lord : and that my soul knoweth right well.” Praise ye the Lord.

LECTURES ON SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

“All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness : that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works,” 2 Tim. iii, 16, 17.

THERE are two considerations which go to prove that the “Scriptures” in question must have been the Old Testament. The writings of the New Testament were not then collected into an accessible volume ; and some parts of that book, such as the gospel of St. John and the Apocalypse, were not then written. And, again, the apostle congratulates Timothy on his early and intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures ; but in the early part of his life no part of the New Testament was committed to writing, therefore it must have been with the Old Testament that he was, from a child, familiar. Whatever is said in the text, therefore, applies especially to that portion of the Scriptures. We propose, however, for a reason to be hereafter explained, to limit your consideration of the passage, in its present application, to the *historical* and *narrative* Scriptures of the Old Testament.

We proceed to explain the clauses of the verse serialim.

I. “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.”

A gift supposes generosity on the part of the donor,

and necessity on the part of the befriended. Such were our ignorance and helplessness that we could never have arrived at the knowledge of the truth but for a divine communication, and such was the goodness of God that he did not leave us to ourselves. This clause, you will observe, is capable of a double interpretation ; and it may be a question whether the inspiration applies to the writer or the reader of Scripture. That it belongs to the former, seems probable from another passage, "*God in time past spake unto the fathers by the prophets,*" Heb. i, 1 : it is explained by St. Peter to mean, 2 Eph. i, 21, "*Prophecy came not in old time, by the will of man ; but holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*" One who was mighty in Scripture renders it, "All Scripture is inspired of God," thus happily avoiding the ambiguity of the expression : and he maintained that, in point of fact, the word of God, when it proves spirit and life to the believer, is carried into the heart by the inspiration of that very Being who at first gave the word. This opinion is rendered more probable by what St. Paul saith to the Thessalonians, "*For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance,*" 1 Thess. i, 5. Two truths suggested by the passage are equally beyond the reach of doubt. The communications of Scripture are such as unassisted reason could never have reached or imagined : and this is as true when the creation of the world, the fall of man, and the history of patriarchs, are in question, as when prophecy and gospel are regarded. And these communications asked the agency of the Divine Spirit, not only in the first instance, to afford them, but daily and hourly, to

render them of benefit to the individuals who peruse them. These were the Scriptures on which David meditated day and night, which he hid in his heart, and on which when he reflected, his heart burned within him, and he spake with his tongue.

II. We have stated the origin of the Scripture of God, and, of course, of the historical writings. We proceed to mention its uses.

1. "*It is profitable for doctrine.*" The word doctor means one learned in science, and himself a teacher of it. It follows that the corresponding word doctrine must mean the elements of a science or the act of teaching. Now the Old Testament is profitable, because it furnishes the basis of instruction in righteousness. From it we learn the innocence and the fall of man, and the means of his recovery, and in it we are furnished with many and memorable examples of men who "*out of weakness were made strong*" by the might of the God of Jacob. Human wisdom has affected to teach man all that it concerned him to know, but wo be to him who comes short, or goes beyond, the holy communications of this book; and, though to us they are abundantly more ample and enlarged than they were to the Israelites, yet they had "*a light in a dark place.*" We have no knowledge of God and of ourselves beyond what hath been revealed from on high, and it is really melancholy and affecting to think of the earnest and unsuccessful efforts which the most enlightened of heathen nations have made to acquire such a knowledge. And it is doubly affecting to think of the presumption and crime of those men in our own day who would be "*wise above that which is written;*" and who affect to teach what is widely different from that

which Scripture describes. It (to the comparative exclusion of every other thing) is "*profitable for doctrine*"—for it contains the only truth unmixed with error, the basis on which we may rest, the guide we may securely follow.

2. It is "*profitable for reproof*," that is, for the detection and exposure of error—for explaining wherein it consists and what is its blame. In this point of light the historical Scriptures are passingly useful. In the history of the fall and corruption of man they trace sin to its source in the heart, and to its origin in paradise. In the lives of the patriarchs, their every error and their every excellence is a reproach to us. We have fallen into their errors, and we have done so in the neglect of a higher and a brighter dispensation; and our sin is, in proportion, more offensive. These Scriptures furnish us with the reason and the measure of reproof; they explain to us what is offensive to God, and thus teach us to bow down under his mighty hand. The sin of the elders exposes ours; their faith, by which they "obtained a good report," is a reproach to our unbelief; their heavenly walk and conversation throw ours into the shade.

3. It is "*profitable for correction*." It were a small benefit to have errors exposed, if they were not corrected. It were a task as ungrateful as it would be unprofitable, to convince a man he was far gone from original righteousness, that he had very far wandered from the right way, if you were not prepared to reclaim his wanderings. How ungracious would it be for a man who finds his brother straying over the pathless desert without a guide, and amidst storm and darkness, to tell him that he has missed his path, unless he should direct him how to retrace the way by which he has

strayed long before. How cruel would it be for a mariner, who finds his brother driven on the ocean far from land, his compass lost, and without a chart to guide him through the trackless deep, to do no more than tell him he has missed his course; and, having told the unpleasant tidings, to bear away and leave him in his wretchedness and wandering. But Scripture not only exposes, it also *corrects* our errors; it finds us wandering, by a constant progression, from the living God; it reveals to us our condition, it corrects our errors; it leads us back again; we *return* unto Zion, weeping as we go. It sheds a light by which a path, otherwise not to be discovered, that leads into the right way, may be discovered. The lapse of Adam; the folly of the children of Seth; the sin of Cain; the devotion of Abel; the prevarication of Abram; the elevated faith of the father of the faithful; the treachery of Jacob; the constancy of Joseph; all are circumstances that tend either to correct the errors they expose, or to recommend the virtues they describe. Many a lesson of incalculable value, on the subject of sin and penitence, may be gathered from the Old Testament histories.

4. It is "*profitable for instruction in righteousness.*" Scripture not only forms our opinions when they are right, it not only exposes our wanderings, and reclaims our errors, but moreover instructs the reclaimed wanderer in what is holy and acceptable to God. How much this was needed, appears from the false ideas entertained of righteousness wherever Scripture was not. Among the Greeks and Romans, ambition, though it spread its conquests at the expense of sufferings intense and wide, was held to be praiseworthy: pride, though it swelled and corrupted the heart, was

esteemed to be laudable : indulgence, though it trampled on the restraints of temperance and purity, was looked upon as venial imprudence. Such was the instruction in righteousness which was afforded by the wisest of unenlightened men ; for they thought no crime of rapine and of blood might not be excused by a patriotic desire to exalt one's country, though with the ruin of peaceful and surrounding states. Of this Cato's " *Delenda est Carthago*" is a memorable proof ; and stands in gloomy contrast with the divine injunction, " *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself ;*" and with the lovely exemplification of this precept in the conduct of the good Samaritan. Now Scripture, in its historical details, is a teacher of righteousness. The justice of God is taught in the exclusion of Adam from paradise ; his goodness, in the original provision made for his restoration to happiness ; his grace and love, in the contemplated and typified sacrifice for sin ; the character of acceptable worship, in the rejection of Cain and the approbation of Abel ; the divine condescension and the nature of communion, in Enoch's life and translation ; the nature, the power, and purity of faith, in the character of Abraham.

III. The object for which Scripture was inspired.

" *That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.*" We might at first be led to imagine, that, as this epistle was primarily designed for the use of a minister of the gospel, this clause had an exclusive reference to certain attainments more eminently qualifying for the discharge of his highly important duties, which, by diligent study of the Old Testament, were within his reach. And we do not mean to deny that such a sense may be fairly affixed to the passage. While we make this admis-

sion, however, we cannot concede that this passage belongs exclusively to ministers of the truth. Private Christians need to be made "perfect" and to be "thoroughly furnished." The perfection here in question seems to us to be that of knowledge in all matters which respect doctrine, reproof, instruction, and correction. And knowledge, as it is itself a means to an end, is greatly to be desired.

"*Some have not the knowledge of God, I speak this to your shame,*" 1 Cor. xv, 34. "*If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them,*" John xiii, 17, in which passage knowledge is spoken of as being indispensable to performance. The study of Scripture, and such acquisitions therein as are here specified, give stability to our religious principles, steadiness to our experience, and consistency to our conduct ; and perhaps, one reason, and the most important of many, why we have so little of all these is, that we do not use the appointed means ; but it is to our shame, that when God hath revealed himself to man, we should be so little alive to the importance of receiving what revelation contains.

"That we may be *thoroughly furnished.*" But for the discoveries and examples of faith, man, with the best intentions of doing what was right, would often be at a loss how to proceed. We cannot err for want of light, for we are "*thoroughly,*" that is, abundantly "*furnished.*" For this reason, we have the history of one patriarch after another, of one great event and then of another ; we have "*line upon line, precept upon precept,*" that the truth which does not strike in one example may fix attention in another, and that none may fail of the benefit which these histories were intended to convey.

That the bearing of these remarks may be fully understood, it may be proper to announce that we offer them to you as a preface to a course of week-night lectures, on the historical Scriptures, the series to commence with the original innocence of man; his fall; the corruption of man and the deluge; and proceeding to give you in detail the history of the patriarchs. The instances and examples of faith which they present are many and valuable.

ADAM IN PARADISE.

“So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them,” Gen. i, 27.

THE subject of our last lecture was of so vast a character, and the remarks which it invited were so many and so various, that the difficulty lay in selecting and comprising such as might form a single discourse, and, at the same time, sufficiently explain the matter for the purposes of general edification.

We are now to speak of Adam as he came from the hands of his Creator; and, on this subject, our information is confined to a few hints which the sacred writers were instructed to give; and these must form the elements and ground-work of our observations.

To apprehend what Adam was in a state of innocence, we must inquire into the character of that great and gracious Being after whose likeness he was created. According to St. Paul, Rom. i, 25, “the Creator is blessed for ever,” and a similar expression occurs twice

in the writings of the same apostle. Now you need not to be informed that the terms "blessed" and "happy" are convertible ones, and that the blessedness in question implies happiness. As it exists in God, it must do so in its perfection. And since man was made in the image of the divine blessedness, he also was perfectly happy. He had not, and could not have, any proportion to the divine capacity of happiness, but after his measure, his cup was full to overflowing.

The happiness of Jehovah must be such as to secure a perfect exemption from misery, and a perfect enjoyment of unutterable felicity ; and Adam, created in his image, was exempt from all that misery, and had all that happiness, of which his nature was capable, and in the most ample degree.

I. He was a stranger to misery in all its forms. He knew nothing of pain or other causes which produce it. He was incapable of disease in any degree, however slight, and there was of course no tendency to disorder in his pure frame, and there was nothing on any side to create suffering. No accident was likely to occasion an injury or a wound : and thus Adam was completely exempted in his state of innocence from all that misery which his descendants, ever since his fall, have been daily enduring from this fruitful source of manifold distress. There is no arithmetic by which to compute what proportion of the sum total of misery belongs to disease ; but although computation is out of the question, every man's experience and observation are sufficient to show him, that a world in which disease had never appeared must have been a vastly different one from that which we now inhabit.

That we rarely enjoy the perfection of health may

be safely concluded from the fact, that persons having a good voice are very seldom entirely in tune ; it is only now and then, at long intervals, that such individuals feel themselves in complete possession of their faculty.

The same remark applies to the higher and more interesting case of a public speaker, as it is well known that he is able only to exercise his talent to his own satisfaction, and so as to do justice to himself, on rare occasions and in seasons peculiarly happy.

2. Adam suffered nothing from the pain of apprehension. As he knew no evil, either natural or moral, so he feared none. He knew not what it was to tremble and look upward ; to suffer from a blow not yet inflicted, and to experience the dread of affliction to be worse than the reality. In our present state our fears may answer the best of purposes, as they put us on our guard, and move us to caution and to vigilance, and often successfully put us on escaping from many an evil under which we might have been made to labour. But still they are the occasion of much sore travail under the sun.

That many an hour has been imbittered to us by the fears of evil that has never befallen us is perhaps not a matter seriously to be regretted, for independent of the benefit, in the shape of caution and vigilance we derived from them, there may be advantages of a moral kind deducible from our apprehensions. And it is moreover true, that to be saved from fear, while we are exposed to danger, is so far from being a good, that it would be a serious evil to us. But Adam was equally a stranger to all experience of calamity, and to all apprehension of it. Deducting the amount of all this wo, still there is a mighty surplus of misery to be accounted for.

3. Adam was free from the torment of sinful and unruly passions; such as anger and malice, lust and resentment, envy and jealousy; and the only fellow-inhabitant of earth was as pure and as holy as he was himself.

It needs neither sage nor moralist to tell us how large a part of all that man suffers is to be traced to these accursed passions. So truly is this the case, that this single idea of being exempted from these tormenting inmates of our corrupt hearts might occupy a long discourse. We might tell you a little of the woes of him in whose bosom anger burns like a fire, imbittering life to the man who entertains it: or of malice operating with all the steadiness of principle, and with diabolical zeal rejoicing in iniquity and in wretchedness: or of impurity craving indulgence which brings bitterness and remorse into the soul: or of revenge glowing with a hunger only to be satisfied by the sighs and the tears, perhaps the groans and the death struggle, of the unhappy victim, revenge which pursues its object to perdition, and leaps with him into Tophet; for he that forgives not shall not be forgiven. We might tell you how envy pines and sickens, and gnaws its own vitals, at the sight of excellence: or of jealousy which frowns upon a rival and plots his injury though at the expense of private and the public peace. We might tell you of wars and calamities, and we might dwell on the picture till our very hearts grew sick with the catalogue of woes. But Adam, as yet, had never tasted of the tree which bore fruit giving the knowledge of good and evil. Not one of all these accursed feelings found entrance into his heart. On the contrary, love and peace, purity and kindness, complacency and overflowing

comfort, filled and possessed his heart with continual rejoicings.

4. Adam was free from the torment of an accusing conscience, he knew nothing of the insufferable anguish of a wounded spirit, he knew not what it is to prefer strangling to life. All other misery is light compared to this, for the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but this is what none can bear. We have all felt the anguish which belongs to remembered transgression and forfeited peace. Some of us can recollect sleepless nights, during which we watered our pillow with bitter tears, and breathed from a burdened heart fruitless and unprofitable regrets. This suffering, if it issue in true repentance, is not to be repented of; but still in itself it is painful. To be without this visitation of an alarmed and disturbed conscience, when we have so much *occasion* to entertain fear, would not be desirable. Viewed in connection with the effects it may produce, it is a dispensation of mercy. But happy Adam had neither the grief resulting from "the barbed arrow of a frowning God," nor had he any occasion of alarm; all was peace and rectitude; his heart was a quiet home.

5. We shall merely mention farther, that Adam was not born to see his Eve decay and die, and then himself to sink and expire. He was neither exposed to the fear, nor to the visitation, of death.

II. The happiness of Adam was abundantly greater than is explained by these remarks: for to be free from misery which we have neither felt nor imagined is not a proof of happiness in the individual of whom this can be said. But our common parent had, in addition to a blessed exemption from all the miseries under which we labour, and in addition to a happy

ignorance of them all, the enjoyment of all the happiness of which his two-fold nature was capable.

1. The most perfect health was his, and such perhaps as none of his children now enjoy. We are not careful to watch our sensations, and it is not desirable that we should; but the probability is, that not a day passes over our heads without our suffering some degree of disorder either very slight or very acute. . The pleasurable feelings which belong to vivacious youth, the ceaseless mirth, the gleesome smile, the lively motion, the rapid glance, the elastic tread, are all to be referred to the full pulse of health—but alas! how soon the countenance becomes clouded, the eye grows wan, and the step falters—infirmity visits, and then dwells with us. But Adam and Eve had all the vigour and healthfulness which belonged to frames the immediate workmanship of God, at first hand from their Maker, and which he himself declared to be “very good,” excellent and perfect in themselves. A consequence of all this must have been that each enjoyed the most perfect beauty, such as the eye of fallen man has never witnessed in his species.

“Goodliest of all his sons, since borne,
And fairest of her daughters, Eve.”

There is a something in beauty which charms the sense with a feeling, upon occasions, which is as pure as it is lively, and God doubtless endued man with this sensibility to its attraction. But alas! my brethren, the faded remains of beauty which exist in this sinful world are frequently in union with disease. It is a remarkable fact that a great number of the finest countenances belong to persons of a diseased constitution: and we well know that every natural excellence is allied to corruption and to sin.

2. They had all the delight which the elements can impart. The air, instead of being loaded with noxious vapours diffusing disease and death, was perhaps impregnated with matters congenial to life and enjoyment : instead of being the scene of tempest and of cloud, it was calm, or only agitated by the summer breeze : instead of such variableness of temperature as now makes it the medium of scorching heat and chilling cold, it was so equable and so mild that the pure and holy pair needed no covering for protection ; and, because their thoughts were as pure and unadorned as their persons, they knew no moral purpose which concealment could answer. "Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, for even their mind and conscience are defiled."

Again, the earth had received the command (Gen. i. 11) to be fruitful, and from that expression, as well as from chap. iii, 18 and 19, we infer, that in paradise, that garden planted of the Lord, (chap. ii, 8,) the earth brought forth fruit of itself. It needed rather pruning to check its luxuriance than any encouragement to its growth. Every fruit and flower had the highest excellence of its nature, and grew uncultured and unblighted.

Thus was this place

"A happy rural seat of various hue,
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm ;
Others, whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste :
Between them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed :
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store :
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant. Meanwhile murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hill, dispersed, or in a lake,
(That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds) unite their streams:
The birds their choir apply. Airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of fields and groves, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours, in dances
Lead on th' eternal spring."—MILTON, book iv.

3. A state in which exertion is superfluous is not one suited to the corporeal faculties of man. To Adam and Eve was assigned the care of tending the garden of paradise, and in this delightful employment were they, six days out of the seven, to consume some of their hours. Doubtless the occupation every hour ministered something to nourish the understanding and the heart of man.

4. It was "not good for man to be alone," even in paradise, and, therefore, Eve was given to him to be his companion, his friend, his other self. And the circumstances under which she was given were such as unspeakably to endear the gift. What happiness they enjoyed in each other's society is what we can very hardly conceive—our joys are short, uncertain, and imperfect—but theirs were enduring, stable, and complete. What conversation must theirs have been, pure, unpolluted, vigorous, clear-sighted as they were.

You will have observed two things in the remarks now made. First, That the view we have taken of Adam's happiness has been one of contrast and comparison with our own state: for we neither feel interested in, nor can well conceive of, one that bears no resemblance to our own. Secondly, Our observations apply to the happiness of man in his corporeal and temporal

capacity; but he had blessedness of a spiritual kind and far different from that we enjoy.

1. He had supreme authority over all cattle and all fowl: and every living creature was impressed with a sense of his superiority: each with an instinct that bade him reverence man. This is now weakened where it is not destroyed. Each beast and fowl came to do homage and to receive its name, and whatsoever he called each, that was its name; by which expression we understand much more than that each retained the name he gave it. In Hebrew, a name is not simply an appellation, it is a character of the thing in question. Adam gave to each an appellation, and that was its character, whatsoever he called it; the name denoted something distinguishing in its nature, or habits, or form; and the name was a description of the creature.

2. He was enriched with knowledge.

St. Paul tells us, Col. iii, 10, this was included in that image of God in which man was created. The knowledge of Adam is to be inferred from this text, as well as from the facts, that he gave descriptive names to the lower creation as it passed before him, and that he at once apprehended the relationship of Eve,—“This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.”

As to the character of his knowledge, it would seem to have been intuitive, of a kind which rose in his mind of itself and without effort, or at least it would appear to have been gained with very little labour of thought, to have been vastly extensive, and to have been certain: whereas that of his children is all of it acquired, most of it the produce of much inquiry, experiment, and long-continued observation: and, with the exception of what belongs to revelation, the greater

part of it is uncertain and unsatisfying, and often, from the corruption of the heart, greatly confused. With respect to Adam, it may be supposed, if he knew so much of the brute creation, he was not ignorant of a thousand other equally interesting and important matters.

3. And again saith St. Paul, Eph. iv, 24, “And that ye put on the new man which *after God is created* in righteousness and true holiness. Righteousness we generally understand to be an attribute of conduct, holiness to be a character of the soul. Adam was then created with every disposition to what was right, although he should be tempted to what was wrong. In fact he could not sin without doing violence to his nature. The temper and spirit of his mind were all purity and rectitude. There was no secret, no original bias to that which is wrong. He had no constitutional infirmity or predilection to sin. Uprightness of conduct and purity of mind were as natural to him as was uprightness of attitude. Every thing like vice, in thought or deed, was unnatural to the pure and happy being. Our intellectual exercises are soon broken in upon by exhaustion in ourselves and by obstruction to our inquiry: but Adam knew no such difficulties to be encountered. Our spiritual joys are those of conquest, the sunshine of winter, the bliss of hope: but those of Adam were such as belong to full and composed delight, that asks no addition, and suffers no interruption.

And in all this happiness Adam had a companion able to share and to enlarge his bliss, to echo and swell the hymn of his praise. Their utterance was music, and their language was poetry.

4. Lastly, he had the converse of angels, and the vision of God.

We infer him to have been possessed of the former of these blessings from the very nature of his condition, and because such an enjoyment must have been a great and sensible addition to his happiness.

From the fact that angels frequently appeared to the patriarchs and prophets of old, and such appearances are introduced in such a manner as allows us to suppose that they were not the only ones that occurred. If angels appeared to fallen man, there is no reason to suppose that intercourse with them was denied to Adam ; every presumption is on the other side.

We cite the words of the tempter as proof of the thing. He said to Eve, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Now compare this with Psalm xcvii, 7, "Worship him all ye gods ;" collate this latter passage and its context with Heb. i. 6, "And let all the angels of God worship him." From all these passages we infer that Satan meant by gods, angels. He must be understood to have had that meaning, but how could he have been so understood if Eve had never seen an angel, or had never conversed with one ? We found our belief in the fact that Adam enjoyed the vision—perhaps, the converse of God—upon the passage, Gen. iii, 8, "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day ; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden."

Here the fact of an appearance is mentioned, and the purpose and the particulars of it are recited. And from the manner of the passage, I think it may be gathered that this appearance was neither the only one, nor yet the first. If they had not seen God, why think of hiding themselves, or imagine concealment was possible. Moses and Abraham talked with God,

and he revealed himself unto them under a veil: and the probability is that Adam saw God face to face, and eye to eye—he saw and lived.

We may imagine to ourselves that much felicity must have resulted from such exalted privileges; but the amount and the nature of it who can tell?

Such is a faint outline of man's happy state, taken under all the disadvantage of few materials and a distance of five millenniums and eight centuries.

Happy, thrice happy pair, ignorant of nothing but evil! possessed of every excellence, of all that is desirable! We should look back with regret, if we could not look forward with hope: but there are joys in prospect, there are glories in reversion, brighter and higher than those with which Adam was familiar: but on these subjects we shall be led to speak in detail when we come in the next lecture to treat of the fall of man from his high estate.*

APPLICATION.

This subject serves: 1. To rebut the doubts which infidelity would raise from the present condition of man as to the goodness of his Creator.

2. To magnify the grace and love of God in making man such a glorious and happy being as he was when he came from the hands of Jehovah—"a little lower than the angels, crowned also with glory and honour."

3. By comparison of that dispensation with every succeeding one, it explains to us "that he hath loved us with an everlasting love."

* These lectures, and some others, probably were not written out by the author, as they are omitted in these "Remains."

L O T

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“ And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city,” Gen. xix, 15.

Lot was, in many respects, very unlike his great kinsman, Abraham. He was by no means a generous or heroic man. His were not the piety and the faith of his uncle. And yet there were some amiable circumstances in his conduct; such, for instance, as his following the patriarch into Canaan; and his kind reception of the two strangers, when he dwelt in Sodom. But by far the greater part of his conduct bespoke a selfish and a covetous mind: and one thing, above every other, is remarkable throughout all the notices we have of his life, namely, that he was of a weak and irresolute temper of mind, susceptible of any and every impression, without long retaining the traces of the most powerful.

If we keep this leading remark in view, that irresolution and inconstancy (the one as the cause, the other as the effect) were the principal infirmities in his character, we shall then be able to account for several of his actions which, otherwise, would appear enigmatical. Smitten with the noble qualities of his kinsman, and overcome by his generous condescension, his heart overflowed with gratitude and admiration; so much so, that having learned that Abraham meditated a removal into some distant land, in consequence of a divine admonition to that effect, he volunteered his services to follow in his train; as though, like Abigail, when David

sent for her, he had counted it an honour to wash the feet of the servants of his Lord. His uncle did not decline his offer ; and they accordingly went together ; Lot partaking of all the fatigues and all the vicissitudes of Abraham's life and journey. Upon their return from Egypt into Canaan, Lot was now grown rich, having greatly increased in flocks ; and, being advised by Abraham, in a most generous manner, to leave him, he meanly determined to desert the man whose existence he had formerly identified with his own ; the man to whom he had looked up with that awe and veneration, most painfully felt by a little mind ; the man to whom, under God, he owed every thing he had, and every thing he knew. May I venture a conjecture ? Perhaps, one reason for his leaving Abraham was, that he felt himself hurt by the comparison ; and even his own servants must have seen the difference between the kinsmen. A weak mind, in the presence of a great one, is often depressed, as fire is extinguished by the light of the sun. By a *weak*, I do not mean an *uninformed* mind. Many a man of inferior attainments is truly amiable, and has the essentials of genuine greatness. It were frivolous to object that Lot could not do otherwise. Might he not have requested Abraham to exercise such a degree of authority over both their husbandmen as to restore the general tranquillity ? and that too without any unmanly concession on his part, for Abraham had been a father unto Lot. Surely his conduct, on this occasion, is enough to provoke the suspicion, that he only accompanied the patriarch into Canaan that he might share his temporal blessings.

But the most grievous part of his offence is yet to be told. When his uncle gave him his choice of pasture

ground, he saw there was a great difference between the fertile plains of Jordan and the less fruitful valley in which they then were. He felt a warfare in his soul. On one hand, gratitude and reverence told him that he should cede the better share to Abraham; and, on the other hand, avarice and selfishness whispered delightfully the charms of the abundant plain. *Now*, he would relinquish the mean idea of choosing the latter, and congratulate himself on his internal conquest. In the *next moment*, he would abandon the generous emotion, until, at length, covetousness having got full possession of his soul, he took the plain fair as the garden of Eden. O! how he would feel the stings of remorse, as, step by step, he withdrew from Abraham! His sin would appear exceedingly sinful; but his emotions were only transient.

Of the circumstances that followed the battle of the kings, as Lot was rather passive than active, we need not take any notice. Were we, indeed, desirous of amusement, the subject would admit of description and decoration. But our end is moral instruction.

The description given us of Sodom and Gomorrah proves the exceeding beauty and fertility of that region. The soil was very rich and the vegetation luxuriant and abundant. It had the advantage of a serene sky, and an almost vertical sun. And its streams were so abundant and numerous as to entitle the land to be called a "well-watered garden." The entailed curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was scarcely felt there; for very little culture was required by the land. Surely then the inhabitants were as exempt from moral stain as the land was from the entailed curse! Surely this would be the golden age of comparative innocence and justice! Surely the lingering traces of

innocence as well as of fertility were here ! No such thing. The people were "sinners before the Lord exceedingly." They surpassed and outdid all others in iniquity. Hear it, ye ends of the earth ! This highly favoured people, whose land was full of all good temporal things, were empty of all spiritual good. Abundance begat ease, and relaxed the industry of labour : idleness gendered effeminacy ; and a torpor of every intellectual perception, and an apathy of moral feeling were alone conspicuous. The most unnatural lusts were indulged without a blush. The awful purity and delicacy of Scripture language forbid the mention of their crimes, otherwise than in general terms. But we learn that they were such as to bring down a signal display of the divine vengeance ; not only for the punishment of the guilty individuals, but also that as many as were afar off, and as many as were near, might know of a surety that the Lord, he is God ; and cannot behold iniquity with any approbation or allowance.

Lot abode long among this people ; and submitted to their company and acquaintance, that he might enjoy their temporal blessings. "Religion in the heart," saith one, "is like a spark kept alive in the ocean." When our situation is providential, we may confidently hope the divine aid. When we choose our own situation, and walk into danger with our eyes open, we must take the consequence. Wide is the difference between the confidence of faith and the presumption of folly. Two angels set their faces toward Sodom, and arrived there in the evening. Lot was sitting in the gate of the city, and arose, on perceiving the strangers, to invite them into his house. His courteous invitation was at first declined ; but at length they yielded to his importunity, and consented to turn aside with him.

Immediately an abundant repast was prepared for the strangers. The duty of hospitality is very highly rated in the east: and is the more necessary, since there are few caravansaries, or houses of public entertainment. The entertainment of strangers was considered a paramount duty, in every simple clan, insomuch that the host was bound to defend his guests with life. When the feast was concluded, and the family were about to retire for the night, a clamour was heard without of a mob demanding that the strangers should be brought out to them. Lot sought in vain to pacify them, with proposals carried to the most unjustifiable lengths. The rage of the people increasing, the angels came, and drew Lot within the house; and then smote the multitude with blindness; and, thereby, freed the family from any farther annoyance. The angels now informed Lot of the divine intention to destroy the cities of the plain. They urged him to leave the place; and to take with him all who were dear to him. He went to his sons-in-law; but he seemed to them "as one that mocked." They were much too wise to be disturbed. "And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city." Still Lot lingered. And it was not until after repeated admonitions, and a permission to tarry at Zoar, that he set out in good earnest.

On his arrival at Zoar, the awful judgment immediately took place. "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire, from the Lord, out of heaven." The plain was full of sulphur. Now the lightnings poured in sheets from above, the sulphur was inflamed. Probably some dreadful eruptions took place from the bowels of the earth; and

the wide-extended plain, in a few hours, presented a scene of frightful desolation. The cheerful face of the country, the spicy grove, the silver stream, the appearances of population, were all gone : and scarce a wreck remained behind. Water soon covered the plain ; and it is now called "the dead sea."

In the hurry of this flight, probably Lot never perceived the loss of his wife, who, for disobedience, had been changed into a pillar of salt, till he had reached Zoar, where he did not long remain ; but fled to the mountains, and there abode with his two daughters. The weak, irresolute man was twice beguiled into drunkenness, and twice betrayed into incest. Much has been said on this subject, in extenuation of the conduct of Lot and his daughters. But he is never again mentioned in the history of the Old Testament. They who forget God shall be forgotten of him. It is evident, from this part of the recital, that his family had suffered from the society of the Sodomites. On the whole,

1. Mark, I beseech you, the folly of inconsistency. There is not a meaner trait which can belong to any man than inconsistency. Let him occasionally display the most amiable qualities ; let him appear in the most endearing relationships ; let him, now and then, exhibit the most self-denying virtue ; and yet we withhold from him our love and esteem ; and his example, except in so far as it is monitory, must be useless. He is "every thing by turns, and nothing long." No one can be benefited by his friendship : for, at one time, he is all ardour ; at another, cold and suspicious. No one can be bettered by his piety : for when our attention has been awakened by the warmth of his zeal, on a sudden we find him cold, trifling, and even sinful. The religion of Jesus, the crucified, like the life of its founder,

is uniform and consistent. There may be inequalities; but there are no differences. Our religious profession is dubitable, if our religious disposition be confined to fixed places and times. I will not say that there is not a becoming gravity, suitable to the house of prayer; and which it is not necessary to carry into the hurry and bustle of life. Nor do I assert that there is any thing criminal in the glow of pleasure that diffuses itself over the domestic or social circle. But I must observe that the solemnity of behaviour displayed in God's house is vain and frivolous, if it proceed from no higher motive than regard to decency. And if it spring from a single aim and wish to please God, the same motive which expresses itself by such conduct *then* will have its influence, though often unobserved by the many, whenever and wherever the Christian is seen. The public devotion is but the livelier expression of that energetic principle which always lives and operates within his breast. The spirit of religion should infuse itself into all we do, and all we say. There should be an indescribable something, bearing the stamp and influence of piety, in our most inconsiderable actions. When I have seen and conversed with some aged Christians, I have thought, as one said, that "they carried an atmosphere of piety around them." They seemed like men who had some pleasing theme of reflection on which they delighted secretly to dwell, an inward fountain of peace from which they were constantly satisfied.

2. Observe, in the second place, the importance of good company. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Lot, in Abraham's company, seemed to be of the same spirit. But O! how affecting, how debased, is the latter part of the story! How low did he fall! The last

state of this man was worse than the beginning. Let us hope that he obtained forgiveness. We are expressly told, that because the Lord “remembered Abraham, *therefore* “sent he Lot out of the midst of the overthrow.” How important was such a connection ! Had he continued with Abraham, Lot might have retained his property, his family, his character, and the favour of God.

3. See the divine abhorrence of sin and sinners. Man flatters himself with the idea that God regardeth not ; and lulls to forgetfulness his torpid conscience. But God ariseth to judgment. The sun shone with unclouded ray ; and the morning breathed its wonted sweetness. But silence and solitude, death and desolation, soon spread over the fruitful and populous country. God, who is ever observant, hath a thousand instruments of destruction—the lightning, the flood, the winds of the east, the burning eruption, all wait but his summons to bring desolation on any part of the world. But a more awful, because a more general catastrophe, is at hand ; when, “the heavens shall pass away with a great noise ; and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness.”

JOSEPH.—PART I.

“Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours
Gen. xxxvii, 3.

AT this period, Rachel, the mother of Joseph, was dead, and Benjamin, his youngest brother, was but a child. Israel, his father, was dwelling in the land of Canaan, and sinking into the decline of life. He had surmounted the keen trials which the imprudence of his daughter, Dinah—the cruelty of two of his sons, Simeon and Levi—and the iniquity of his first-born, Reuben, had occasioned to him. He felt particularly attached to Joseph, as “the son of his old age,” the offspring of Rachel, now departed. And probably Joseph was already giving the early promise of those virtues which in after life, enabled him to govern a nation and save people: and paternal affection would magnify every virtue, and heighten every accomplishment. Who, but a parent, can tell a father’s joy as he fondly tells of the doings and the sayings of his son? Did you mark his sparkling eye? Did you note the eagerness of his manner? O! frown not; turn not away; but reflect, with wonder, on that mysterious tie which binds the parent to his child, for purposes unspeakably valuable. The repulsive character of his other children would increase his regard; and Joseph shone the brighter by the contrast.

Joseph was very susceptible of vanity. In the circle in which he moved he was the most attractive figure. His situation was truly a dangerous one. To be caressed is what few can bear, even after they have

passed through a series of trials, and after they have obtained the stability of the rooted principle of piety ; how much less before ? This propensity was increased by the present which his father made him of “ a coat of many colours.” And here we have a specimen of the simplicity of the times. It is said, “ Israel made” it, probably with his own hands. This partiality, which prudence should have restrained, produced its inevitable consequences. In the same proportion that Israel loved Joseph, his brothers envied and hated him ; so that, at last, all friendship was extinguished between them, and they could not speak peaceably to him. “ From Simeon, Levi, and Reuben, their father’s affections were already alienated ; and Joseph had brought an evil report against Dan and Asher, Gad and Naphtali, the hand-maid’s children. This also had its effect upon them ; and the old man seemed to think they were as goads in his side, to embitter the short residue of his days. Inexperienced and unsuspecting as Joseph was, he soon added more fuel to the flame. He had two remarkable dreams, which, for reasons with which we are not fully acquainted, he thought proper to divulge. Youth is apt to suppose that it does no harm when it means none ; and that, when there is no insincerity in the intention, there can be no impropriety in the conduct. His first dream was, that as they were all reaping in the field, his sheaf arose, and stood erect, while the sheaf of each of his brethren bowed in homage before it. The interpretation was obvious ; and when he had told his brethren the dream, they asked him if he thought to be their ruler ? This supposed insult neither conciliated their regard, nor diminished their hatred. Whether it were from petulance, or a divine impression,

(probably, from the event, the latter,) he told them another dream of similar import, but of still more extensive application, and in his father's presence; namely, that "the sun, and the moon, and the eleven stars had made obeisance" to him. His father, who conceived of the matter as the idle vagrancy of the youthful imagination, was displeased with him for cultivating such day-dreams as could thus influence his sleeping hours, and rebuked him, saying, "Shall I, and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" Upon farther reflection, his father was struck with the dream, and pondered what the end of these things might be. Unquestionably they preintimated Joseph's exaltation; but before he could be fitted for this, it was necessary that he should pass through much affliction. It is *one* thing to *have* power and riches; *another* to know how to use them. The acquisition of many things good in themselves would be fatal to many. Seldom, indeed, have we heard of any "wise men after the flesh," any "mighty," or "noble," becoming eminent for piety, who have not first had to pass through the furnace, that the gold might be refined from the dross. Adversity is the school of wisdom. Many pass through it without benefit. A few assiduous scholars come forth as gold from the fire, seven times purified. Adversity shows a man his own weakness. Surrounded with abundance, a man is scarcely sensible how few of his advantages are owing to himself. His estimate of men and things is generally false. Divested of these extrinsic advantages, he stands upon his own feet; and begins a profitable acquaintance with himself and with the world.

Keeping these remarks in mind, we begin the story of Joseph's affliction. His brethren had gone to Shechem

to tend the flock there; and Joseph was sent, by his father, to inquire after their health. They had removed to Dothan; and thither he followed them. As he drew near, they coolly proposed to kill their own brother; to conceal the body, by throwing it into a pit; and to hide their own cruelty and guilt, by reporting that a wild beast had slain him: and then, said they, "we shall see what will become of his dreams." Reuben had interest enough with his brethren to prevail upon them not to shed his blood; but not enough to make them change their sentiments. No sooner had Joseph arrived, than they stripped off his coat, and cast him into a pit, with the cruel intention of leaving him to perish. Reuben had designed to extricate him; but before he could accomplish his object, a company of Ishmaelites happened, in his absence, to pass that way; and, at the proposal of Judah, for the sake of gain, his brethren lifted Joseph out of the pit, and sold him for twenty pieces of silver. Scarcely any imaginable conduct could be more cruel than this of Joseph's brethren. They had banished him, apparently for ever, from his family; and had consigned him to the most unhappy condition of life. They made no allowance for his boyish forwardness, his inexperience, and untutored simplicity. On the most trivial grounds, they cherished an envy and jealousy, a malice and revenge, which moved them to the deliberate murder of their own brother, for in their purpose and intention they did commit murder; and to the infliction of the severest mental torture upon their own father, by the vile artifice with which they deceived him into the opinion that an evil beast had devoured his favourite son. It may here be observed that the curse of Jacob's life, from youth to

age, was the system of favouritism which prevailed, first in Isaac's, and then in his own family.

Joseph was carried by these merchants, heedless of his tears and youth, into Egypt; where he was sold to Potiphar, "an officer of Pharaoh, and captain of the guard." By degrees, his diligence and success in his labours attracted his master's notice; and he raised him from the more servile to more reputable employment; so that, at length, he became overseer of Potiphar's house. A peculiar blessing attended all that he did, and he was careful to prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. His trial had been blessed to him; and he feared, trusted, and served God: and God blessed the Egyptian, for his sake. Things were in this state when a circumstance occurred which, though highly honourable to Joseph, plunged him into the deepest misfortune. The wife of Potiphar indulged an illicit attachment for him; and shamelessly avowed it to him. In vain did he appeal from her passion to her understanding and conscience, saying, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" "She spake to Joseph day by day;" and, on one occasion, laid hold of him. He, to avoid her importunity, left his garment in her hand and fled. Shame and mortification instantly changed (a transformation by no means uncommon) her lust into deadly hate; and she determined upon a cruel revenge. She charged him with attempting the very crime to which she had tried, in vain, to seduce him; and thus awoke the jealousy and anger of Potiphar against Joseph, so that, without farther inquiry, he cast him into the king's prison. Even there the divine blessing followed him; and he daily won upon the good opinion of the jailer. So high, indeed, did he rise in his esteem that every indulgence,

consistent with the keeper's safety, was allowed him; and he was made a kind of agent, to transact the jailer's business for him. This trust he executed with fidelity and success; for the Lord was with him, and blessed him.

Perpetual imprisonment seemed now to be his destiny; and, though he might weep when the recollection of his father's house came across his mind, it is not improbable that he was, in a great measure, resigned to his fate. And yet how hard was that fate!—a prisoner in a foreign land, precluded from the hope of seeing kindred or friend; shut out from the cheerful face of day; languishing without hope of release; buried alive, while yet the ardour of youth is untamed; loaded with suspicions of the basest crimes; the subject of cruel oppression and malignant revenge; all this must have been very painful to be endured. But it is written, “he carrieth the lambs in his bosom;” and who can limit, or measure, the divine support? And deliverance, in a very unexpected way, was at hand.

Among the prisoners under Joseph's care were two persons of distinction; namely, the chief butler, and the principal baker of Pharaoh. It is said by one commentator, upon I know not what authority, that they were committed to prison on suspicion of having attempted the king's life. On one occasion Joseph observed in both of them an unusual depression of spirit, which, upon inquiry, he found to proceed from a remarkable dream that each had dreamed; and the purport of which not a little perplexed them. Joseph encouraged them to tell him all the particulars of their dreams, saying, “Do not interpretations belong to God?”—intimating thereby that, perhaps, God might, by him, give an explanation of the visions they had seen.

The chief butler then told him, he had imagined himself in a vineyard; that three luxuriant clusters of grapes were before him; "which," said he, "I took, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup; and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand." On this he awoke to the bitter reality of the contrast between his *present* and *former* condition. Joseph immediately gave him such an interpretation of his dream as banished his dejection, assuring him that, in three days, his captivity should cease, and he should be restored to his office and his home. "But," said he, "think on me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me; and make mention of me unto Pharaoh; and bring me out of this house. For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon." The readiness with which Joseph gave this interpretation, the simplicity of the interpretation itself, and the request founded upon it, all together wrought a conviction in the minds of the chief butler and baker of its correctness. The former, doubtless, purposed to use all his influence for the enlargement of his young friend; and the latter hastened to tell his dream, in the hope of an event equally happy. "I also was in my dream," said he, "and behold I had three white baskets on my head; and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head." "The three baskets," said the youthful prophet, "are three days. Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee." These events occurred exactly as predicted. Within three days the chief butler was

restored to his office ; and the deed of death was done upon the chief baker.

Joseph now, naturally enough, looked forward to the speedy termination of his imprisonment ; but day after day passed away, until "hope deferred" had made his "heart sick," and he was wedded to despair. "I have made," he would be ready to say, "but a deeper plunge into misfortune. God hath surely forgotten to be gracious ; and his mercies are clean gone for ever. My dreams, which, when in Potiphar's house, I thought were about to be realized, are now coming to naught ; and their accomplishment seems more distant and more unlikely than ever." And still the buoyancy of youthful spirit, and, still more, the support and smile of God, would check these desponding thoughts ; and soothe his mind to the tone of resignation. And when the heart is brought to resign itself into the hand of God, and to say, "It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth him good ;" then it is that the sufferer proves the grace of God to be sufficient for him.

"When the wounds of wo are healing,
When the heart is all resign'd,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind."

And here we pause in the history.

To young persons, a lesson of unspeakable importance is here held out. They may learn to be resigned to that obscurity which, in early life, must be the portion of nine-tenths of those who, in after life, will make a prominent figure on the public stage : but that obscurity and comparative neglect are, really, little to be regretted. Many a genius, but for these, had been checked in his mid-course by too intense an admira-

tion—so true it is that few are admired till they cease to be admirable. Had Joseph attained his ultimate exaltation without passing through the intermediate steps, it is probable his conduct would have been different from what we find it. Too warm a sun relaxes exertion.

We are farther taught diligently to cultivate the graces most adapted to our circumstances. The docility and industry of Joseph in Potiphar's house ; his reverence for God ; his gratitude to his master ; his mighty victory over himself ; his uprightness and integrity, both there and in prison, will give interest to his story while the world shall last. O that, incited by his example, many may study and imitate his character ! Alexander conquered the world ; but fell a victim to his own lusts. Joseph subdued himself, and saved a nation.

We may also learn to exercise confidence in the goodness of God, under circumstances the most discouraging. Did we know nothing of Joseph's history more than has been related, we might almost have been led to doubt an overruling providence. Here is innocence persecuted, and piety rewarded with a prison ; where, in consequence of his resisting evil, Joseph is permitted to languish during two or three whole years. His father, meantime, mourned his supposed bereavement, and doubtless cast many a heart-rending look at the "coat of many colours" stained with blood. But God had purposes of love, which Jacob lived to see unfolded. His son was taken from him for a season, that he might abide with him for ever : and that in a higher than a literal sense ; for had Joseph continued in Canaan, the idol of his father, and the detestation of his brothers, in a situation where fondness and envy might have destroyed the best of dispositions, the

probability is, that he would never have been the heir of Abraham's faith, in life ; nor, in death, have been borne to Abraham's bosom. "O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out !" But supposing Jacob had been gathered to his fathers before the mysterious providences respecting his son had been explained ; supposing he had died with the idea that Joseph had passed the flood before him ; *that* circumstance would *not* have altered the character of the gracious providence which

"Watches every number'd hair,
• And all our steps attends."

Let us then learn to trust in God, "though clouds and darkness may be round about him." To a certainty, we shall not live long enough to see every intricacy solved, to have every doubt explained, and every difficulty removed. Before we shall be able to understand many mysterious providences, we must enter into the invisible world. "When I thought to know this," said the psalmist, "it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God." And when we reach the upper sanctuary, we shall know the end. Until then we must "walk by faith, not by sight."

Lastly, let us ask of God "who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," grace whereby, as Joseph did, we may "serve him acceptably, with reverence and godly fear." To this alone was he indebted for the purity, uprightness, and discretion he displayed. These had not their source in his natural disposition, for they never have such an origin. They proceeded not from a regard to his father's peace, or his own reputation ; for he

might have sinned, to all appearance, with advantage to his worldly interests, and without the knowledge of his father. They sprang from "the fear of the Lord," which is, "to depart from evil;" and "happy is the man that" thus "feareth always."

JOSEPH.—PART II.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt," Gen. xli, 41.

THE history of Joseph has been popular in all ages; and no wonder. The pen of uninspired man never succeeded in delineating a character of equal excellence. And his is drawn in a manner so touchingly simple; there is such an admirable keeping of character; such a train of wonderful, yet not improbable events, throughout; such variety of beauty to engage each man's peculiar affection, that we find, as might have been expected, youth affected by his virtues and trials; age, with his filial reverence; the man of study, with his fortitude; the worldling, with his sudden elevation; and the pious, by his exemplary self-denial in one instance, and his deep piety through the whole of his public life.

In the prison, where we last left him, Joseph remained for two or three years after the butler's restoration. His last hope of deliverance was, probably, extinguished. During the whole of this period, we learn nothing concerning him; but we may infer, from the whole of his recorded history, that he grew in favour, both with God and man. The sweetness of his disposition was mani-

fest in all his conduct ; and (what is exceedingly rare) was accompanied with an unusually fervent piety, and an understanding well cultivated and well furnished. With the character of a philosopher, and the spirit of a saint, he would employ his thoughts, not in useless and unavailing regrets, but in planning and executing schemes for his own improvement and the benefit of others. He might have his moments of depression, when saddening recollections stole across his mind ; but his remembrance of the past was not imbittered by a consciousness of unrepented iniquity. He could trust in God, and God blessed him. Though plunged into the depths of adversity ; though all its waves and billows rolled over him ; yet he rose superior to them all.

After a considerable time, the Egyptian king had two remarkable dreams, which made a deep impression on his mind. It was in vain he tried to forget them ; and it was equally in vain he sought an explanation of them. He summoned all the magicians of Egypt, men who cultivated astronomy and the sciences, who affected a skill in astrology, and professed to foretell future events from the aspects of the stars ; but they failed to divine the matter, and the monarch's anxiety and gloom were apparent to every one. It was now that the chief butler called to mind the happy interpretation of his dream, which he had received from the Hebrew youth. Hoping at once to discharge an obligation to a benefactor, and to confer one on his sovereign, he frankly told the whole of the circumstances which had occurred before his liberation. The case was too much in point to be overlooked. It was the exact moment in which the ear of Pharaoh was open to such a communication. He immediately sent for

Joseph. It has been thought that, but for a suspicion of his innocence, Potiphar would, long before this, have put Joseph to death; and that it was only out of regard to his own and his wife's character that he detained him in the "king's ward." But this critical occasion was too urgent for the operation of minor considerations. The royal command was hastily brought to the prison; and Joseph was hurried from a dungeon to a court. After suitable preparation, he was introduced to Pharaoh; and questioned by him, whether he were not skilled in the interpretation of dreams. "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace"—was his modest and pious reply. Pleased with his answer, the king informed him that he dreamed he was walking on the banks of the Nile; and saw seven fat kine ascend out of the river, and feed in a meadow; that, immediately after them, there came up seven others, but as lean and as sickly as the others had been fat and well-favoured; that his imagination pictured the latter devouring the former, without any increase to their bulk, or any improvement in their appearance. Again he dreamed: the scene was changed; and he saw seven good ears of corn on one stalk; and then "seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them, and devoured them." A ray of heavenly light instantly darted into the mind of Joseph; and discovered the interpretation of the two dreams, which he immediately communicated to the king. "What God is about to do," said he, "he sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. And there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; for it

shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God; and God will shortly bring it to pass." He went on to recommend it to Pharaoh as an expedient plan, that overseers should be appointed to treasure up, in storehouses, the fifth part of every abundant year's produce, which might furnish a stock for the anticipated famine.

The mind derives a peculiar delight from the sudden apprehension of a truth of which it had, previously, only a vague and cloudy conception. It exults in the possession of a treasure whose parts and properties it can now define. The feeling of *that* moment is just as pleasing as that of *the one preceding* it was disagreeable. Such was Pharaoh's present situation. Egypt is not watered by rain, but by the periodical overflowing of its great river, the Nile. This overflow is supposed to be occasioned by the tropical rains, descending from the Abyssinian mountains, near the source of the Nile. The increased, and increasing body of water, when it enters Egypt, is no longer confined within its banks; and, the ground being previously prepared, and the seed sown, the rich, slimy wave rolls over the wide plains, which remain inundated for some months every year. When it retires, the warmth of the sun rapidly matures the harvest, which, in most cases, is very abundant. The inhabitants, having retired to the high grounds at the approach of the Nile, return to the plains soon after its recession. The river is their pride and their glory, all their abundance depending upon it; since if, in any year, the overflow should not occur, famine and desolation would ensue. On hearing Joseph's interpretation, the mind of Pharaoh would instantly recognise the connection

between abundance and the overflowing of the Nile, and the sad reverse. Perceiving also the propriety of Joseph's advice, he immediately called a council of state, to the members of which he proposed, after giving the requisite information, that Joseph should be made a public officer, for the purpose of providing against the coming famine. Joseph was, forthwith, installed into his office. As his worth became more and more apparent, Pharaoh's fondness increased; and he raised him to the first dignity to which a subject could be admitted. Joseph was made prime minister and viceroy. He had all the outward insignia of rank: he was invested with a robe; and adorned with a chain of gold; and was honoured with Pharaoh's own ring. He received a new name, probably to designate his new office; was married to a daughter of one of the Egyptian princes; and was placed by Pharaoh over all the land of Egypt.

It may here be remarked, that there was a peculiar providence in the whole of this affair; and in nothing was it more remarkable than in the selection of the *time* when Pharaoh was told of Joseph. Had the butler reported the case of Joseph as soon as he himself was restored, the probability is, that he might have been released from prison, but still retained as a slave; and have passed into other hands. Instead of this, he was allowed, by the wise providence of God, to remain in prison till the very time when a path should be opened up to him from a dungeon to a palace. What a short-sighted creature is man! Joseph, doubtless, thought himself forgotten of God and man at the very time that all things were working together for his good. Does not this teach us a lesson which we are bound to improve?

But how did Joseph bear his new dignity? Even in the bosom of a court, in the midst of unwonted adulation, and exposed to a thousand temptations, of which a proud confidence in his talents was not the least; he was enabled to retain his integrity, his humility, and his piety. A court was, probably, then, what it has been ever since, the grave of virtue. Its pestilential vapour enervates and destroys the moral constitution. We have heard of men who resided in places where the plague slew its thousands daily, and where death was glutted with its prey, who yet escaped unhurt. And such a one was Joseph—upright, conscientious, godlike, even in a court! His rigid and impartial historian, Moses, mentions not one circumstance to his discredit. His situation was a very difficult one. The eyes of the whole nation were upon him. The elevation to which he was so suddenly raised, the rapid accumulation of his honours, the circumstance of his having been a Hebrew and a shepherd, and, above all, the prophecy which he had delivered, and on the fulfilment of which his safety depended, were all calculated to awaken jealousy and suspicion; and seven years had to elapse before the predicted period of famine would arrive. Not one in a thousand could have survived the snares of such a situation. But Joseph stood

“Firm as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.”

During the seven years of plenty, numbers, seeing the uncommon abundance year after year, and conceiving the recurrence of the Nile's overflow to be as certain as the rising of the sun, would laugh at Pharaoh's precautions. But, at length, to the astonishment of all, in

the eighth year of Joseph's vice-royalty, the Nile did *not* overflow : and there was a famine, not only in Egypt, but, it is said, in all the earth, probably in all the land of Egypt and its neighbourhood. Joseph now opened his storehouses, and began to sell the corn he had treasured up ; for the people cried unto Pharaoh, and Pharaoh directed them to Joseph.

The famine extended to Canaan ; and Jacob's family began to be in want. A report having reached them that there was corn in Egypt, the sons of Jacob set out to purchase bread for their father, themselves, and their little ones. During this long interval we hear nothing of the venerable patriarch. Undoubtedly the multitude of his sorrows, and the recollection of his loss, though the impression had been weakened by the obliterating hand of time, still pressed heavily upon him. The anguish of his soul, when first he beheld "the coat of many colours," stained with blood, could never be wholly forgotten. And now famine was superadded. His ten sons, by his direction, went down into Egypt, and stood before Joseph, whom, on account of the alteration effected by the lapse of several years, the change in his dress, &c., they knew not ; but who, in an instant, recognised them. The first of his dreams was now fulfilled—they bowed before him. Resolving to supply their need in the end, but wishing first to gratify his filial curiosity respecting his father, and to remind them of their cruelty, he did not make himself known to them ; but questioned them with an appearance of rudeness, as though they were spies, confined them for three days, and then dismissed them with abundance of corn, secretly returning their money in their sacks. But first, he bound Simeon before their eyes, and retained him as a hostage, till they should verify their

assertions, that they were true men, ten out of eleven sons, by bringing their younger brother, Benjamin, before him. This proceeding greatly distressed them; and conscience, which had been silent while every thing went on with its accustomed regularity, now brought their faults to their remembrance, and led them to general confession. "We are verily guilty," said they, "concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear. Therefore is this distress come upon us." Little did they imagine they were in the presence of that injured brother; or that he well understood their language and their allusion, while they believed they were speaking in a tongue unknown in Egypt! How keen are the stings of conscience!

The nine brethren returned, meeting with one inexplicable and ominous circumstance by the way, namely, the discovery of the money of one of them, in the mouth of his sack; and a similar discovery in all the sacks, at the end of their journey. They reported all they had heard and seen to their aged parent, whose heart was still exquisitely sensitive to the bitter trials he was called to sustain. Callous, indeed, must that heart be that can read the last three verses of the forty-second chapter of Genesis unmoved. What a moving picture of distress! There is something tenderly touching in the grief of an aged person, especially if he be a character of worth and piety. His grief uttered no loud complaint. Nature was unable to be vehement. But his look is one that speaks unutterable things, in the expression of its sorrow. His tears flow silently over his aged cheek. His reverend gray locks hardly shade his downcast eye. And as he smites his brow in agony, he exclaims, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye

will take Benjamin away : all these things are against me." That man must be dead to every feeling that endears and ennobles humanity, who, with such a scene before his eyes, does not weep with him that weeps.

The supply which the children of Israel had brought out of Egypt was soon exhausted ; and they were under the necessity of returning for more. The old patriarch felt acutely at parting with Benjamin ; but seeing no alternative, he let him go. An account of their second journey must, however, be reserved for another lecture.

There is one subject which forcibly arrests our attention in reviewing this history ; and that is, the nature of those supernatural dreams which Pharaoh and his servants had, as well as Joseph. Without doubt, our dreams are generally nothing more than the wild wanderings of the imagination. They are often occasioned by our bodily or constitutional circumstances. Often they are influenced by impressions made upon us during the preceding day ; or even by the dispositions which we ourselves cultivate. It has been observed that the tenour of our involuntary thoughts will always manifest to us the current of our dispositions ; that if, for instance, our piety be sincere and ardent, our thoughts, unbidden, will dwell on subjects suitable thereto ; and *vice versa*. But, perhaps, this rule is not strictly applicable to our dreams. Evil thoughts are often suddenly injected into our minds by the enemy of our souls ; and why not evil dreams !

If we remember that, at the period of history we have been engaged in considering, the characters of God's original law upon the human heart had been greatly effaced ; that the greater part of mankind were idolaters ; that even the chosen family had not received

the law of ordinances ; much less had " life and immortality been brought to light by the gospel," we shall not wonder so much that God should convey some intimations of his will by means of a dream ; and that he should enable some individuals who " feared God and wrought righteousness," to explain its meaning, and to refer all the glory to God alone. The interpretations of dreams were very important links in that chain of providential occurrences which conducted Joseph to his exalted station, and which brought Israel into Egypt—events which were fraught with the most important consequences. " But we have a more sure word of prophecy, to which we do well to take heed, as to a light that shineth in a dark place."

What an illustration does the history of Joseph, even as far as we have pursued it, afford of the truth of that delightful saying, " All things work together for good to them that love God." This is the case with the undue fondness of a friend, as in that of Israel for Joseph ; with the envy and jealousy, the malice and cruelty of men, as in the conduct of Joseph's brethren ; the false accusations of the ungodly, and the unmerited severity inflicted in consequence, as was that of Potiphar toward his young and attached servant, through the slander of his wife ; the ungrateful forgetfulness of those on whom benefits have been conferred, as when the chief butler " remembered not Joseph, but forgot him." O ! how wonderful are the ways of Him who " doeth all things well," and " maketh even the wrath of man to praise him." All these things served, at once, to promote the elevation of Joseph, and to prepare him, in his high, as well as in his low estate, to bring glory to God.

JOSEPH.—PART III.

“And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die : and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land, unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. So Joseph died, being a hundred and ten years old : and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt,” Gen. l, 24, 25, 26.

It was with a painful reluctance that Jacob consented to let Benjamin, the son of his right hand, go down into Egypt : for his apprehensions of the consequences were very melancholy. The brethren came again unto Joseph, bringing with them the money which had been returned, (as they thought, by accident,) together with a sum for a farther supply ; and a present to the governor of the land. “And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them,” he ordered them all to be conducted to his own house ; a mark of attention which filled them all with fear, remembering that Simeon was still in bonds. Before Joseph came home, at noon, the brethren presented themselves to the steward, and offered him the “double money” they had brought in their hands. Their language and manner equally indicated their agitation and alarm. But he calmed their fears, “and brought Simeon out unto them.” When Joseph came, he made inquiries, with an air of feigned indifference, after “the old man,” *their* “father :” asked if Benjamin were their “younger brother,” of whom they had spoken to him ; and, finding his feelings becoming too powerful for suppression or concealment, he hastily exclaimed, “God be gracious to thee, my son ;”

and then hurried away to his chamber, where he might indulge his emotions unobserved. At dinner he showed every attention, but most particularly to Benjamin.

Once more, however, he resolved to put their patience to the test. He ordered the steward again to return every man's money in his sack; and to put his silver cup also into Benjamin's. This done, they were dismissed. When they had gone but a very little way, they were followed and overtaken by the steward, who charged them with base ingratitude and theft. Conscious of their innocence, they denied the charge; and offered, if any one of them should be found to have been guilty of such a crime, to deliver him up to death. On examination, to the great amazement and horror of all, the cup was found in *Benjamin's* sack! In the deepest grief and distraction they all returned; and, resigning themselves to their desperate situation, were no sooner introduced into Joseph's presence, than they offered themselves, one and all, to become his bondmen for the punishment of their supposed crime. When he declined to take any of them for bondmen except Benjamin, as being, apparently, the most guilty, the most agonizing apprehensions of the consequences of such a step to their father wrung every heart. His distress compelled Judah to venture to plead with the governor, and made him truly eloquent. His appeal to the heart of the ruler, (see chap. xliv, 18, *ad finem*,) which he concludes by offering himself as a bondman in lieu of Benjamin, is unrivalled; and the effect on Joseph was irresistible and overpowering. He ordered all the Egyptians present instantly to withdraw. Then "he wept aloud," and "said unto his brethren, I am Joseph!" This avowal brought trouble of another kind upon them; which he soothed with the kindest

expressions, assuring them that their conduct had been the indirect course of his present prosperity. "So now," said he, "it was not you that sent me hither, but God." He then delivered to them a most affectionate and respectful message for his father, whose oft-repeated kindnesses he was now, in some measure, able to repay; desiring him to come and dwell in Egypt during the five remaining years of the famine, where it would be equally his happiness and duty to nourish his declining years. With a heart overflowing with tenderness and affection he pressed his beloved Benjamin to his bosom; "kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them." Such a scene as this may be faintly imagined; but who can do justice to it? It is best described, with the greatest pathos and beauty, in the simple style of Scripture.

The report of this wonderful affair soon reached the ears of Pharaoh. That generous monarch desired Joseph to send wagons for his father and the whole family; and directed them not to regard their "stuff," for the good of all the land of Egypt should be theirs. Joseph did so; and his brethren returned, laden with presents, and filled with astonishment. How different were their feelings *now* from those they had experienced when returning with the steward! Their sudden transition from despair to rapture, when Joseph, instead of making them his bondmen, acknowledged them as his brethren, could scarcely be exceeded, in the feeling it produced, by that of Jacob, when he heard their strange tidings. Their long delay had, probably, awakened the most awful suspicions in his mind. Perhaps the saddest musings filled his breast when, suddenly, the eleven brethren entered, Simeon and Benjamin among the group, with their abundance of all good things. And when they told him that his long-lost and long-

lamented son was governor over all the land of Egypt, his feelings became insupportable, and he fainted away. When he was somewhat revived, "they told him all the words of Joseph, and showed him the wagons." And Israel said, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive, I will go and see him before I die." On his way God appeared to him in a vision of the night; encouraged him to proceed; informed him that great and important ends, in the economy of providence, were to be answered thereby, and assured him that he should die in peace, "and Joseph should put his hand upon his eyes." Accordingly, Jacob and his whole family were brought into Egypt; and no sooner did Joseph understand that they were near at hand than he set out, in his chariot, to meet them. The interview was oppressively tender. The thoughts excited by such a scene cannot be imbodied in words. After this, five of Joseph's brethren first, and then his father, were introduced to Pharaoh: and the land of Goshen was allotted to them for the residence of the whole family.

For some years from this time nothing particular occurred in the patriarch's family, until he himself, like a shock of corn fully ripe, was ready to be gathered into the garner of life. Joseph was sent for, and solemnly engaged, at his father's request, that his body should not be buried in Egypt, but in Canaan, in the cave of Machpelah. Soon after this the two sons of Joseph, who had been born to him during the seven years of plenty, were brought to Jacob, who, by divine instruction, admitted them both to the patriarchal character and blessings; "willingly," however, giving the preference to Ephraim, the younger, over Manasseh, the elder. Having then solemnly delivered his last prophetic address to each of his sons, the venerable patriarch died;

and was carried to Canaan and buried, with every circumstance of the most reverent and profound respect, and this was manifested, not only by his own family, but also by the Egyptians themselves. Joseph's brethren, fearing lest resentment, rising in his bosom, should lead him to requite them all the evil they had done unto him, and knowing his veneration for Israel's memory, sent a messenger with what they professed to be their dying father's request, viz., that he would forgive the sins of his brethren against him ; to which they added their own. Joseph assured them of his sincere regard for them, and banished their needless fear.

In Joseph's conduct to his brethren, three things have been deemed objectionable. 1. His *harshness* ; but this was only assumed, for a time, to give the greater effect to his kindness. 2. His *swearing* "by the life of Pharaoh :" but they, whose knowledge best enables them to determine on this point, assure us this is a mere misapprehension of his expression. 3. His using *divination* ; of which, however, there is no other proof than his speaking, evidently in pretence of using his cup for this purpose. To his father his conduct was altogether unexceptionable, and even admirable. As prime minister his whole deportment was so noble ; so steadily did he pursue the interests of his sovereign and the good of the nation ; so humane and beneficent was his character ; his pretensions so unassuming ; his actions so consistent ; that he retained the favour of the king, the court, and the people, to the latest moment of his life.

As it respects his official conduct, much has been objected against him. He continued to sell corn as long as the people had *money* to buy. He next took their *cattle* in exchange. Lastly, he appropriated, for the king, the *land* of all the people, leaving that of the

priests alone untouched. He then gave them seed, and restored their lands, on the condition of their paying a tax of the fifth part of the produce to the king every year. By so doing he consolidated and confirmed the king's authority ; and enabled him, if so disposed, to become an absolute monarch. All this, it has been said, might be grateful to the sovereign ; but was, by no means, advantageous to the people. He found them, say the objectors, a free people ; and he reduced them to bondage ; and his conduct can only be excused on the ground that he knew not the consequences which must ensue from the adoption of his own plans. Now, I confess I see no reason to impute folly to Joseph, to save him from the imputation of something worse. What evidence have we that, before his day, the Egyptians were a free people ? Considering the irregular and undefined condition of monarchies, in their first formation, we must allow that it was doing them an essential favour to change the lawless and despotic exactions of a sovereign into a certain and determinate tax. The people themselves, unquestionably the best judges, felt deeply indebted to Joseph. "Thou hast saved our lives," said they, "let us find grace in the sight of my lord, and we will be Pharaoh's servants." From the constitution of society there must needs be subordination ; and experience has proved, that under certain restrictions and regulations one master is better than many. Every society will have a degree of liberty proportioned to its ability to use it. The infant's will is wholly guided by that of another ; and our liberty is given, by degrees, as we approach to manhood, and attain the requisite knowledge. Where there is too little liberty there is tyranny, where too much, licentiousness. This is true in states, as well as in the case of individuals. By

Joseph's plans the powers of the king were limited and defined, and the mutual happiness of the governor and the governed promoted.

It has often been thought that a man's character is most strongly indicated by his last action. It was Joseph's last act to exact an oath from his brethren that, when God should visit and deliver them, they would carry his bones into Canaan. This was a proof of his faith. "By faith," says St. Paul, "Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel; and gave commandment concerning his bones." For ages, his skeleton was a prophecy, a pledge of the going forth of Israel out of Egypt. Having lived to a good old age, and seen his children's children, full of days, and filled with God, he closed his eyes on this world, and opened them on the paradise above.

We have now travelled through the whole of his recorded history, and never, excepting the incarnate Son of God, was there a character of so many virtues and so few blemishes. There was something more exalted in his illustrious great grandfather. But piety, generosity, intelligence, and genius, are everywhere conspicuous in him. His reverence for his father, his gratitude to his masters, his patience in suffering, his firmness in temptation, his meekness in adversity, his humility in prosperity, his consistency and probity, are all stars of the first magnitude in the constellation of his virtues.

MOSES.—PART I.

“Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt,” Exod. iii, 10.

MOSES is one of the most singular characters of whom sacred or profane history makes mention. Considered merely as a political or private character, his history can never be read without a singular degree of interest. In the circumstances of his birth, education, and adventures, there is something exceedingly romantic. The history of his political life is a part of the history of the world. The people he governed are, to this day, the wonder and astonishment of mankind. Part of them live among *us* ; and are governed by the same laws as ourselves. But though we see them daily, they are, comparatively, strangers ; and we have more sympathy for men born in the most distant regions than for them. They have their peculiar customs and ceremonies, civil and sacred, which they profess to deduce from the remotest antiquity ; and of whose institution we read, in this man’s life, for he was their legislator. To be possessed then of any authentic account of the origin of such a people must be a matter of high interest.

But, in another respect, the character of this man is of importance, more especially to such as believe the divinity of the Bible. He was not only a man of singular piety, as an individual ; but he occupied a distinguished station in the church of God. He was

divinely commissioned to work miracles in confirmation of his divine mission. He beheld God face to face ; and talked with him, "as a man talketh with his friend." He received, by divine communication, a revelation of his will, his law, and a large commentary upon that law ; as also the whole economy of the Levitical institutions. He foretold the coming of Messiah ; and described himself as a type of him that was to come.

We propose to consider him in his life as a *private*, as a *political*, and as a *sacred* character.

I. We consider Moses as a *private* character. He was of the children of Israel. His father and mother were of the tribe of Levi. He was born at the time when the long-foretold period of Israel's sojourn in Egypt was hastening to its close. Only seventy-five persons, the family of Jacob, had gone down into Egypt ; but these, in the course of a hundred and thirty-five years, had prodigiously multiplied, till they had become a great nation. The circumstance of their living separate, in property, pursuits, and family connections, from the Egyptian nation, even in the heart of their country, was sufficient to awaken the jealousy of the king, and of the inhabitants of the land. Indeed it is almost a matter of surprise that their jealousy should have so long lain dormant. Actuated by a fear (or feigning it for political purposes) that these strangers, in a case of rebellion or invasion, events no way uncommon in the then unsettled state of governments, might join the king's enemies, Pharaoh resolved, with savage policy, to exterminate the whole of the Israelitish males. He thought to have compassed his design by procuring the destruction of every male infant ; but in this attempt he utterly failed. Nor was he more

successful in the infliction of various cruelties upon the people ; for the more they were oppressed the more they grew and multiplied.

It was at this period that Moses was born. For three months after his birth his mother contrived to elude the execution of Pharaoh's inhuman order, that every male child should be cast into the Nile. But, after spending that time in the utmost anxiety, she resolved to commit him to the care of Providence ; and having made a little basket of bulrushes, "and daubed it with slime and with pitch, she put the child therein ; and laid it in the flags by the river's brink." By the wise and kind providence of God, a circumstance of the most romantic kind led to the preservation of the child. One of the princesses, the daughter of Pharaoh, as she was walking on the banks of the river, with her attendants, saw something remarkable among the flags ; and sent one of them to see what it was. She received the little basket from her servant ; and, on opening it, behold there was a child ! "And the babe wept." Its tender age, its helpless condition, and the eloquence of its tears had a powerful effect upon the princess ; and from that moment, although fully aware it was an out-cast of the Hebrews, she loved him as her own. The sister of Moses, either by her mother's direction, or through the impulse of her own affection, looked, from a distance, on the scene ; and, coming forward, offered to bring a Hebrew woman to nurse the child for her. Under this character she introduced the mother of Moses to Pharaoh's daughter. The child was committed to her care ; and when he was weaned, he was adopted by the princess as her son ; and subsequently instructed "in all the learning of Egypt." The whole story is so much out of the common course of events,

that scarcely any thing less than the authority of the Bible could have recommended it to our belief. It should teach us the doctrine not merely of a general, but also of a particular providence, which orders every event, and, in a special manner, watches over those who are designed by God to fill distinguished stations in his church.

By the circumstance of his adoption, Moses obtained an education which, otherwise, he could not ; and which he turned to the best of purposes. He continued for forty years of his life to breathe the tainted atmosphere of a court. “And he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds.” But, notwithstanding the pride of heart which, in an unsanctified mind, these things tend to awaken and nourish ; (for whose moral constitution is so vigorous that he can retain his health amidst pollution ? who can be wiser than his fellows and not be vain ?) they had not this effect upon him. But two other circumstances are to be kept in view, as suggested by St. Paul, Heb. xi, 24, namely,—1. His refusal “to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter,” although a prospect was thereby opened to his ambition of one day swaying the Egyptian sceptre, as the Jewish writers assert without reserve ; and, 2. His choosing the only remaining alternative, if he fled the court, the schools, and the avenue to the throne, namely, affliction with the people of God. He certainly owed a debt of gratitude to his adopting mother for having saved his life, and for the advantages of education. But neither the plea of gratitude nor the attraction of a court, neither the pride of ambition nor the dread of suffering, could prevent this holy man from bearing his cross with his brethren.

A very awful circumstance obliged him to leave the land of luxury and snares. He was forty years of age when it came into his mind to go and visit his afflicted brethren, whose residence and place of occupation were, probably, at some distance from the residence of Pharaoh and his court. As he approached the tents of his oppressed brethren, and beheld their cruel burdens, he saw, what was no rare occurrence, an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew. Grief, pity, and indignation, by turns, swelled his breast ; till, at length, the last prevailed : and, looking this way and that to see if he were within observation, he hastened to side with his countryman ; and, in the end, slew the oppressor. His crime did not, perhaps, amount to murder ; for, as the law of God has it, " he hated not the man aforetime." He did not come to the place with any intention of perpetrating such a deed ; and, at the moment of conflict, it was not likely that he contemplated such an issue. These are palliating circumstances, to say nothing of the provocation, which was very great. But we do not mean altogether to defend, but simply to state his conduct. Having slain the Egyptian, he hastily buried him in the sand ; and thought he had concealed the deed from every eye. In this expectation, however, he deceived himself : for, the next day, it was his lot to see two Hebrews striving with each other. He attempted to separate them, in an affectionate manner, reprov- ing the aggressor. " Wherefore," said he, " smitest thou thy fellow ?" Inflamed with every cruel and bad passion, the other retorted by asking, " Who made thee a prince and a judge over us ?" and by reminding him of his conduct on the preceding day, saying, " Intendest thou to kill me as thou killedst the Egyptian ?" It is no way unlikely that there was a tone of superiority in

Moses's speech. He had just before left a court where he was a favourite ; and, in such a place, and under such circumstances, he was not likely to speak in a very humble manner. Alarmed to find that the earth had not covered the slain, and still more terrified to understand that Pharaoh sought his life, he fled from his countrymen and from Egypt ; and sojourned in the land of Midian, on the borders of the wilderness. It is probable that the father and mother of Moses were now dead ; and also the princess who had brought him up ; for we hear no more of them.

He was now reduced, at once, from affluence to want. Banished from a court, where he had spent the best of his days ; from the land of his birth ; and from his countrymen whom he loved and pitied, but who did not yet acknowledge him ; labouring under the imputation of an awful crime, and conscious to himself of, at least, some guilt ; we may, in a measure, conjecture his feelings. The heart bleeds for him, suffering under the pain of a wounded reputation, as he sat him down by a well. There was no apparent way, in which he could be saved from perishing ; when a singular and romantic circumstance introduced him to new connections and to new pursuits. The priest of Midian had seven daughters, and they, as usual, tended his flocks. As Moses sat upon the well, it happened that they came to water their flocks ; and were rudely repulsed by some unceremonious shepherds. Moses gallantly interposed, and watered their flock. Having returned home sooner than usual, the father of the shepherdesses inquired, "How is it that you are come so soon to-day ?" and they narrated the civility of the stranger. Scripture history is very brief in relating events of the greatest importance to those concerned. In one place, it tells

us, in two expressions, events of no common kind to those concerned—"So Zimri died, and Omri reigned." We are not here told more of the particulars than that Moses was introduced into the family, and was beloved by them. He lived with them, and loved them. His affection increased with his acquaintance; and, in the end, he married Zipporah, one of the daughters; who bore him two sons, according to Stephen's account; though the birth of only one of them is mentioned in the book of Exodus.

For the space of forty years Moses resided in the land of Midian, and was a stranger to his own people. At what period of this time he was united to Zipporah, Scripture history does not inform us. It is equally silent about any thing which befell him during the whole of that time. We have every reason to believe that he increased in piety to God and benevolence to man. It is a remarkable circumstance, in the conduct of divine providence, that men, who are designed to fill distinguished stations in the church of God, should oftentimes be fitted for them by undergoing much of the discipline of sanctified affliction. Such was the case with Moses. The occupation which he now followed left him much time for reflection. No doubt the condition of his countrymen was the frequent subject of his thoughts, and of his prayers. However comfortable he might be himself, he could not forget the closeness of those ties which united him to his brethren; nor the misery which they endured. Sometimes he would be ready to think that God had forgotten to be gracious; that his mercies were clean gone for ever; and that he remembered no more the covenant which he had made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. During this period of his life, he, doubtless, greatly improved in that

quality of mind for which he was famed above all the men on the face of the earth ; and was daily becoming better prepared for the discharge of the duties to which he was afterward to be called.

We are come nearly to the close of his private life ; and, really, the circumstances which are noticed of him are so few that it is somewhat difficult to determine his character. One thing, however, is truly observable in him throughout ; namely, his generous sympathy with the distressed. He could not be happy in the midst of the greatest court then on earth, (for Egypt was the cradle of the arts and sciences long before Greece rose into notice,) when he remembered the state of his brethren. He was not, as some, forgetful of his unhappy kinsmen. With a spirit the very opposite of Haman's, he said, in reviewing his fortunate condition, and beholding his flattering prospects, " Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Israel in bonds." But the day of their redemption was drawing nigh. The number of their appointed years of servitude was filled up. They were worn down with hard labour ; so that their cry came up to God for deliverance, by whomsoever he pleased to send. They were, at length, willing to encounter any dangers, to suffer any privations, so that they might but escape the yoke of the Egyptians. They were even disposed to receive him, whom they had previously rejected, as their divinely appointed deliverer ; nor had their ingratitude to him extinguished his love to them.

MOSES.—PART II.

“Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt,”
Exod. iii, 10.

WE now enter upon the *political* character of Moses ; and proceed to contemplate him as the chosen deliverer of Israel. On one occasion, while he was still the shepherd of Jethro, he went to a remote part of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. Journeying along, in pensive meditation, his attention was suddenly arrested. He saw a bush enveloped in flame. It was a fire, such as he had never seen before ; for though the bush seemed ignited, it was not consumed. When he turned aside, to his utter astonishment, he heard himself called by name, in the lone desert ; and the sound evidently issued from the wondrous flame. He immediately answered, “Here am I.” And the voice said, “Draw not nigh hither : put off thy shoes from off thy feet ; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” I may here remark, that in many parts of the east, putting off the sandals is a mark of respect, as the uncovering of the head is with us. Perhaps it was so then. Moses hastened to obey. An awful silence ensued ; during which the flame continued to rise from the sacred spot. Again he heard the voice exclaiming, “I am the God of thy Father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.” And then the gracious assurances of God’s love to Israel are announced, that he had seen their afflictions, and purposed to lead them forth into

the promised land. And then follow the words of the text, "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

Moses was a most ardent and noble patriot; but, nevertheless, the undertaking seemed so great and arduous that he deemed himself wholly unfit for it. He was, however, assured that he should be supported by the Divine Being who had appeared to him; and that God would, in a remarkable manner, appear to him on that mountain. His fears were silenced, as it respected Pharaoh; but he still apprehended that his brethren would not receive him as their guide; and he knew not how to convince them of his divine vocation. The Lord then, compassionately, revealed his name. He said, "I am that I am," an expression of very large signification. It is as if he had said, "I am the self-existent Being, and the author of existence. I will be what I will be;" thus, in effect, reminding him that the God who sent him was fully able to give success to his mission. In confirmation of his message, he was directed to announce that God remembered his covenant with the children of Abraham; that he had witnessed their oppressions, and was about to terminate them; that Pharaoh would oppose their departure; but that Israel should prevail and leave Egypt, loaded with spoil. Still Moses apprehended (perhaps not without reason) that his brethren would not recognise his authority. Accordingly a power was committed to him which, as far as we know, no mortal had before possessed; namely, that of working miracles. The rod or staff, which he had in his hand, he was enabled to change into a serpent; and again into a rod. And, what was more remarkable still, on putting his hand

into his bosom, it became leprous ; and, on doing this a second time, it reassumed its healthy hue. If both these wonders should be disregarded, God assures Moses he would not desert him ; but would increase his power, to the entire conviction of the people. On farther revolving the matter in his mind, Moses conceived that his want of eloquence, his difficulty of utterance, would prove an insuperable barrier to his success. He was reproved for doubting the divine blessing and support ; and was reminded that God was the giver of speech and of wisdom. When Moses still hesitated, and shrunk within himself at the thought of so great an undertaking, "the anger of the Lord was kindled against" him. Strictly speaking, there is not any thing of what we properly call passion in God. But there is something of an infinitely higher kind ; some motions of his will which are more strong and vigorous than can be conceived by men ; and which, although they have not the nature of human passions, yet will answer the ends of them. By anger in God, therefore, we are to understand a disposition in his will "flowing at once from his infinite abhorrence of their sins, and his boundless pity to mankind." God then joined Aaron, who was fluent of speech, in the commission. But this want of confidence in Moses was want of faith.

Moses readily obtained permission from Jethro to return into Egypt though it would seem from the language employed, (see Exod. iv, 18,) that his visit was understood only to be a temporary one. It would also seem, that Moses obtained two subsequent communications ; the one assuring him that those who sought his life were dead ; and the other preparing him for the opposition he would have to encounter from Pharaoh. And he was told that, as Israel was the spiritual first-

born of the Lord, unless Pharaoh let him go, God would slay his first-born.

On his return to Egypt, Moses was met by Aaron, in Horeb, the mount of God. The latter had been directed by the Spirit of God to go forth to the wilderness to meet his brother. Moses communicated the wondrous intelligence that God had appeared to him in the fiery bush, and had spoken to him, in the immediate neighbourhood of the place in which they then stood ; and that they two were appointed to go to the Egyptian king, with a request that he would liberate the children of Israel. So much were the court politics changed, in the course of eighty years, that the reigning king had no desire to exterminate the Israelites, no disposition to part with them. The truth is, he had found their services of great value. It has been an opinion entertained on no improbable grounds, that they were the persons who erected the pyramids ; those stupendous monuments of the industry and the folly of man : and that they also erected several cities, of a less durable though more useful character. The first business of the heaven-directed brothers, on their return to Egypt, was to call together the heads of the captive tribes, and to recount to them the divine communication. These, in the name of their brethren, expressed their submission ; and recognised the authority of Moses and Aaron ; and the more especially when the latter “ did the signs, in the sight of the people.” They joined together in a solemn act of adoration and thanksgiving. One point was thus gained. A more difficult one lay before them. It was not very difficult to convince the Israelites that they were oppressed ; and they were not yet sunk so low but that the hope of deliverance was sweet ; particularly when held out to them by Him who is “ the

Lord of hosts." The probability of success was increased by the testimonials of the divine mission, and the remembrance of an ancient prophecy, which expressly foretold the exodus of Israel. It was a much more difficult matter to convince Pharaoh that he was an oppressor : and that he ought to part with such valuable servants. "*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*"

Moses and Aaron entered into Pharaoh's presence, and said, "Thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness." His reply was, that he neither knew nor cared for the God of the Israelites ; nor would he let the people go. By Jehovah, or the Lord, he understood not that the Supreme Being was meant ; but merely the idol of the Israelites, the object of their worship. Rabshakeh and other heathens used the same term in the same manner, and with the same understanding of the matter. Pharaoh's answer may be paraphrased thus :—"Your God, you say, has given this command ; but I am not his worshipper. His mandates, therefore, do not concern me. I do not acknowledge his authority ; nor will I yield obedience." Their farther solicitation has a meaning in it not altogether obvious at first sight. See Exod. v, 3. It was a generally received opinion that pestilence, &c., were inflicted by an incensed Deity ; and that nothing but submission and sacrifice could either prevent or remove such calamities. In reasoning with a heathen prince, they probably wished to remind him that, even on his own principles, pestilence might be the consequence of disobedience. So far, however, was he from yielding, that he charged Moses and Aaron with presumption and idleness ; dismissed them scornfully ; and ordered that additional burdens should be laid upon the people ; that they

should not be furnished with "straw to make bricks," and yet that the full "tale of bricks" should be required as before. Of what use the straw was is somewhat problematical. Three conjectures have been started: that it was used for firing the clay; that it was employed in covering the bricks from the too intense heat of the sun which dried them; or, that it entered into their composition. The new grievance was most cruelly enacted; and when the Israelites themselves prayed Pharaoh for its removal, they were both insulted and refused. In anguish of soul, they reproached Moses and Aaron as the cause of aggravated misery to them. The brethren were, however, encouraged to comfort Israel with assurances of deliverance, and again to petition Pharaoh. In both they failed of success. The king refused to hearken. And when Aaron threw down his rod, and it became a serpent, the magi were sent for, who did the same with the rods of their own; but with this difference as to the result, that their rods were swallowed up by that of Aaron.

Many have been the discussions upon the subject of the miracles wrought by the magicians. The following seems to me to be the most satisfactory conclusion yet arrived at. In early ages, and until the revival and spread of literature and science, a learned or scientific man was accounted a magician. The more thinking part of the community attributed any thing extraordinary which he did to his skill and learning: the more ignorant ascribed it to diabolical assistance, a mistake into which they would the more naturally fall, because the boundaries of science were neither defined nor understood; because the learned affected secresy; and the *cause* of what was done was unperceived. The ingenious Bacon was accounted a magician; and Co-

pernicus was imprisoned for affirming that the earth was round. Pharaoh imagined that this apparent miracle was only a *deceptio visus*, which Moses, by his skill had effected. The swallowing of the other rods he overlooked. But how could the magicians imitate the miracle? Is it either impossible or improbable that God might *permit* them to succeed in the presumptuous attempt, at least to a limited extent?

Again and again did God intimate his will to Pharaoh, but *avarice*, rendering him reluctant to lose so precious a vassalage, and *pride*, indisposing him to yield to Moses, made him slow of heart to believe. The waters were turned to blood, and continued in that state for seven days; but something like this was done by the magicians also. Frogs covered the whole land, and this was imitated; but these the magicians could not remove. Pharaoh was, therefore, mortified, and promised obedience to God. To let him see that the hand of the Lord was in it, they were taken away at a certain hour the next day, and then presumption returned, and he refused to hearken. Then, by another command of God to Moses, to smite the land, lice or gnats (a small insect with a sting) were innumerable in the land. As a proof of the truth of the remarks made above, concerning the Egyptian magicians and Pharaoh, it may be observed, that the former tried to imitate this last miracle, in which success seemed, at first sight, as easy as in the former; and which, therefore, they attempted without scruple, not anticipating a failure, or they would have refrained from making the attempt. But this was beyond their power; and they said unto Pharaoh, "This is the finger of God."

The mercy of God to Pharaoh was remarkably shown in the pains (if I may so speak) which were

taken to convince him ; showing clearly that it was God, and not man, with whom he had to contend, and preintimating the plagues which befell the land. But he rushed on to his own destruction. Another message is sent and another threatening given, of the plague of flies ; from which Goshen was to be exempted. The plague came and increased. The stubborn man at length yielded so far as to direct Moses "to sacrifice in Egypt." Compliance was avoided, by reminding him that oxen were held sacred by the Egyptians ; that these animals must be sacrificed by the Israelites ; and that to do this in Egypt would be equally impolitic and dangerous. The king dreaded to lose them, and they were resolved to go. At length he promised assent ; and entreated Moses to intercede for him, that the plague might be removed. This was done, and his rebellion recurred again. The facility with which he agreed to let the people go was presumptive proof of insincerity. How gracious and long-suffering was God, both to him and his people, if haply they might repent !

Five more plagues, the murrain, the biles and blains, the hail, the locusts, and the darkness followed, in awful succession. Under each, Pharaoh was submissive ; but when the terror was removed, his obstinacy returned. After the last of them, the darkness, Moses and he parted, never more to meet on friendly terms. It was now that God resolved to put into execution the awful threat which hung over Pharaoh and his people. He had declared that if Pharaoh would not let the Lord's first-born go free, his own first-born should be slain. It was now evident that no milder summons would avail ; and, therefore, he must suffer. The intimation of this determination, on the part of God, was

communicated to Moses, along with a command that every Israelite should borrow his neighbour's jewels. And when this was announced to Pharaoh, his wrath was kindled, but his heart was hardened and unmoved. The preceding circumstances had, as may be supposed, aroused the awe and attention of all Egypt; every eye was turned upon Moses; and he and all his people found favour in the sight of the Egyptians.

The feast of the paschal lamb was ordained, for the perpetual remembrance of the exodus and passover; and this is not forgotten by Israel to this day. The Jews still eat the unleavened bread, on the appointed day, yearly. The lamb was to be eaten by one or more families, with haste, their staves in their hand, and ready prepared for journeying. No part was to remain till the morning. And, finally, as a singular type of that blood which brings exemption from eternal death, their door posts were to be sprinkled with its blood, that the destroying angel might pass over their habitations. The awful moment drew near, and, at midnight, a cry was heard throughout all the land of Egypt, for every man's first-born was slain; and "there was not a house where there was not one dead." The suddenness, the awfulness, and the extent of the calamity, awakened the greatest terror in the minds of the Egyptians and their king. By the command of the latter, the Israelites were ordered out of Egypt instantly; and so eager were the people for their departure, that they would not allow them time to bake their bread; and readily gave them whatever they asked. The night was still dark, when six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, set forth from Goshen. Such a multitude, travelling in one body, day by day, and under a vertical sun, must have been seriously

inconvenienced. But to their astonishment, the inconvenience was no sooner felt than removed ; for a mighty canopy of cloud stretched itself over the whole camp ; and what must have been their surprise on perceiving that it extended no farther than to the extremities of their camp, and that it moved as they moved, and they soon learned to stop when it stayed. It were vain to say this was a common cloud ; for clouds and rain are equally rare in Egypt ; and the circumstance of its circumscribed extent and its removal prove it supernatural. It was the chariot of God. Add to this another circumstance. The twilight, in those climes, is much shorter than with us, and the approach of night more sudden. With what wonder, then, would they perceive, that when the sun went down, the pillar of cloud brightened into a steady flame, which, while it shed abundant light over all the camp, was not, by any means, oppressive. This phenomenon continued during the whole period that Israel was in the wilderness, and guided them in all their journeyings.

On the first occurrence of any alarming event, it has long been the custom of men to conceive it to be wholly providential ; to acknowledge "this is the finger of God ;" and then, as soon as the first emotions subside, to see nothing extraordinary in the matter ; nothing that may not be traced to second causes ; nothing for which we cannot account, at the same time that God is left wholly out of the question. Accordingly, as soon as the terror of the Egyptian court had been somewhat calmed, their ingenuity discovered a reason for the late awful mortality, without any reference to a divine intervention. Their avarice revived, when they thought of the national loss they had sustained in the escape of the Israelites. Their revenge

was awakened when they reflected on all the calamities they had so lately suffered ; and they did not lack a plausible excuse for pursuing the Israelites. They had now been gone *three* days, and showed no symptoms of returning. The Egyptians, therefore, followed them in such force and numbers, and overtook them in such circumstances, that the destruction or aggravated subjection of the Israelites seemed inevitable. The mountains rose on either hand ; the sea was before them ; and by the only avenue, behind them, the Egyptians were approaching. Alarm and despair filled the hosts of Israel, when they perceived the extremity to which they were reduced ; and, for the moment, they thought of nothing but death or submission to their old oppressors. The Egyptian host of chariots, with Pharaoh at their head, drew near ; but the night suddenly closed in before their arrival. The angel of the Lord then moved the pillar of fire from the front to the rear of the camp ; and, while on the side next the Israelites, it shed a welcome light, on the opposite side it was thick darkness ; insomuch that the two parties came not near each other the whole night.

Moses now received a divine communication, and was directed to stretch forth his rod over the sea. He did so ; and, wonderful to relate, the sea was divided in the sight of the many thousands of Israel ; for the pillar of fire made the miracle to be plainly seen by every one on the front of the cloud. A path appeared in the channels of the great deep. The waves, forgetting their native fluidity, were raised on either hand, like walls of solid crystal ; “the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea :” the camp of Israel moved forward, fearless of danger. The enemy followed, and would, probably, have overtaken, but the

wheels of their chariots became fastened in the sand, or were broken by the rocks; or, more truly, the Lord looked forth upon them, and "troubled" them. Israel had now safely passed over. The morning arose. The Egyptians perceived their danger, but were unable either to return or to proceed. Moses, divinely directed, again stretched forth his hand: in an instant, the wind ceased to blow; the waters returned with violence to their bed; and the Egyptian hosts, and their king, were buried, in a moment, beneath the mighty waves. *This* moment they were beheld covering the bed of the ocean; the *next* they were whelmed in the deep.

The ensuing notices we have of the proceedings of the Israelites are not very numerous. They had escaped the pursuit of their enemies; but had every reason to fear they should perish from the want of water and of food. After suffering much distress for three days, they at length discovered a well; of which they drank, and were satisfied. A multitude of fowls visited the camp every evening; and were secured with ease. It is to this day no unusual thing to see large flocks of these fowls passing over the sea to the wilderness. That which was remarkable in this case was, their coming in such amazing quantities, and at the predicted times. Every morning, when the dew was gone, something like "the hoar-frost lay upon the ground," which proved an excellent substitute for bread; of which every man gathered according to his family; and so it was, "he that gathereth much had nothing over; and he that gathered little had no lack." On the sixth day a double quantity fell, and was gathered. On the seventh day there fell none. No one was to keep any of it from one day to another, except from the sixth to the seventh, at which time

only did it retain its sweetness; at all others, "it bred worms and stank." No one was to seek it on the sabbath day. The offenders in either of these cases were severely punished. And, finally, "an omer full of the manna" was miraculously preserved untainted, that succeeding generations might see the bread wherewith their fathers had been fed in the wilderness.

On this interesting narrative, I remark—

1. A power of working miracles was given to Moses. But, as in the case of the apostles, this power was to be used to confirm the divine mission; to be exercised with a constant reference to Him who bestowed it; and to be exclusively applied to accomplish the end for which it was given. That end, humanly speaking, could not have been attained without such extraordinary means; and the means, the exercise of them, and the end, were all worthy of Him who gave, directed, and contemplated them.

2. A strong proof of the truth of the Mosaic writings is deriveable from the impartiality of the writer; witness the difference between him and Josephus, who assents to the general truth of the lawgiver's statements; but, nevertheless, in every case where he differs, tries to palliate what is blameable; to emblazon what is simple. What he says concerning the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, which he compares to the passage of Alexander the Great over the sea of Pamphylia, is unworthy of notice. The Egyptian writers acknowledge it was miraculous.

3. As to the *political* character of Moses, it is evident he was a patriot—see, in proof, Exodus xxxii, 10, 11, 31, 32. His firmness and his wisdom were alike manifested throughout his public life. His prudence

was equal to his dexterity; and his success was as remarkable as either.

Thus much concerning the early life of the lawgiver; his political intercourse with the Egyptian king; his conduct of the Hebrews into the wilderness; and of his character, down to the last-mentioned period. But Moses sustained a much higher character still. He was the legate of God to man. He was admitted to the celestial colloquy. He was honoured to hold converse with his Maker, and to witness a partial display of his glory. Of which, hereafter.

MOSES.—PART III.

“And the Lord came down in the pillar of the cloud, and stood in the door of the tabernacle, and called Aaron and Miriam; and they both came forth. And he said, Hear now my words: if there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream. My servant Moses is not so, who is faithful in all my house. With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold,” Num. xii, 5-8.

THE fact of divine and immediate communication to man is incontrovertibly established. It rests on the same authority with the book of revelation. And from that book we are not at liberty to make a selection of the probable and improbable, the possible and impossible. It is in the nature of a revelation to involve many things which, to us, are very mysterious. From the verses just read, it appears the usual mode of divine communication was by dreams; of which

we have many examples; and by visions, as in the case of Balaam: see Num. xxiv, 15, 16. Thus inspiration was conveyed by representations made to the eye; and hence, of old time a prophet was called a seer, or one who beholds supernatural things.

But to Moses God spake "mouth to mouth;" not obscurely, but in explicit terms. Nay more, he beheld a similitude of the glory of Jehovah. That glory itself, in all its fulness, could not be seen by an eye of flesh; but a glorious similitude, such as was worthy of the object it represented, and yet not overpowering to mortality, was afforded to this man of God. In all these things he was greatly and pre-eminently distinguished; and thereby was well fitted to be a striking type of Christ.

I do not intend to enter, at any length, into the history of Moses, subsequent to the period of the passage through the Red Sea, as connected with that of the children of Israel, in the wilderness. The greater part of the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, is occupied with the moral and Levitical law; and with large commentaries upon them. What chiefly concerns us is the decalogue, with its appendages. The Levitical institutions have ceased; Christ, the end to which they pointed, having come in the flesh. It were, notwithstanding, a subject of interesting and useful reflection, to examine the account which is given of the tabernacle and all its apartments; the furniture which belonged to its outer courts; the altar of incense and offerings; of the daily and yearly sacrifices; the free-will offerings; and those which were presented on the great feasts, of which there were four annually; of the very expressive manner in which these services were to be performed; of the lamp which burned for

ever before the place of the testimony and went not out, day nor night ; of the laver of brass ; and the candlestick of seven branches ; and farther to accompany the historian into the holy of holies, through the veil which was seven-fold ; and there, in the place of thick darkness, where God was veiled from mortal eye, to behold the ark and mercy seat ; where stood on the latter the two golden cherubim, with faces bending downward, as desiring to look into the mysteries of God incarnate ; and with expanded wings overshadowing the sacred spot—and where were deposited, within the former, the rod of Aaron which budded ; the pot of manna ; and the two tables of stone on which the finger of God had written the ten commandments. On this subject I might enlarge ; but must dismiss it with this remark : that the whole of the ceremonial service addressed itself powerfully to the senses. Man was not yet prepared for that fuller display of God which was, in after ages, to be vouchsafed unto him. But now, God is to be approached spiritually, with “incense and a pure offering.” He is a Spirit, and requires of them who worship him to do it “in spirit and in truth.”

Before the Israelites arrived at Sinai, two events occurred. The first was a battle with the Amalekites, in which Israel prevailed, under the conduct of Joshua, (who is now first mentioned, and who already showed himself a soldier of promise,) but chiefly through the intercession of Moses. The other event was the arrival at the camp of Jethro the father-in-law of Moses, with his wife and children. By this person Moses was advised to alter his mode of trying cases, by appointing arbitrators from among the people, who should decide in all ordinary cases ; and that he himself should only take cognizance of more difficult matters, or such as

should be brought, by appeal, before him. After this arrangement, Jethro parted with Moses ; but afterward, on more mature reflection, returned to him again.

The murmuring of the people for want of water, and the gracious supply vouchsafed unto them ; Israel's sin and punishment, in the matter of the golden calf ; the iniquity of Nadab and Abihu ; the sedition of Miriam and Aaron ; the continued discontent of the people ; the rebellion of Korah, and the jealousy against Aaron ; the provocation with which the meek Moses provoked the Lord at the waters of Meribah, and for which he was punished by being prevented from entering into Canaan ; the account of the fiery serpents ; and of Balak and Balaam ; must all be passed over without comment. Their meaning, and the lessons they are calculated to teach, are equally obvious.

In the third month from the time of Israel's leaving Egypt they arrived at Sinai, in the wilderness. Moses ascended the mountain, and received a command that the people should spend three days in preparation for the awful appearance of God on the mount. We can easily picture to ourselves, in a measure, the feelings of awe and solemnity which these preparations would inspire ; more especially when the whole mount was fenced around, and with which they would wait the dawning of the third morn. That morning was ushered in by thunder and lightning, and the voice of the trumpet, exceeding loud. Local situation has great influence upon us. One remarks, that we feel ourselves more lonely in a desert, though in the company of hundreds, than in a cultivated country, though alone. A retired place tends to awaken awful emotions. How solemn must this storm have been, in such a place ! How terrible the scene, when, on lifting up

their eyes, the people saw that "Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire." The voice of the Eternal was heard, pronouncing in order the ten commandments, in so awful a manner as to strike terror into the mind of every Israelite. They removed to a distance, stood afar off, and said to Moses, "Speak thou with us, and we will hear ; but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

We are led, naturally, to consider those commands which God proclaimed ; but, without entering into a minute or separate consideration of them, shall only remark upon two things : 1. The view which the law gives us of God. It describes him, in the *unity* of his nature, and the *purity* and *goodness* of his character. These are conceptions of God which fallen man never could have made without a revelation from heaven. If we look into the opinions entertained of God by the ancient heathen, we find, beyond all doubt, that they believed in a multitude of deities. Among the Greeks and Romans a belief existed that there was *one* Supreme Being ; but the inferior ones were independent, though not so powerful. Now the light of this dispensation exhibited him as the one Jehovah, besides whom there is no other ; who is not the likeness of any thing our eye can behold ; and is, therefore, not to be worshipped under any similitude. His name is, "I AM THAT I AM." Modern heathen have the same gross conceptions of a number of gods ; and, but for the light of the Bible, we had worshipped Thor and Woden still. Again, it describes God as a being of *purity* ; an attribute which neither Greek nor Roman, neither ancient or modern heathen, ever dreamed of ascribing to God. But, above all, the Bible represents Jehovah as a being of infinite *goodness* ; rejoic-

ing in the happiness of the creatures he has made, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin; and from the very principle of goodness, hating iniquity in the heart and in the life. 2. Its suitableness to man. The whole law was comprehended in loving God supremely, and our neighbour as ourselves. Love was described as the root of all duty. Now in this particular a mighty difference existed between the highest lessons of heathen morality and those contained in the Pentateuch. A sense of honour, the pride of independence, the love of our country, were severally proposed as the most powerful regulators of conduct. It has been said that Socrates recommended even the forgiveness of injuries; but an able critic remarks, that the passage referred to contains only a very refined instance of malice. "Do not," says the philosopher, "resent an injury, if offered to you, for the punishing of the guilty is for their reformation. If you procure your enemy's punishment, you are doing him a service. Let him then alone, to persevere in his iniquity."

Had we time, patience, and ability to enter into a minute examination of all those regulations and directions, ceremonial as well as moral, which the heaven-directed Moses communicated to Israel; and could we accurately discriminate the state and circumstances of the children of Abraham at that time and place, perceiving also, clearly, the difference between their state and ours, we should be compelled to acknowledge that the most inconsiderable of them were important; and admirably adapted to the case of the individuals immediately concerned. The value and importance of many of them we do perceive; such, for instance, as the appointment of the cities of refuge; the law in cases of meditated and unintentional murder; the humanity

enjoined toward the stranger, the orphan, the widow, and the fatherless ; the year of release and grand jubilee ; the duty toward inferiors ; with many others. But we must close our remarks upon the *sacred* life of Moses, and the contents of the Pentateuch, with two observations. \

The first regards the writings of Moses. These are historical, theological, and poetical. His historical writings have been, wherever known, subjects of favourite perusal ; and will continue to be so to the end of time. Their least beauty is their style, in which there is a due mixture of all that is simple and all that is sublime. But the matter, which was furnished to his hand, was of no common kind ; and he wrote under a divine influence. The portion of *national* history which his writings embrace was one peculiarly rugged and difficult ; yet he has managed it with the greatest felicity and success. But it is a multitudinous subject, and can hardly ever be rendered so attractive as the consideration of *individual* character, as delineated in his affecting portraits. From a want of attentive consideration, his theological writings appear prolix ; but when the abilities of the ablest men have been employed in unfolding and illustrating them, we find that the supposed absence of interest and beauty is to be attributed, not to the subject, but to our perception. The fault is not in the object, but in the distorted view taken of it by us. His poetical writings consist of his three lyric poems :—Psalm xc ; Exodus xv ; and Deuteronomy xxxii ; and probably the book of Job ; to the unrivalled excellence of which the most intelligent minds have borne ample testimony.

Our next, and concluding observation, regards his death. He lived a hundred and twenty years, and, at

the conclusion of that long period, his eye had not waxed dim, nor was his natural force abated. He died, not from debility, but yielded up his breath at the divine command. The more signally to mark his abhorrence of iniquity, of whatever kind, God has often punished his servants, in the present life. For the sin of Moses at Meribah, God had declared he should not enter the promised land. Accordingly, when God had said to him, "Behold, thy days approach that thou must die," having exhorted his successor and all the people, he went up to the top of Mount Nebo; and, being divinely strengthened, saw all the land below, unto the utmost sea. This being over, the venerable man breathed his spirit into the hands of his Maker; and God buried his body, but where, "no man knoweth unto this day."

S E R M O N S.

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.

“For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” Mark viii, 36, 37.

MEN and brethren, what solemn words are these! Questions involving deeper interests were never proposed. And, if we consider by whom they were put, that all are concerned in the proper solution of them, and that no period can arrive when the result of our determination of them shall cease to be a matter of importance, we shall do well to give our whole souls to the inquiries pressed on our notice by the Saviour of men.

There are several considerations suggested by the slightest perusal of these verses. The first question implies, that a man cannot make the world his gain at any less expense than that of his soul's everlasting welfare. A man must not count life, or aught that makes life desirable, to be dear unto him, so that he may win Christ. No man can serve God and mammon.

By “the whole world,” we cannot understand the empire of the habitable globe. This is what no one ever had; nor is it in any degree probable that any one ever shall have it, until He come whose right the kingdoms are. Alexander the Great made some advances toward universal empire; but, in reality, he extended his sway no farther over Europe than the Grecian islands and Main; comparatively little of

Africa, beyond the limits of Egypt, was then known ; America was not discovered ; the vast regions of northern and eastern Asia were not reached ; and, though his empire was deemed of almost immeasurable extent, its boundaries were far within those of man's utmost habitation.

Rome, at the height of its power, had under its influence, or within its empire, the whole of what had once acknowledged Alexander, and comprehended, besides, nearly the whole of continental and insular Europe, much of northern Africa, and vast additional regions in Asia ; but, after all, it did not embrace one half the territory of the globe. To "gain the *whole* world," in a literal sense, is not the thing in question. The thing supposed must be one of possible attainment. It is, the enjoyment of all the satisfaction which the world can afford to an intelligent being. The text, then, puts the question, What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain, for a life-time, uninterruptedly, all the pleasures of sense and intellect, and, in the end, forfeit his own soul ?

To follow out the propositions of our text, we must state (so far as we can do it) and place in opposition, what the world can give, and what we lose by an exclusive pursuit of its gifts ; in a word, the "profit and loss" of having our heaven in this world, what are the pleasures to be obtained, and what is the risk to be incurred. There is a remark which ought to be made before we proceed farther. It is this : many pious men have, we fear, injured the cause of pure and undefiled religion, by denying the very existence of any pleasure, short of that which is to be found in communion with God. Now the hearer is conscious that the matter is **not fairly stated, and that he has really derived much**

gratification (I will not call it solid, or noble, or pure, or permanent, but) much delight of its kind, from things of a worldly nature. It has emanated from a variety of objects and engagements; and the knowledge that this has been the case will steel his mind against the impression which otherwise might be made. It is true, an enlightened conscience would mar all the sensual delights of its possessor. It is true, a tender conscience would shrink with pain from all approach to sinful pleasures. But the conscience of many is neither tender nor enlightened; they sin without remorse or apprehension; and, could we stop to dwell upon the subject, we might prove, that to be possessed of only so much religion as enlightens the conscience without changing the heart is to be in a condition more wretched and less secure, more guilty and more hopeless, than when a deceived heart hath led a man unknowingly astray.

I. Let us sum up, and place in order, the happiness of the man who has gained the whole world. And

1. He has every *natural endowment and advantage*, such as health, vigour, hilarity, grace, and symmetry. His health is unbroken and uninterrupted, or only experiences such slight and passing intervals of indisposition as make his enjoyment of a sound and undisturbed constitution more sensible and more exquisite. He has the vigour of a powerful frame, capable of sustaining exertion without exhaustion, and of commanding all the pleasures which strength alone can ensure. He is a stranger to deformity and weakness. There is a buoyancy of spirit, and a liveliness of animal feeling, like the exuberance of the principle of existence. And, in truth, next to the favour of God and a good conscience, there is no one blessing more desirable than cheerfulness. This man's spirits have suffered no shock,

have experienced no waste or decay from disappointments, privations, bereavements, family afflictions, losses, insult, or fear. Then he has the inferior advantages of a form all symmetry, an action untaught but graceful, a countenance full of expression, beaming with thought and emotion.

2. The next class of worldly happiness consists of *accidental advantages*, such as rank and wealth. No one in this land can divest himself entirely of reverence for superior birth and station. The man who has gained the whole world as his portion may be supposed to hold a station not inferior to the throne, or, if inferior, that of the *premier* of his country, and he may be imagined to claim all the honours that belong to a distinguished ancestry. He may, farther, be understood to have all the wealth that heart could wish, or art could employ. The man we speak of has all the happiness that wealth and station can, in the most favourable cases, procure for their possessor.

3. Next take into the account every *natural indulgence*. All the refinements of luxury, and all the ingenuity of art, are put in requisition to minister to his appetite. He is an epicure, and science is taxed to contribute to the pleasures of his table and his festive board. To-morrow he trusts shall be as this day and more abundant. He is an elegant and accomplished voluptuary; all the grossness is separated from the indulgence, by the modern refinements of polished sensuality.

4. But farther, he hath learned to give himself unto wine, and yet acquaint himself with *wisdom*. His taste is rich and cultivated, his talent vast and varied, his acquirement bounded only by the circle of science.

By taste I mean the rare faculty of perceiving the

beauty and proportion of objects ; the fine perception which discerns at once, not only the fitness and the truth of a representation in their broader features, but the nicer and minuter shades and lineaments which bespeak in the artist a delicate and sensitive mind.

The studies of taste are music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and eloquence. Music is so charming a science, the art has such a power to fascinate and overcome the feelings, as to be a very dangerous one to gain the ascendancy in the heart. The man who has gained the world is possessed of this rare endowment of taste. He can enter into the very spirit of richly varied sound ; he can command all the pleasure it can give ; and he can enter into the soul of poetry ; music embodied in thought, from its lightest to its deepest productions. He can dwell with rapture on the poetry that meets the eye, the productions of the pencil ; he can gaze on nature itself with the eye of the painter, and dwell on the majestic and calmer scenes around him, with a feeling he would not part with for hidden treasure. He can apprehend and detect, with a master's eye, the beauties of sculpture, and dwell with delight on the attitude and expression of marble chiselled into form. He is equal to all the beauties, and open to all the delights of eloquence ; poetry set loose from all the fetters of rhyme and metre ; he has the well turned period, and the well tuned voice ; the charm of figure, the art of illustration, the power to move men's minds, are all at his command.

Again, his talents are enriched with all that science and literature can supply. He may be skilled in mathematical science, from numeration up to the fluxionary calculus ;—in mechanics, from the fundamental maxims up to the intricacies of the theory of motion ; in optics

and astronomy, as far as Newton and Herschel could accompany him ; of electricity and magnetism, he may know all that research has ascertained ; in the science of fluids, in motion or at rest, he may be read in all the wisdom of the schools ; he may be furnished with the splendid discoveries of modern chymistry ; he may be eminently stored with information about the functions and the organs of the human frame, their health and their disease ; he may be a profound scholar in the principles and the detail of law ; the rights and privileges of individuals, and the equipoise which secures the harmony, and the provisions which maintain the well-being of society ; he may be deeply read in the science of political economy ; may accurately discern what makes the happiness of a state, and what direction affairs are about to take ; he may be wondrously intimate with the ways of men, so as to pursue his own advantage with the clearest foresight of which humanity is capable ; he may have a capacity for language equal to that which he has for science ; he may be so profound an adept in the learned tongues as to analyze and compound ideas in all the variety of terms by which they are expressed.

Lastly, let us mention the enjoyments which intellect commands, in addition to those already mentioned. These are praise, fame, and power ; and it were superfluous to say that such a man as we have supposed must have all the gratifications of intellectual indulgence, let them be of what kind they may.

But to complete the picture, you must suppose this man, whose excellent endowments are the ministers of his pleasures, a stranger to the distress of an awakened conscience ; he sleeps on and takes his rest ; he hath no forebodings of an after reckoning, no disturbance of

heart about past crimes or present indulgences. To suppose the intrusion of so unwelcome a visiter as conscience would be to picture the naked sword which, at the tyrant's feast, hung over the favourite's head ready to fall upon him, and only suspended by a single hair. And, O ! how dreadful is the state of one trifling on the verge of an awful eternity ; sporting on the brink of the bottomless pit ; it bespeaks the unfathomable deceit of the heart, the desperation of its wickedness ; it is the phrensy of a felon dancing on the scaffold and sporting with the halter. What meanest thou, O sleeper !

But pleasing to the eye as are many of the colours of the picture we have drawn, dear to the sense as are many of its delights, those delights are within the reach of very few among all those who are risking their eternal weal ; and who, if they continue to act as they do, will be the destroyers of their own souls ! How many are selling their "birth-right and blessing for a mess of pottage," a mean and a momentary gratification ! They think they can at any time redeem the folly of the present moment, as if God had ever trusted you with more than one moment at once, or pledged himself to grant one beyond the present. O my brethren, God loves us too well to leave us to the seduction of such a multitude of delights as we have mentioned. No : he plants the margin of our path with thorns, for it is skirted by a precipice ; and we talk of our sufferings and know not that the thorns are designed to teach us as Gideon did the men of Succoth.

Some are more prosperous than others ; they occupy an envied elevation ; but if prosperous in their circumstances and pursuits, perhaps they labour under bodily ailment. "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man" not merely in the

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opinion of his inferiors, but “with his master, and honourable ; because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria : he was also a mighty man in valour ; but he was a leper,” 2 Kings v, 1. Or perhaps they are made to suffer in some one point of extended relationship. “Me ye have bereaved of my children ; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away ; all these things are against me ;—then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave,” Gen. iv, 36, 38. Or, if possessed of eminent talents, all enjoyment of them may be marred by the sting of an awakened conscience. “And the counsel of Ahithophel which he counselled in those days, was as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God ; so was all the counsel of Ahithophel, both with David and Absalom,” 2 Sam. xvi, 23. “And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and got him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself, and he died,” 2 Sam. xvii. 23. The worm at the root of the gourd, with some, is an injured reputation. “I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours,” Psa. xxxi, 11. That which undermines another’s happiness is the mere creature of the imagination. “And Haman told them of the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and all the things wherein the king had promoted him, and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the king ; Haman said moreover, Yea, Esther the queen did let no man come in with the king unto the banquet which she had prepared but myself : and to-morrow am I invited unto her also with the king. Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king’s gate,”

Esther v, 11, 13. And where is the man experimentally a stranger to all these exceptions to the completeness of human happiness? But the cause of truth will not shrink from allowing to the case a term as long and an intensity as great as can be desired: the worth of the soul will not suffer by allowing whatever value you can claim for any thing short of its salvation.

There is something touching in that expression, "What *shall* it profit?" we read not, what *doth* it profit during the passing hour; but what *shall* it profit a man, when the short-lived hour is past, to have gained the whole world with the loss of his soul. There may be some passing and piquant enjoyment from the world, but what will it amount to in eternity? what will it be on reflection? This is the solemn inquiry. Past joy cannot contribute to present happiness; it can take nothing from the cup of present misery; but when it is the occasion of actual, unending, and, therefore, hopeless misery—O! it will be one of the bitterest ingredients in the cup of fury.

A man of pleasure, when he outlives his delights, is wretched beyond words, and dreads the thought of growing old more than that of growing infamous; how will he feel, if he die impenitent, in the shades of hell? think of this, thou whose portion is in this world, and tremble.

II. We have stated the profit, let us now attempt to speak of the *loss* of the soul, in the case supposed.

What is the full import of this last expression we know not, and, I pray God, we may never know. The loss of health, of comfort, of friends, of character, and of reason, we can imagine; we can form some idea of the anguish and heart-sickness of pining disease; the absence of comfort, and the pressure of remediless dis-

treasure ; the departure of a friend in whose life ours was bound up, creating a sense of desolation and desertion ; the sorrow of a blasted reputation refusing to be comforted ; and the deep unmeasured calamity of perverted reason ; of all these we may know something from experience or observation, but who knoweth the state of a lost soul ; deserted of its God, abandoned to misery and despair ? “ Who knoweth the power of thine anger ? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.” Of every other evil the fear is worse than the reality ; apprehension mistifies and magnifies the object ; but, in this case, fear never adequately conceived of the extent of the loss. “ It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” Imagination can picture nothing so dreadful as the reality of that which is imported in these words.

Hear the words of a distinguished man :—“ In consequence of neglecting the great salvation, to sink at last under the frown of the Almighty, is a calamity which words were not invented to express, nor finite minds framed to grasp. What, my brethren, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul ? where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle ? or could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion ? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness ; to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth ; or were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude of such a catastrophe ?”

What is the state of a lost soul ! It is that of one

who looks backward on time with inexpressible remorse ; of one who looks upward to the throne of the sin-avenging God with terror and dismay ; of one who looks around on the companions of his misery, some of whom he has lured to destruction, and others of whom have tempted him to his ruin. A lost soul is one that looks forward without the feeblest hope that his misery shall terminate, (" hope deferred maketh the heart sick ;" but tell me, ye who can, what is the sickness and sinking of heart which belong to hope extinguished ?) There is a great gulf fixed ; it cannot be passed, and it cannot be removed. A lost soul is one that looks inward, at the undying worm, and the undecaying flame, fed by the vitals it may never consume ; at the understanding too enlightened any longer to be deceived ; at the heart, which once cheered its possessor, when every other frowned, but now condemns, and cannot be bribed to silence or approbation ; at the memory which records and calls up every sin committed, and every opportunity of salvation neglected ; at the imagination which pictures deeper sorrow yet to come, and adds the horror of anticipation to the sickness of despair and the misery of torment. The thought is almost too painful to be dwelt upon, though at the distance of *earth* from *hell* !

" What shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?" What would a man give to secure his soul's salvation, to escape from so great a death ? The question is one of the highest importance ; but who is there convinced of his danger ? This question, to be put with effect, should be proposed to a dying man, who sees and feels himself on the verge of an eternal world, and about to enter an " unprovided-for eternity." The most avaricious man, at that dread hour, would yield up his hoarded treasure ; the voluptuary would forego his de-

lights; the lover of this world would abandon his idol, for an assurance of salvation; and as death presses nearer and nearer to him, how gladly would he accept of life, on the condition of being poor, afflicted, and despised; for then there would be space for repentance. Think for a moment what it is to gain one's soul; it is to be borne on the wings of angels to the paradise of God; it is to bid an eternal adieu to the frailties and sorrows of humanity; it is in the upper sky, above and beyond the regions of storm and cloud, grief and separation, and death, to look upward at a smiling God, from whom are constantly shed forth blessing and glory, rays of brightness and riches of eternity, inspirations of knowledge and overflowings from the fulness of joy, the glowing of love, and the purity of holiness. A redeemed soul is one that looks around at the companions of his bliss, some of whom have been the helpers of his faith; others are the crown of his rejoicing in this the day of the Lord Jesus: in a word, it is to look forward into an eternity of joy; backward on a life of mercy from God and faith in Christ; inward at the reflected image of his God; an unclouded understanding, a purified heart, an exalted imagination, a holy will, a memory enriched with the treasures of truth and mercy

My brethren, I have been talking with you of judgment and of mercy; bear now with the word of exhortation. There is an awful certainty attending the threatenings of revelation; we may put these things far from our thoughts, but they are every moment drawing nearer and nearer to our experience. If looking around on this assembly I could say, every other is secure of eternal salvation, but there is one individual, I will not say where in this place, I may not say who of this congregation, but, that man is in danger of

everlasting damnation. O ! how would you look one at another, and then say, addressing your Maker, "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?" And is the matter less weighty because not one is beyond the reach of falling ; because we may any of us perish, because, if unchanged, our path shall terminate in perdition ? shall there be no searchings of heart because multitudes are in equal danger with ourselves ? O ! foolish and unwise, can the company of all we love make hell endurable ; or the loss of heaven a matter of indifference !

SERMON.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE SOUL.

"For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever," Psa. xlix, 8.

UPON inquiry and reflection it will appear that the obvious meaning of these words is the correct one. The subject redeemed is the immortal soul of man ; the price at which its redemption was effected was beyond comparison precious, and the precious redemption is available only for a season ; that season past, the opportunity of salvation ceaseth for ever.

I. The *subject redeemed*. The value of the soul may in some degree be estimated by its powers, affections, capacities, and duration.

When God made man, he made him in his own image, and endued him with intelligence. "And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created him," Col. iii, 10. "There is a spirit in man : and the inspiration of the

Almighty giveth them understanding," Job xxxii, 8. Of which knowledge the highest and noblest exercise is "to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent," John xvii, 3.

It is possible to underrate the value of knowledge, considered either as a faculty or as an acquirement. Because the forbidden fruit was that of the knowledge of good and evil, and because, under the gospel dispensation "not many wise are called," some pious persons have thought lightly even of this gift, but knowledge is in itself a part of "the image of God," and we are in duty bound to render unto God the things that are God's; the things which bear his image and superscription. Redemption had for its object, not an extent of territory, however beautiful, for the earth may impart, but cannot entertain, delight; it may suggest knowledge, but cannot conceive it; it was not the brute creation, for though they know somewhat, it is of that only which concerns their immediate wants; it is very limited and may not be enlarged; but redemption had man for its object, alone, of all creatures made in the image of God, alone, of all who live upon earth, able and fitted to know his Maker, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.

The value of this knowledge who can tell? Observe, it is not a faculty to discover God, but to know him in so far as he hath revealed himself, and he hath done so in the person and character, the incarnation and death of Jesus Christ. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out," Rom. xii, 33.

The redemption of the soul is precious because man is a moral agent: he acts under the influence of moral

motives. This the lower creation is perhaps entirely incapable of doing. The devil and his angels have so much knowledge as that one of their number said, "I know thee who thou art, Jesus the Son of God;" but they have ceased to be moral agents. Knowing evil to be such, they prefer it, and say, "Evil, be thou my good."

Sinful man puts darkness for light and light for darkness; his understanding first errs, and then he commits sin,—not as such, for every man has some rule, some code of morals, some excuse for his conduct. And if there be any of the children of disobedience to whom this remark does not apply, it must be those who most resemble their "father the devil, for his works they do."

And because man is a moral agent, he is capable of loving God, and of being conscious that God loves him. How precious then is the soul of man thus nobly endowed, thus richly capacitated! Of what high, exalted, pure, unutterable delight must the soul be capable from such a source of happiness: external nature has its delights, and sense has its gratifications; the pursuits and acquisitions of knowledge have their joys; but they are lost in the distance, they sink into insignificance, compared with the rapture of the accepted child of God when he saith, "Abba Father," and in the hearing of faith is addressed with, "My son! My son!" This is a joy which earth cannot give, nor death take away.

The soul is capable of divine holiness; according to St. Peter, he may be "a partaker of the divine nature;" he may, saith our Lord, be merciful and loving as his heavenly Father. Being first justified from all things by the blood of Christ, he may be cleansed from all sin, and do the will of God on earth, even as it is done

in heaven. How precious then is the soul of man ! Its redemption will appear unspeakably important, if you consider the unholy motives of which it is capable ; the misery of which it is susceptible ; and the utter impurity to which it may sink. What an awful description is that which a single sentence contains ! “ Hateful and hating one another ;” reft of every excellence, lost to affection, abandoned of God, incapable of sympathy, sunk in the depths of pollution, consigned to misery and despair !

Nothing that appertains to the soul of man makes its redemption appear more precious than the eternity of its duration. One of the most accomplished of heathen bards ventured the conjecture, “ non omnis moriar,” “ All of me shall not die :” life and immortality had not to him been brought to light by the gospel. We know that we shall live for ever. Then it is true that all the happiness of men in all ages is not equal to what one soul may enjoy in heaven. The years of every man’s life since the days of Adam added into one sum would be immeasurably insignificant contrasted with the years of eternity. Eternity hath no wrinkle on its brow ; no symptom of decay. The mind is overwhelmed with the idea, it cannot comprehend it ; nor can any being but the Eternal, whose “ goings forth are from everlasting.”

But the happiness of man in time is very partial ; much remains to be wished ; it is interrupted by infirmity ; by the very provisions of providence it is the pledge of something better, but not the thing itself : it is of short continuance ; we talk of an aged man, but where is he who has seen many days ? comparatively, some are old men ; but few and evil are the days of the longest lived. Man, however, is capable of happiness,

perfect in its nature, uninterrupted in its progress, and eternal in its duration. How precious then the redemption of the soul !

Consider, again, what influence the reflection of the immortality of the soul hath upon its capacity to endure misery. The misery of a lost spirit is unspeakably awful, from the consideration that it shall never cease to be. "Who knoweth the power of thine anger?" all that his anger can inflict : who can tell what the dregs of the cup of trembling are? The groans of the whole creation from the fall of Adam, "which hath travailed in birth until now," are not produced by such a length or by such a quantity of misery as that of which one soul is capable, and must endure in the shades of hell, in eternity. Eternity—space without limit, duration without end, continuance without progression ; the very spirit sinks and faints within us at the thought of a human being, the smoke of whose torment ascendeth up day and night for ever ; or at the idea of being exposed to ceaseless wo. All the sorrows of mankind, sickness and disease, loss and privation, bereavement and fear ; all that man suffers, put into the balance, is found immeasurably wanting. No way of escape from the prison-house, no door of hope to the captive, no place of refuge from the ever-coming storm of fire, no dawn of morning to that night of despair, no pause for relief, no interval of sweet oblivion, in which the captive may dream of liberty, the sufferer of ease, the despairing man of deliverance ! How precious the redemption of the soul !

II. The *price* at which it was redeemed.

"Ye were not redeemed," saith St. Peter, "with corruptible things, as silver and gold ; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and with-

out spot." All the inanimate portions of universal creation, however grand or numerous, or diversified ; a thousand suns, the lights of a thousand systems ; all would have been a trifle, compared to the price of redemption.

The blood of every living thing that ever existed would have had no cleansing power, no atoning virtue, no comparison of worth to the blood of the cross. If angels had become imbodyed in flesh, though it is thought, on I know not what authority, that they are creatures of a more excellent faculty than man, their blood could not have availed. They seem to be superior to man, for they have stood the probation from which some by transgression fell ; they existed before man ; they are spiritual beings, who have no infancy and no decay, being as young now as when " the morning stars sang together for joy ;" but they could not atone for man. Though " they excel in strength, doing his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word," they could not carry our infirmities, or bear our transgressions ; they could not do thy will, O God ; for thy will is our sanctification.

" The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us ;" the Divinity was not changed into man ; but God became incarnate ; and, inasmuch as the blood of man, though like " the blood of bulls and goats" in quality and consistence, is infinitely more valuable ; so, and we speak it with reverence, though the blood of Jesus Christ shed for us was like human blood, it was infinitely more availing and available, for it was the blood of the Holy One and the Just.

But who can conceive of the price ; the coming and the death of the Son of God ? If an ancient sage is reported to have spent a day, and then to have length-

ened out his meditation to two, to four days, in resolving the question, What is God? saying, The longer he thought, the less he could resolve; well may the gift of the Son overwhelm us, like the glory that overshadowed and overcame the apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration. Angels whose intellect was never obscured by sin, nor enfeebled by the fall; who were never removed from the presence of God, desire to look into this "mystery," and are not able. The heart of the believer may swell, the affections may expand, and the soul may adore its God, when the subject occurs to the worshipper; but the understanding can never fathom the mystery; which, perhaps, is, in some sense, an object of faith even to angels themselves.

It would seem, then, we cannot conceive of the mystery *as it is*; nor can we arrive at a knowledge of it by illustration or comparison: "To whom will ye compare me, saith the Lord; as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." There is, however, one consideration which deserves attention; the price paid was provided by God; therefore, it was, however excellent and divine, not actually out of proportion to the redemption effected. To us there may seem no proportion between the redemption of any number of human souls from death to life, and the death of the Son of God; between our sufferings in eternity and his humiliation unto death; but God saw it good to find a ransom, and no less a one than "his only begotten Son." "It pleased the Lord" (mysterious words) "to bruise him." The proportion between the price and the thing purchased is sometimes absurdly enhanced by the *ignorance* of the buyer; sometimes by caprice, as in the case of rare, ancient, or curious matter; some-

times by a fictitious value attached to a few things, such as diamonds; but He who bought us with a price is a stranger to ignorance, weakness, and want. We are told, Christ "shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied;" in the work of his spirit, and the fruit of his passion, he shall be satisfied for his humiliation and his sufferings. There must, then, be some proportion between the travail and the satisfaction; the subject redeemed and the price paid.

I know well that the supreme object of all he did and suffered was the glory of God in the highest; I know that great objects were remotely accomplished thereby, inasmuch as "unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places" was "made known the manifold wisdom of God;" and their holiness and happiness were thereby confirmed and increased. Satan's kingdom was virtually, and shall be actually overthrown; but the immediate object of the coming and death of Christ was that "he by the grace of God might taste death for every man."

I would here remark, what an unspeakable value does the price paid for its redemption, by Him who created it, and who alone perfectly knoweth his own creation, stamp upon the soul! O man, reverence thyself! "Stand in awe and sin not." The eternal Jehovah set his heart upon man; but man, vain, foolish man, hath set his heart upon food and raiment, silver and gold, friends, influence, honour, and wisdom; upon the things which belong to time, which concern outward things. Shame and confusion of face belong unto us.

What a view do these considerations give us of the love of God! You and I have read many a dissertation, heard many a discourse, and reflected many an,

hour upon this subject ; but, after all, St. John tells us in one sentence all that can be said upon the subject, " God is love ;" and no part of his dealings with men so eminently sets it forth as in that he " so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son." " The redemption of the soul is precious."

III. The *period* of its redemption :

The opportunity of salvation ceaseth for ever. Such, we are convinced, is the meaning of the text, and have no doubt that such is the declaration of Scripture. The day of grace has its numbered hours, and the season once passed never returns ; slighted and lost, it cannot be recalled, redemption is hopeless. Thus the spirit, having strove in vain during the days of Noah, the flood came, and not one of the impenitent escaped. If it were not so, the man who lived and died a stranger to the sin-pardoning God might nevertheless find grace ; the most solemn expressions of Scripture would lose their authority, and we should be at a loss to know what were " the terrors of the Lord," by which, however, men are to be persuaded. " He that believeth not shall be condemned ; work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh in which no man can work ; work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do." Can any man that believes his Bible read these passages and not draw the inference, that life's short day is the period allotted for repentance and faith, for working out our own salvation ?

The consideration which most forcibly strikes the mind, in considering this part of the text, is the unspeakable value of time ! Much of our time is consumed in infancy, during which the senses are not exercised to discern between good and evil ; in sleep, in which

voluntary action is suspended ; and in such sickness and infirmities as prevent settled thought. What an *infinite value*, the term is a strong one, but not too strong, and I repeat it, what an infinite value belongs to that part of our life in which we can discern between good and evil, in which we may repent and turn to God, and live by faith !

Sometimes an illustration assists us in rightly estimating the importance of a remark. Let us suppose two armies, the collected and well-disciplined powers of rival states, to be brought into a wide plain ; they meet in dreadful conflict, and there is the noise of the warriors' arms, and the warriors' cry ; there is the sound of the trumpet waxing louder and louder ; the shout of victory ; the shriek of agony ; the trampling of horses ; and the garments rolled in blood. Soon, very soon, in a space of time, at most brief, as between the rising and the setting sun, (the awful fight of Waterloo lasted no longer,) and the battle is either won or lost ; and, perhaps, the happiness or the misery of millions, during an age, and the state of nations, are affected by the results of the conflict. How brief the struggle ! how durable the results ! The period of the battle bears no proportion to the importance of its results. And, O, my brethren, should we not look at time in its connection with eternity, in its bearing on our everlasting interests ! Time how short ! Eternity how long ! Time will form the character of our eternity !

2 The chief, the only true value of time is this, that it is the season of grace, the spring time of eternity. It is immeasurably important to as many as are disciples of the crucified ; for it is written, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly ; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully ;" and

again, as "one star differeth from another star in glory ; so also is the resurrection of the dead ;" from which are to be gathered two great truths : 1. That, even among those received to the habitations of the blessed, "who rest from their labours, and whose works follow them," there exists, and there shall exist, a difference of glory and blessedness ; some are like stars of the first magnitude, comparatively large and bright ; others are like stars of the seventh magnitude, very small, hardly to be seen without a telescope, having a tiny lustre. And, 2. The rewards of heaven are proportioned to the diligence and activity, the holy devotedness and perseverance, with which believers have "run the race set before them : " or, to use the figure of the apostle, the harvest has a proportion to the seed-time, and he that soweth plentifully shall also reap plentifully. The hand of the diligent shall make everlastingly rich. And, if it is true that the happiness goes on to increase, and that continually, it will increase in degrees proportioned to the attainment of each ; thus, though the stars of the lowest magnitude increase to the lustre of one now of the first, the first will have advanced to a proportionably brighter glory, shining brighter and brighter throughout eternal day. But such reflections are of little value, unless turned to a practical account. Keeping in mind the remarks just made, what a value belongs to every means of grace, to every opportunity of doing and of getting good. If a man had, once in his life, an opportunity of realizing his fortune, he would, through all the subsequent period, regret his folly, if he neglected to improve the occasion. But wealth is an uncertain good, only to be enjoyed for a few brief, troubled years at the longest ; and what is life "but a dying lamp in a sickly vapour ;" a breath compared with eternity. So important is every means of grace that no period can

arrive in eternity in which the result of a neglected opportunity of doing or of getting good shall cease to be felt; not one in which the benefit of both shall have produced all the felicity that shall follow. If you retain the good of holy exercise, if you maintain, as co-workers with Him, the beginning of your confidence to the end, the benefit shall be an everlasting one: but if you live to fulfil the lusts of the flesh, your regrets can never cease, for the occasion of them in the misery they shall ever produce shall ceaselessly continue.

Consider this matter aright, and you will agree with me in saying that an hour, if rightly improved, may be of more value to you than the acquisition of the whole creation. The seed-time is short, and, if neglected, no harvest shall follow; but the sluggard must beg in winter, unpitied and unrelieved. This consideration sets in a proper light the sin of trifling and gay amusements, for which the men of this world so earnestly plead. Invite a general, in the field of battle, to turn aside and amuse himself with pictures, prospects, and scenes of gayety; with dancing, card-playing, visiting, and attendance on the theatre; and let us suppose there were nothing positively sinful in any one of all these things; would he not reply, the "nation's happiness, the welfare of the state, the lives of thousands, and the comfort of tens of thousands, interested in their preservation, are at issue! the stake is awful, and it were madness in me to think of any thing but my duty!" And it is for us to reply to the enticement of sinners, let them charm ever so wisely, "We cannot consent, for we are doing a great work, so that we cannot come down; why should the work cease, while we leave it, and come down to you?" I beseech you, my brethren, consider, while the duty of working out our salvation is before us, what have we to do with trifles, with gayeties, with

mirth and song? Are these amusements unsuitable for a general in the field of battle, because the lives of men are intrusted to him? they are still more unsuitable for us, for the eternal life of the soul is at stake. The life of the body is valuable; but the soul infinitely exceeds it in value: had it been otherwise, Christ would not have laid down his life to redeem it. Should a general be in earnest, because the happiness or misery of an empire is suspended upon his conduct? Shall not we be in earnest for the salvation of our souls redeemed at so great a price; knowing that the happiness or misery of time is not to be compared to the joy or the wo of eternity?

If a mighty sand-glass stood before us, which should run out just when time with us shall terminate, how should we watch the grains, as they fell one by one: how often compare the quantity that had passed with that which remained to pass; and O, how eager would such a sight make us to prepare for the transit of the last sand! There is a veil over the glass; perhaps the last grain is about to fall! The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever! How stand matters with you? Conscience, speak!

But to bring the matter to an issue. How dear to us should be "the earthly dwellings of our God." The very dust of Judea was dear to a Hebrew. The stones of our house of prayer have an associated excellence in the eyes of a Christian. The place of a king's nativity is interesting; but the birth-place of a soul has far higher claims to regard; and of *this* place it shall be said, "This and that man was born there."

The time for occupying this house of prayer ceaseth for ever! We shall soon see the last of our earthly sabbaths: how important the thought to preachers and people!

S E R M O N .

THE RESURRECTION-BODY.

“ Who shall change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself,” Phil. iii, 21.

IT was not until life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel that the resurrection of the dead was understood to be among the provisions of mercy entertained by the eternal Mind. This glorious doctrine of revelation is not only one very full of comfort in itself, but it is also of importance, as giving us a deeper and more powerful impression of the immortality of the soul, and consequently of man's responsibility, of the reward promised to his obedience, and the threatening denounced against his disobedience. That the truth of these assertions may appear, it is not necessary to draw out a lengthened proof from the records of heathenism, in order to establish the conclusion that the Gentiles had never imagined such a truth as the resurrection of the dead. The Greeks were the wisest of nations ; Athens was, in a sense, the metropolis of Greece ; and when Paul “ preached to them Jesus and the resurrection ” they mistook the very words he used. They said he was a “ setter-forth of strange *gods*,” supposing Jesus to be the name of one god and Resurrection to be the name of another. And if such was the folly of the wise, how deplorable must have been the ignorance of all others !

But the ignorance of the Gentiles on the subject of the resurrection did not merely shut them out from

its consolation, if they wrought righteousness—and from its foreboding, if they wrought iniquity, but it was also an eminent cause of the doubt and hesitation with which they held the belief of the soul's immortality. How this should be the case, is apparent from the consideration that the body of man is so connected with his spirit as that all our ideas of future happiness and misery have a relation to the material part of man, all our prospects and anticipations regard the whole of our nature; the feelings of the separate dead we can form no clear conception of; and it brings the terrors and the joys of a future state unspeakably near to us when we are brought to believe that “they who sleep in the dust shall awake, some to shame and everlasting contempt, and others to glory and honour.” When we meditate on heaven, it is of *singing* praises to God and the Lamb, of *walking* the golden streets, of *eating* of the tree of life, of drinking the refreshing streams of the water of life, of *seeing* patriarchs and prophets and the Ancient of days, of *rest* and *relief* after fatigue, of solace on the removal of sorrow, of uninterrupted *ease*, and *health*, and *peace*. When we meditate on the state of the lost, we faintly picture the fearful gnawing of the worm that never dies, of the tongue scorched amidst the flame, of the gnashing of teeth, and torture of every kind. We may have loftier conceptions of happiness, and deeper apprehensions of misery, but we have no idea either of happiness or misery in which the body has no part. Of the intermediate state between death and the resurrection we find it difficult to conceive any thing distinctly, and our attention is but too apt to dwell exclusively on the closed eye, the silent tongue, the motionless limbs, the solemnities of interment, the wasting body, the feast of worms, the triumph of the

spoiler ; in a word, "the thing men fear to look upon." When we think of Lazarus, it is of one reclining in the bosom of Abraham ; or of Dives, it is of one rolling in fire, his tongue scorched in the flame,—without once recollecting that the body of each is still in its place of sepulture, separate from the immortal spirit.

To soften down "the terrors of the Lord," the Socinians, those dwellers in the frigid zone of Christianity, so speak of the resurrection of the body as to weaken our belief, were we to follow their opinion, in its identity and individuality. And this is in perfect accordance with their whole system. For if the soul and the body experience a new creation, instead of a restoration to each other, how can the newly formed creature have any conscious recollection of the past, through the interval of that parenthesis of existence that is said to have taken place ? And how feeble then becomes the motive which we have to the practice of self-denial ! Heathenism, in its ignorance of the body's resurrection, was led to regard the immortality of the soul as a doubtful and purely speculative truth. Much the reverse of all this has been frequently advanced. But a reference to the writings of the best of their authors may determine the question.

If Plato entertained the idea that the soul could never die, it would, perhaps, be difficult to prove that the subject was not with him rather one of delightful speculation than of fixed belief, a pleasing theory, a sublime probability, rather than a practical doctrine and a truth that could not be contested. If we may infer the *popular* belief from the writings of Virgil, Ovid, and Cicero, we shall be led to conclude that death was believed to terminate existence and responsibility. Virgil scouts the fear of futurity, and praises the man who nobly

treads on the mean restraints which the forebodings of futurity would impose. In his *Æneid*, he calls the place of the departed the land of shadows, and its avenue the outlet of dreams; expressions which, taken in connection with what he says elsewhere, cannot be mistaken. Ovid ascribes to mere vulgarity of mind the dread of the eternal world. “*Quid—nomina vana timetis?*” Cicero exults in the prospect of meeting, beyond the grave, with the illustrious dead, but checks his triumph with the thought of the doubtfulness of that which he contemplates—“If these things are so.” “*Fabulæ manes,*” and “*domus exilis Plutonia,*” says Horace. The *poetæ* were the *vates*: the better informed, the less they believed of their mythology. Had they known, by a divine revelation, that the body should rise again, how would the belief of that doctrine have confirmed their languid hopes! The partaker of Christ’s sufferings shall be a sharer of the joy to be revealed. The instrument of sin shall share in its punishment. How well fitted these truths to confirm every holy purpose, and to shake every wicked one. Let us rejoice that immortality is brought to light, and let us seek to profit by the revelation.

The text suggests for our consideration, I. The *subject*. II. The *nature*. III. The *Agent* of this wondrous change.

I. “*This vile body*” shall be changed. The epithet employed is suggested by inspiration, and it is obviously the language of truth. For, since man became a sinner, his tenement is polluted by the leprosy of its inhabitant. That this term describes the present state of the body, appears from three considerations.

First, It is the seat of disease of every form and name. No organ, however well protected against injury, no

constitution, however vigorous, is proof against disease. Exercise and temperance, an equal temperature and a composed mind, are altogether unequal to the preservation of health, much as they may conduce to it. Some diseases disfigure the body, many subject it to torture, and not a few terminate in corrupting the solids, breaking them down by decay, or infusing a poison into the fluids of the body. Who can tell their number or their names? Who can describe the frightful aspects which they assume? Some hover around infancy, and slay their thousands. Many are almost peculiar to youth. A few are incident to maturity, and numbers prey upon old age. Diseases are entailed with existence. Many drink up our spirits, and fill us with languor and sadness. Some make us objects of disgust to ourselves, or take away all enjoyment of life, rendering it distasteful. And, lastly, there are some which obscure the intellect, so that the light which is in us becomes darkness.

Secondly, The body is vile, because it is the instrument of sinful passion. It has a moral defilement. Much has been said on the subject of "the human countenance divine;" but how often is it distorted by passion, as well as by pain! How frequently is it marked by the workings of unballowed tempers and impure affections! How often does the eye express pride or contempt, anger or hatred! And "the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil; full of all deadly poison." In a word, every bodily faculty that is capable of being so has been pressed into the service of sin. If the heart of the believer is a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, Satan "ruleth in the hearts of the children of disobedience." And where Satan, that "old serpent," hath his seat, there will be his slime. Is it possible that the tenant should be polluted,

and yet his tenement be pure? We say, any thing is vile which has been applied to impure purposes, or which has come into contact with any thing unclean. This body, therefore, may be correctly said to be defiled by sin.

Thirdly, This body hath the seeds of corruption and death within itself. We are aware that, by mere exposure to the air, in the absence of all other contact, our bodies become defiled,—a plain and obvious proof that ours is a “vile body.” All the care that the most scrupulous delicacy can have recourse to can only maintain a comparative purity; it cannot remove the tendency to defilement: for it hath its source in the very texture of our frame. Take a magnifying glass, and look at the fairest form in which pride ever gloried, and how loathsome a mass of corruption does it appear! Vanity gives place to shame, and reason whispers, the ornaments of dress are akin to the decorations of a hearse. They serve but for concealment and deception, and are designed to impose upon ourselves and others. “The voice said, Cry; and I said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass [only not half so fair] and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.” And that enduring word tells us, there is a resurrection of the dead to glory and immortality.

Ah! how does the vileness of this body appear when it comes to be broken down by death, and hastens to dissolution and putrefaction. Even Abraham is heard to say, in the case of his beloved Sarah, “Give me a possession of a burying place, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.” How poor the resource of the Egyptians, and yet how natural to those who knew nothing

of the resurrection ! They embalmed and preserved above ground the bodies of their deceased friends. (Ah ! how impotent is affection in its little efforts to baffle the power of death ! the monument ! the memoir ! the keepsake !)

To such as believe with the heart unto righteousness, is Jesus precious, for such are taught to rejoice that this house of clay is but a temporary residence ; and, however mean it hath become in itself, however unworthy of esteem on other grounds, it is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and should be consecrated to Him. This body is but a tent for him who travels through this wilderness of time. It may be shattered or torn, but what then ? We shall soon have done with it ; and, meanwhile, let us look for that more enduring mansion into which “the Forerunner hath for us entered.” It is the want of faith in the promises of the Redeemer that makes us droop when we are chastened by affliction or bereavements. Such as have departed in the faith are gathered home, and wait your arrival ; and while they stretch out their hands to beckon you onward, will you refuse to be comforted, as though they were not ? Be comforted. Yet a little while, a very little while, and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.

The doctrine of our text is full of consolation. Bereaved tenderness, even when its anguish is chastened by submission to the will of God, still asks, “Our fathers, where are they ? Shall no morning awake on the tomb ? Shall the silence never be broken ? Shall we not again see the face of kindred or friend ?” The blissful day draws nigh when they who sleep in Jesus shall be brought with him to enjoy a glorified humanity, and to see the face of God. Be comforted, therefore, O thou

child of God. Think of the joy set before thee. And when pain and affliction are multiplied upon thee, think, O think, this vile body shall be changed. Jesus hath spoken the word. And is not this strong consolation under trial, as well as under bereavement? Is it not a motive for diligence, that we may hasten unto the day of Christ?"

We proceed to consider,

II. The *nature* of the body's transformation, in so far as it is revealed to us. It "shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body" of Jesus Christ. It hardly needs to be insisted on that there is a restrictive term in the text, which appropriates this gracious assurance to believers. It is a change upon "*our* bodies," that is, upon the bodies of such, and such only, as can assume the language of the 20th verse, without faltering: "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." Let no alien from the commonwealth of Israel put forth his hand to seize the children's bread.

Wherein the change shall consist is a subject on which our information is very limited, the law and the testimony rather revealing the fact than disclosing the manner of it. Let not this consideration, however, discourage us from gathering up every fragment of truth on the subject which revelation contains. We read then, 1 Cor. xv, 36, "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:" and this the apostle declares in a figure concerning the body of our corruption. The death and entire dissolution of the body are preparatory to this wondrous change. Nay, does it not appear, that these are become a part of the process thereof? In this provision of Providence there is mercy as well as judgment. The death of the body is, doubtless, a judicial

visitation, (had man not sinned he had not died,) it is a humiliating circumstance, and it is a terrible thing, to be dislodged from our loved abode. But there is mercy in granting us deliverance, for to lengthen out existence in such bodies as ours have been shown to be, were to perpetuate misery. It may magnify the mercy of this dispensation, if, in addition to reminding you of the feebleness and the fears of old age, the decayed sensibilities and weakened perceptions of advanced life, we mention an interesting fact known to physicians. There exists, particularly in the last stages of life, a tendency in the solids of the body to harden, become inflexible, and turn into bone. This tendency only shows itself in small portions of the muscles, the organs, and the coats of the blood-vessels, for life is not long enough to afford large scope for these depositions. But if life were extended, at the eager wish of man, for a few ages, and if things went on as they do now in their degree, the probability is, that the whole body would become a casement of bone,—man would become a living death, a breathing tomb, a soul enveloped in a sepulchre of petrified flesh !

That the mantle of mortality should be dropped after a season, is far better for all such as have obtained deliverance from the guilt and power of sin. That death, however, is not indispensable to the process of this glorious change, is proved by the cases of Enoch and Elijah. The same truth is equally apparent from St. Paul to the Corinthians and Thessalonians. “We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed.” “Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together.” Death may not be a thing indispensable, for God can in any way order events, but it is, generally speaking, an appointed part of the process.

Whatever the change may imply, it is evident our identity will not be lost. It is to be wrought on this our vile body,—an expression which determines the point that the resurrection body, however changed and fashioned, shall be individually the same with that which we now inhabit. We shall feel ourselves at home, that our new residence is part of ourselves, that it is our intimate and loved companion.

But how are we to conceive of this subject—the body shall be changed, and yet be the same? In illustration of this matter, and, particularly for the sake of pointing out an agreement which exists between two texts of Scripture apparently contradicting each other, we shall call your attention to these passages, and we apprehend there will come out a hint from such agreement, on the subject of the resurrection body. The passages in question are the following:—“Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God,” 1 Cor. xv, 50. “And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Why are ye troubled; a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have,” Luke xxiv, 36, 39. Assuming, for the present, that that whereof Jesus spake was the body of his glory, and the original in the likeness of which the bodies of the saints shall be fashioned at the resurrection, we shall find that, after all, the apostle is at one with his Master, though the one says, in so many words, that “flesh and blood *cannot*,” and the other says, in effect, that “flesh and bones” *can*, inherit the kingdom of God. Few assertions, confessedly, approach so nearly to a contradiction without actually confronting each other. There is, however, a difference in the two phrases. By St. Paul “blood” is mentioned; but it is not mentioned by the evangelist who reported the Saviour’s words.

Now blood is that fluid which, saith the Scripture, hath in it "the life,"—of course, the animal life. By the blood the organs and muscles are fed, their waste repaired, their secretions provided, and their heat maintained; or, as occasion may require, by the perspiration furnished by the blood, heat is diminished. But the "spiritual body" shall be incapable of growth or decay, of enlargement or diminution, of the injuries of accident, or the waste of disease, neither shall the sun light upon it, nor any heat. Therefore, blood shall then be useless. Animal life shall be superseded by the life of the spirit. The residence of the soul in the body shall be a sufficient support, without any life that might be reckoned peculiar to itself.

We proceed farther to infer, that all those organs which prepare supplies to the mass of blood, (the chylopoietic viscera,) the stomach, liver, and other organs connected with them, shall be no longer parts of the body. The secretory organs, whether serving one or other of the great purposes of animal existence, shall be no more. And it follows, that those organs which purify the blood, such as the lungs, shall be discharged, as supernumeraries, from the system. And still, relieved from all these parts, then to be considered redundant and superfluous, there may be left "flesh and bones." There may be the present number and arrangement of limbs. There may remain many organs—the eye, the ear, the tongue. The chest may be furnished with some fine organ of music, serving, in a manner unspeakably better than the lungs and adjacent parts now can, to embody and produce sounds fit to be the vehicles of an angel's praise. And the body may be furnished with organs of feeling, serving to receive impressions of vast and varied feelings of joy, of rapture, of admiration,

of complacency, of unutterable love, of ecstasy, of tenderness ; and all this after a manner of which we can now have no adequate conception, and in a way in which our heart, the thermometer of our feelings, can never serve, till it is "raised incorruptible" and divine. The body may retain its present form, and yet may have additional senses, new faculties, and an enlarged capacity.

In this way we are led to reconcile the apparent discordance in the sacred writings ; and, if our interpretation may be accepted, we are furnished with some interesting truths. In support of the opinion advanced, read at your leisure such passages as these :—"God will destroy both the belly and meats," 1 Cor. vi, 13. Destruction is not a term applied to dissolution. "They which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God," Luke xx, 35. We conclude that neither blood, (the element of growth and corruption,) nor flesh fed thereby, shall inherit the kingdom of God, but the glorified body shall be this "vile body" exalted and changed, still however having flesh and bones.

These remarks do all proceed, as you perceive, on the assumption that the body of Jesus Christ, when he appeared to his disciples, was his body of glory. But, to establish our argument, we must clear that point from objection. An objection to this belief has been imagined on these grounds : 1. The risen Saviour ate of the honey-comb, and, therefore, his could not then have been a spiritual body. 2. His body had no visible glory to the disciples going to Emmaus, though by the apostle it is called a "glorious body." 3. His appearances and disappearances were wholly miraculous ; and how can matter pass through the substance of a door ?

1. In reply, we refer to Gen. xviii, 8, where it is said that Jehovah, in the likeness of a traveller, visited Abraham, along with two angels, who were also disguised as wayfaring men, and that they *did eat* or seemed to eat. 2. Whether Christ had a visible glory, or not, is not to be concluded from Luke xxiv. For the wonder was just as great that the disciples did not recognise him as that they did not perceive a glory around his person. But the matter is easily explained. "Their eyes were *holden* that they should not know him." Scripture says nothing about the form or appearance of the risen Saviour, and, therefore, nothing can be argued one way or the other. 3. As to his vanishing out of sight, we observe, that we do not know all the properties of matter. Perhaps he only opened and shut the door so swiftly that the eye could not perceive the action. How quick our motion might be, if we were not tied down by gravitation, and obstructed by the air, we know not, nor is it possible for us to determine.

It could not have been the "natural body" of our Lord with which he appeared to the eleven, but must have been his spiritual body, as may be argued from his words to Thomas,—“Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless but believing.” This he said, alluding to the avowed incredulity of that disciple, who had said, “Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.” Now what particularly bears on our subject is this consideration, that the side of the Saviour was open, the wound unclosed, after his rising from the dead. But how is it possible for any other than a “spiritual body” to exist with a large opening from without into the heart? And such an

opening there must have been, for Thomas is invited to thrust his hand into the Saviour's side. And there is no retreating from the obvious conclusion. If you say, the appearances were miraculous, we make the concession. If you add, his was not a real, but only an apparent humanity on this occasion, we charge home upon you a contradiction of Scripture. We add farther, how could blood exist, sufficient for the purposes of life, in a body, the cavity of whose heart was divided, whose chest had an opening large enough to admit a hand without injury to the individual. If, lastly, you say, the Saviour's body on that occasion was neither a mortal body, nor a mere appearance, nor was it the likeness of our resurrection body, but only an assumed body, we ask you to read his own words—"It is I myself," Luke xxiv, 39. And again, 1 Cor. xv, 42-44, the apostle says, "So is the resurrection of the dead; it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Again he says, 1 Cor. xv, 20, "Now is Christ become the first-fruits of them that slept." Do not the first-fruits necessarily resemble the harvest. As Christ rose, so shall the believer rise, with an incorruptible and spiritual body, a body of beauty and glory. From all these considerations we are imboldened in our conclusions, and, without attempting to force them upon others, we rejoice to entertain them ourselves, as conveying to us some faint ideas of a body freed from disease, from every moral and every natural pollution.

Scripture allows us to make some farther inferences on the subject of this change. What is vile in this body shall be done away. 1. *It shall be incapable of*

disease or pain. "The inhabitants say not, I am sick. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, but the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them beside fountains of living waters, and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

2. *It shall never be polluted by being the instrument of sinful passion,* for the inhabitants of that country are, we believe, incapable of sin. Anger shall not redden the cheek, or quiver the lip, or flash from the eye-ball, or lower in its curtain. The tongue, now so "unruly," shall never be the messenger of aught but peace and praise. The law of kindness shall be graven on the lips, a law never to be repealed. The hand shall be for the embrace of kindness alone; the fist of wickedness shall smite no more. Unholy desire shall not merely be subdued, it shall no longer be felt, and that not only because temptation is wanting, but because the principle of evil is gone. What is the vigour of youth, or the glow of beauty, or the play of health, or the full pulse of strength, when debased by sin? But sin hath no passport to enter within the gates of the city. "For there shall in no wise enter thereinto any thing that worketh an abomination, or maketh a lie."

3. Again, *nothing that defileth is allowed an entrance.* Incorruption and immortality are there. They are purity itself. They die no more. The inhabitants neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God. They are strangers to fatigue, appetite, and human passion.

4. Lastly, of this change to take place on the bodies of such as shall be found faithful unto death, we read, it shall be one, *the fashion of which shall be according to Christ's glorious body.* The likeness of Christ's

glorious body is a subject on which we are furnished with no information. The truth is, the evangelists seem to have known little on the subject. The appearances, though frequent, were suddenly vouchsafed, and as suddenly withdrawn. The manner of the Saviour, in his intercourse with his beloved followers after his resurrection, was entirely altered from what it had been before. There was a deep reserve, an awful distance. John did not then lie in the bosom of his Lord, though he was the beloved disciple, as he had been wont to do. What he says in the 21st chapter of his gospel, ver. 20, refers to what took place on occasion of the institution of "the Lord's supper." To this awful reserve and dignified retirement may probably be ascribed his conduct toward Mary. (See John xx, 11, et seq.) "But Mary stood, weeping, she turned herself and saw Jesus standing; Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren (condescending expression!) and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." Dr. Clarke explains it thus: "Do not stop to embrace me, for I am not immediately to ascend on high; rather haste and tell my disciples, I am risen from the dead." I presume to think, however, there was in the expression a gentle repulse of the familiarity now no longer to be permitted.

What we have already asserted as to the inability of the evangelists to speak distinctly on the subject of the form and nature of Christ's resurrection body, may be gathered from their silence on that point; and it might also be inferred from that semblance of mystery which there was about his rare and rapid appearances. To their eye his body was clothed, although his seamless garment had been appropriated by the soldiers, and his

grave-clothes were left folded in one part of the tomb, and the napkin in another ; circumstances which, besides proving that his departure from the dwelling-place of the dead was calm and deliberate, and indicated any thing rather than haste and fear, do also show that he had no vestment of earthly fabric upon him. He had parted with every thing corruptible.

Of his glorified body we know it could issue from a guarded tomb, enter within a closed door, walk upon the water, ascend into the air : its appearance was not natural, but by miracle. It needed no food, moved at pleasure, required no rest, and yet was that very body which hung on the cross, for it bore the marks of the nails and the spear. It is madness to attempt being wise above what is written. Enough is made known to satisfy us that Christ actually rose with that body which Joseph and Nicodemus embalmed and entombed, and to assure us that He who himself rose triumphant over death and the grave, hath power over both ; he “hath the keys of death and hades ;” and will raise us also from the sleep of death. And when we shall awake up after his likeness, we shall be satisfied with it. Nothing shall be left us to wish. “When Christ shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Meanwhile it doth not appear what we shall be.”

Now of what we have said, this is the sum. This very body of dust shall rise again, but a change shall pass upon it. It shall still be a body of sense, but not of sensuality, having organs and members, and, of course, having objects suited to those organs, in the new earth wherein dwelleth no unrighteousness, but having nothing corruptible or defiling, or even in any way debasing the excellence of its glory. Perhaps

there shall be new senses of body, of far higher character than are those already familiar to us, and nobler objects on which to operate. But all shall be spiritual, heavenly, and divine :

“The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God !”

We have now to consider,

III. The *agent* of this wondrous change. It is our “Lord Jesus Christ,” who shall accomplish it, “according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.” When we hear of any great or important operation to be performed, and learn what are the materials employed, and what are the results anticipated, we naturally inquire into the character of the agent, and calculate the probability of his success from what he has already done. From the character and works of Christ we have every desirable ground of confidence. He is set before us as the Creator of the universe. Nature began her existence at the motion of his will. “He spake, and it was done ; he commanded, and it stood fast.” “All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made.” Resurrection is as much within the reach of omnipotence as creation. To create any thing is, humanly speaking, an impossibility ; and the difficulty of conceiving of it lies not in the extent, but in the fact of creation. The wonder is, not that so much has been created, but that any thing should be made out of nothing. When a thing is inconceivably beyond the reach of human power, there can be to us neither measure nor degree. A thing cannot be more or less impossible. All things that are so at all, are equally so. To him that believes that every thing was made

out of nothing by "the Word," it cannot be incredible that he should raise the dead.

Again, as he hath the power, he hath also given the *promise*. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He hath, moreover, condescended to give the *proof* and the *pledge*. During his incarnation, (and the apostle would seem to refer us to what then took place,) he opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf, enabled the lame to walk, and the dumb to speak; he removed the diseases of the afflicted, expelled demons from the possessed, and that whether the parties were present or absent, with or without external sign. He multiplied a few loaves and fishes so that thousands were satisfied. He suspended the power of gravitation, so that the waves of a lake were like marble beneath his feet. He rebuked the storm, and it was abashed to silence. He made himself invisible, and was alone in the midst of a multitude. "Why (then) should it be thought a thing incredible that he should raise the dead?"

Nay more, he *did resuscitate many*. To the inquiry of the Baptist, "Art thou the Christ?" he replied, "The dead are raised;" although the context does not mention an instance of the kind, probably for the same reason that the case of Lazarus was suppressed until the time when John wrote his gospel; the parties might be living; and the evangelist says, chap. xxi, 25, "There are many other things that Jesus did." There are, however, upon record the following cases: 1. That of the little maid, who had just expired, Mark v, 41. 2. That of the widow's son, who was being carried out of the gate of Nain for sepulture. And 3. There was the case of Lazarus, who had lain in the grave four

days before it pleased the Saviour to call him back again to life. Again, when Jesus bowed his head and died, it is said, "And the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many," Matt. xxvii, 52. Lastly, Christ himself arose, according to the terms of his own prediction, of which the saying of St. Peter is an explanation, "It was not possible that he should be holden of the pains of death," of which, in short, the precaution of the scribes, the falsehood of the guards, and the testimony sealed by the blood of the disciples, are all so many irrefragable proofs.

What shall we say more? Here is evidence enough to assure the faith of the most fearful mind. The dead in Christ shall rise. He hath the power; he hath given the promise; of that power he has afforded the proof; of that promise he hath furnished the pledge. How blissful the prospect! How glorious the hope! The groans of created nature shall cease, "for the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." Follower of the crucified, when thy heart and thy flesh fail, think, even then, that God is thy portion for ever.

Not to recur to the point already touched, namely, the consolation which this subject furnishes to those who mourn their bereavements, your Friend hath departed for a season, but he shall abide with you for ever. The theme is one well calculated to reconcile the believer to death. "Fear not," said the Almighty to Jacob, "to go down into Egypt, for I will bring thee up again." Fear not, we say, to go down into the grave, for your flesh also shall rest in hope; nay, more,

it shall rise in glory. When Naaman, the Syrian, went down to Jordan, his body was leprous and diseased. He dipped seven times, and his flesh came upon him like the flesh of a child. Be of good cheer, follower of Christ, in the near prospect of dissolution. The Master is come, and calleth for thee. You shall leave all the vileness of this mortal body in the river of death, and you shall enter Canaan pure and without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. But O, how unspeakably awful is the prospect of the impenitent sinner ! He has neither lot nor portion in all this inheritance. His conversation is not in heaven ; it is in hell. He is earthly, sensual, devilish. He is worldly-minded,—a stranger to faith, to forgiveness, and to Christian hope ! Awake to righteousness, and sin not, by sleeping in broad daylight. Some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame. That this shame may not be everlasting, now turn and live, at the entreaty of your Saviour, O turn and live !

APPENDIX.

VISIT TO THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.*

In the preceding pages will be found a very interesting account of a journey to the Shetland Isles, undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of establishing a mission in those distant regions. From authentic sources we learn that a mission was soon after established, which, while under the superintendence of the late Dr. A. Clarke, greatly prospered, and still continues to prosper. The same spirit which actuated the pioneers in that enterprise has influenced others to make a similar attempt in the Orkneys; an account of which, we make no doubt, will be pleasing to the reader.—Eds.

[From the London Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.]

THE last conference directed the preachers stationed in Shetland to visit the Orkney islands in the course of the present year, for the purpose, especially, of ascertaining the state of the people in regard to religious instruction. In compliance with this direction the Rev. Messrs. Catton and Breare, of the Lerwick circuit, repaired to those islands in February last. The follow-

* *Orkneys*, or *Orkney Islands*, the ancient *Orcades*, a cluster of islands north of Scotland, from which they are separated by the Pentland Frith. They lie between 57 deg. 35 min. and 49 deg. 16 min. N. lat., and they are upward of thirty in number, the principal of which is called *Pomona*, and is sometimes known by the appellation of *Mainland*. The currents and tides which flow between these islands are rapid and dangerous; and near the small isle of *Swinna* are two whirlpools, very dangerous to mariners, especially in a calm. The seacoast swarms with seals and otters, and is visited by

ing is an extract from a letter addressed to the president of the conference, relating the particulars of their visit:—

TO THE REV. JOSEPH TAYLOR.

Lerwick, March 24th, 1835.

Soon after I wrote my last, an opportunity offered for visiting Orkney. On the 28th of January a steamer arrived in Bressay Sound, (the second of the kind ever seen here,) for the purpose of carrying the poll-books from Shetland to Orkney. It remained until the 6th of February. The sheriff kindly gave us a note to the captain to give us a passage, to which he consented. We left Lerwick harbour at ten P. M., with the expectation of a fine passage; but we were

whales, cod, ling, haddocks, and herrings; and on the shores are found oysters, muscles, cockles, &c. The islands are visited by eagles, falcons, wild geese, ducks, in great variety, herons, hawks, gulls, &c. The heath on the mountains shelters grouse, plovers, snipes, &c.; and there are great numbers of small sheep and cattle. The coasts afford numerous bays and harbours for the fisheries; and the chief exports are linen, and woollen yarn, stockings, butter, dried fish, herrings, oil, feathers, skins of various kinds, and kelp. The inhabitants have the general character of being frugal, sagacious, circumspect, religious, and hospitable. The islands of Orkney and Shetland constitute one of the counties of Scotland. The climate in summer is moist and cold, but in winter there is very little snow, and that lies only a short time. Preceding the autumnal equinox, dreadful storms of wind, rain, and thunder occur. For about three weeks in midsummer these islands enjoy the rays of the sun almost without intermission; but for the same space in winter that luminary hardly rises above the horizon, and is commonly obscured by clouds and mists. In this gloomy season the absence of day is supplied partly by moonlight and partly by the radiance of the aurora borealis, which here gives a light nearly equal to that of a full moon.

disappointed, as, shortly after we started, the wind blew a gale from the south-west right ahead. The paddles worked very irregularly, and sometimes not at all ; and during the greater part of the voyage the sea broke over the vessel, and swept the decks ; so that we were twenty-two hours in going one hundred and fifteen miles. We cast anchor at eight the next evening, in Kirkwall roads ; but as there was no boat at hand, we did not get on shore to an inn till ten.

Sunday, Feb. 8th, was such a cold, stormy day, that we could do nothing in the open air, and there appeared to be no open door. I requested the use of the Independent chapel for the week night ; but the minister could not let us have it without consulting the trustees, to do which would take some days. In the morning we attended the cathedral of St. Magnus, the most perfect relic of episcopacy in the whole of Scotland, the east end of which is used as a parish kirk. The congregation was large, and a stranger preached a plain, evangelical sermon. There are three other places of worship, that of the Antiburghers, the United Secession, and the Independents.

Finding that little could be done in Kirkwall, especially as it was the time of chairing the parliamentary candidate, on Tuesday, the 10th, we strove to get a boat for Stronsay, one of the north isles, about twenty miles from Kirkwall. We met a gentleman on the quay, who told us a sloop was going for Stronsay with the voters. We went on board about five o'clock P.M., and shortly after weighed anchor. We had a fine run for about three hours and a half, when we anchored in Linga Sound. We found a small inn near the shore, the master of which came with us in the sloop. Here we took up our abode for the night.

Stronsay is about six miles by three, and contains eleven hundred inhabitants. There are two places of worship: one belonging to the Establishment, and the other to the Secession. There are two schools on the island; a parochial and a society school: but they are so near together, that in many parts of the island the children are not able to go; consequently they have but few scholars. The island formerly had three churches, and was divided into three parishes. The churches were situated, one at each extremity, and one in the middle. There are two things which would make this place important as the head of a circuit: 1. It is the great fishing station for herrings and lobsters; and during the fishing season there is an influx of several thousands of men and women from the different islands and from the north of Scotland. 2. It will be a key to several adjacent islands, which might easily be visited from Stronsay. Sanday, a much larger island than this, is about three miles distant. Eday and Shapenshay, two smaller islands, are about the same distance. As there was some prospect of usefulness in Stronsay, we thought it best to confine our energies to it.

I will now give you a few extracts from our journal. Thursday, February 12th.—Several of the Fair Isle men, who had heard of our arrival, waited upon us. They informed us that there were nine or ten families from the Fair Isle residing here; that three or four persons were formerly members of our society, and that they had all sat under our ministry, and were well affected toward us; and that a considerable number of others were waiting to receive us. They said there was at the fishing station a large empty house, which Mr. Smith, of Whitehall, had given us leave to occupy,

which would hold upward of one hundred and fifty people ; and they would go and prepare it for us. But as the school-house in this corner of the island was offered us, we consented to preach in it at four o'clock ; and on the morrow proceed three miles to the station, and preach in the evening. Brother Breare preached in the school-house to a small congregation. The congregation was evidently interested and affected. About an hour after the service we received a note from the schoolmaster, expressing his satisfaction and gratitude for our visit. He was sorry that he could not lend us the kirk to preach in ; but offered us the school-room for the sabbath ; and assured us, if the weather were favourable, we should have a good congregation.

Friday, 13th.—The morning was fine, with a strong wind from the south-west. We started early for the station ; our host accompanied us ; and the people received us affectionately. The empty house was fitted up with deal boards for forms, and well filled with people. I preached from John v, 4. Many of the people were in tears. Several of the most respectable people in the neighbourhood attended. I gave out for Mr. Breare to preach there the next day.

Saturday, 14th.—Mr. Beare preached at the station. The congregation was interested, and many were in distress. I went to the schoolmaster to seek some place to preach in at the extremity of the island. I visited seven cottages, talked and prayed with the people, and got the promise of a barn to preach in at Rousholm next week.

Sunday, 15th.—Mr. Breare preached twice and held two prayer meetings at the station. I preached in Mr. Sketheway's school-room. It was a day of weeping and awakening. God is truly beginning a great work.

After preaching we put down near thirty names of persons to be examined preparatory to becoming members of society. We preached in different parts of the island on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st.

Sunday, 22d.—I preached three times at the station, and baptized two children. The place was crowded with about two hundred people, and nearly all the respectable families in that part of the island were there. When I met the society, nine persons came forward to unite with us. I finished my work about half past nine in the evening.

We continued preaching every day in the week, when it was possible, and five or six times on the sabbath. Most of the respectable farmers sent for us, or gave us invitations to their houses; and in the evening we preached in their barns. When we left we had upward of forty persons in society; and many more said they will unite with us when we send them a minister. A young man came to me in Stronsay, and offered me a piece of ground in a most eligible situation, for the erection of a chapel, which he would sell at a low price. Several promised to assist us. One offered £6 toward building a chapel. Many of the fishermen told me, though they could do but little, they would do what they could, and assist us by labour. The people were very importunate for me to send Mr. Breare again, during the fishing season; which I promised, if possible, to do.

The last day we spent in the island was Sunday, March 15th. I preached in the morning at Huip, in Mr. Drever's barn; and in the afternoon walked four miles to the school-room, and preached to a large and respectable congregation. Mr. Breare preached in the morning and afternoon at the station, and in the even-

ing at Huip. The men called us up at two o'clock on the Monday morning to go to the Fair Isle, in an open boat. It was a great risk, the distance being forty-eight miles, over one of the worst parts of sea in the world. Several endeavoured to dissuade us from it. One gentleman, who had travelled a great deal, said he would sooner cross the Bay of Biscay in an open boat than between Stronsay and the Fair Isle. But we could not get a sloop for less than ten pounds; and we thought we would sooner run the risk than be at the expense. When we were about to set sail, the beach was crowded with men, women, and children, who wept sore when we left them. As soon as we got up the foresail, and began to make a little way we sung the verses beginning,

“ The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.”

The men joined us, so that the shores echoed as we left them for the main sea. The wind and tide were both in our favour, and the sea much smother for the first four hours than I expected; but the tide turned upon us when we were about three or four miles west of the Fair Isle. The sea rolled mountains high, and we had serious apprehensions that we should not make the island. A small boat with seven men came out to meet us, and to tell us we could not land where we intended, and that we must keep more to the east; when one of the seas broke over them, and they were for some seconds immersed beneath the wave. At this

moment there was a simultaneous shriek from all in the boat, "They are lost !" and what made it the more distressing was, three or four of them were brothers of the men in our boat. After a little while their boat emerged, completely full of water. We pulled down our sails, and endeavoured to rescue them; but for some time we saw no hope. They succeeded in throwing out the water with their hats; and by a wonderful providence were kept from sinking till they came up with us. We took their men into our boat, and their boat in tow, till we got into smooth water, and were able to land. It was on this island that the flag ship of the Spanish armada was wrecked; and the duke de Medina and the crew were saved. The island is between two and three miles long, and one broad, and contains nearly three hundred inhabitants. Mr. Breare preached here on Monday evening; I on Tuesday morning, and baptized seven children. We dined with the taxman, Mr. Strong, and at two got into a boat for Lerwick. By a good providence we anchored in Quendel Bay, and felt thankful, though we had nearly thirty miles to walk home.

I hope, Rev. Sir, you will see from this that there is such an opening in Orkney as we never had before. The time to remember Orkney is fully come. O that God would lay Orkney on your heart, as he did Shetland on that of Dr. Clarke! I pray that every thing requisite may be done, and that speedily; as it is my firm opinion, that one or two preachers should be appointed there next conference, as the difficulties and expenses connected with visiting Orkney from Shetland are very great. There is no connection between the islands whatever.

JAMES CATTON.